

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:
A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XCII. — NOVEMBER, 1903. — No. DLIII.

THE SCHOOL.

THERE is no universal type of "The School" in the United States. Indeed, such a thing as The School no more exists in reality than The Child or The Teacher; and consequently there are hardly any educational precepts which are universally applicable without exception or qualification. The country school is very different from the city school, and the parochial school from the school supported by taxation; the boarding-school and the day school exhibit different methods and results; and the private school is of many sorts, — sometimes merely the personal venture of one man or of one woman, sometimes slightly endowed by an individual, a family, or a denomination with a piece of ground and a wooden building, and sometimes largely endowed with ample and beautiful grounds, permanent buildings, and funds for maintenance. Even the unendowed private-venture schools manifest great variety, some of them matching the public schools in paucity of teachers and meagreness of equipment, while others supply a teacher to every five or six pupils, and provide all possible means of illustration and manual training. American schools also differ widely in regard to their religious tone or atmosphere. The public schools are frequently conducted in theory without direct religious teaching of any sort; and this theory is pretty well carried into practice in those communities which contain a considerable proportion of Roman Catholics or Jews, but is not strictly observed in those large portions of the

United States where the Catholics or the Jews are but few. Among the private schools, too, there is great diversity in regard to religious instruction and the direct effort made to bring about the admission of the pupils to church membership, with or without the consent of their parents. In some of the private and endowed schools the preparation of the pupils for the first communion, confirmation, or joining the church is one of the prime objects of the school, and the religious motive is kept constantly before the minds of pupils from an early age. In other private and endowed schools, no attention is paid to the bringing of the children into any church; and the religious motive is but rarely appealed to, these things being intentionally left to the family and the church. Again, with regard to physical training and the care of the body, there is great variety of practice in American schools. Some of the endowed boarding-schools give more time to athletic sports than to Latin, English, science, mathematics, or history; while many of the public and private day schools pay only the scantiest attention to bodily exercise.

The chief characteristic of the American development of schools within the last thirty years is the decided improvement of the schools as machines. The national aptitude for mechanical invention has here been impressively exhibited. Both public and private schools have been better organized, and have been provided with better buildings, apparatus, and

books; and the children in them have been more accurately graded with respect to mental size, capacity, and attainment, — just as the chickens which come through the incubator and the brooder on large hen farms are more accurately sorted and grouped according to size than any single hen's brood can be, so that the stronger may not hurt or starve the weaker. Great improvement in rural schools has resulted from bringing the children daily from the farms by wagons into the central village, in order that one large graded school can be carried on at the centre, instead of many widely scattered small schools in which accurate grading is impossible. This improved machinery would be a doubtful blessing, if its smooth working did not require and encourage the employment of a superior class of teachers; but the evils of the machine — the lack of attention to the individual child, the waste of time for the bright children, and the tendency to work for a fair average product instead of one highly diversified — are done away with so soon as a large proportion of teachers to pupils is employed — such as one teacher for from sixteen to twenty-five pupils — while the many advantages of the good machine remain.

The American idea that every child should go to school is not carried into effect in a single state. The National Educational Association has lately called attention to the fact that in the so-called Indian Territory, which is under the control of Congress, three fourths of the population are reported to be without schools for their children. As regards school administration, there is great diversity of practice in the American cities. New methods have been tried within the last ten years in many important cities; but there is no agreement as yet even on such fundamental matters as the best number for a school committee, and the best mode of selecting the committee. In some cities the school administration has been completely separated from other mu-

nicipal business; but in others the board of aldermen or the common council controls the school committee in its expenditures, and even in its appointments. So numerous are the experiments now going on in school administration, and so successful have been some of the most radical experiments, that it is altogether likely that the next few years will see great changes in the methods and forms of school administration. At any rate, the last ten years have been a period of active and instructive experimentation.

There are now a considerable number of schools in the United States which undertake to supply all the influences of home, church, and school, at the most impressionable period of life. Such are the endowed schools for the children of rich people, the cheap country academies in or near which the great majority of pupils must board, their homes being at a distance, the preparatory departments maintained by many Western and Southern colleges, and the private schools, situated in the country, which rely on boarding pupils. These numerous schools have prospered during the last twenty years, because of the increasing number of families that can afford to send their children to school away from home, and because of the great increase of the urban population at the expense of the rural. The contrast is strong between the public day school in a city, which spends on each pupil only from \$30 to \$40 a year, and the endowed school in the country, where each child costs its parents from \$800 to \$1000 a year, vacations not included.

American school conditions are, then, so very different, that one would hardly expect to find any general principles of equal application under such diversified conditions. Nevertheless, there seem to be a few unconnected considerations which apply in some measure to all schools, although they must be applied in different ways by parents or teachers

who have chiefly in mind a particular child or a particular school. These considerations, however, though unconnected, naturally fall into two groups,—those which concern education in general, and apply equally well to school training and to home training, and those which are chiefly, though by no means exclusively, applicable to schools. In the first group four distinct topics will be discussed, and then in a second group six mental habits will be considered which schools of every grade, large or small, in city or country, should endeavor to form in their pupils, with or without assistance from the pupils' homes.

(1) For centuries there has been a discussion going on between the advocates of the useful or utilitarian in schools and the advocates of the ideal or humanistic. This discussion is still rife, but in American practice the advocates of the useful have certainly gained much ground within the last twenty years, partly because it has been perceived of late that the utilitarian and the humane are often identical, or, if not identical, consistent and harmonious. That a given piece of work, or a given occupation, may contribute to earning a livelihood does not prove that it is not good training in the humanistic sense. The training involved in making or doing certain things is not impaired if the things made are things which other people desire, or the things done are things which other people want to have done. Thus, to do chores about a barn or a house, if the chores are well done, is excellent training for any boy, the usefulness of the chores being no injury to them as means of training. Reading, writing, and ciphering contribute to the earning of a better livelihood than an illiterate person is likely to earn. They contribute, to be sure, to much else; but it is no injury to the training which the acquisition of these arts supplies that the arts themselves are useful. On the other hand, that a given occupation is

pursued for sport, and no longer as a means of livelihood, does not necessarily withdraw it from the category of things useful for training. The natural boy's pursuit of frogs, birds, and woodchucks is an informing survival of a habit indispensable to primitive man. Hunting and fishing were the most necessary means of livelihood for savages. They are pursued now as sports as well as for livelihood, and there is good training in them when practiced merely as sports. They teach civilized man alertness, accuracy of observation, quickness of action, endurance, and patience, just as they developed these valuable qualities in generations of savages who never knew what humanism, altruism, and idealism were. The justification of unproductive athletic sports, like ball games, races of all sorts, and dancing, lies in the facts that they develop in civilized man some of the invaluable qualities which hunting and fishing developed in savages, and that they recreate and revive in people who lead the unnatural life of civilization the power for useful work. They also defend young people against laziness and vice by affording pleasurable activities and innocent gladness. The cooperative motive comes into play in certain sports which demand a measure of self-denying action on the part of each player to secure the success of the side or group to which he belongs. Whenever the success of the group calls for sacrifice of personal pleasure or distinction on the part of individual members, there is altruistic training in the sport. In regard to the cultivation of unselfishness, however, mere sports are inferior to productive labor, not only in childhood, but throughout life; because they do not, as a rule, involve planning to supply the wants of others. Whether a given occupation or pursuit affords good training or not depends, then, not on the usefulness or uselessness of the thing done, but on the value of the powers or qualities which the occupation develops.

The contempt in which cultivated persons have habitually held the useful or utilitarian in education has probably been due to the association of the useful with the selfish or mercenary. Now, the nineteenth century gradually developed a new conception of the useful as the serviceable, to one's self through others, and to others through one's self. This new conception of the useful ought to modify profoundly the whole course of education, in its materials, methods, and results. Humanism and idealism eternally contend against animalism and selfishness, and seek perfection. On the way to idealism, altruism needs to be cultivated in children to offset their natural egotism, and to enlarge their conception of usefulness, so that it shall be no longer conterminous with selfishness. In this view, the more productive the labor of children can be made, whether at school or at home, the better for the children. Any employment for children which enables them to produce something wanted by others affords training in altruism, and is therefore idealistic or humanistic, if the motive be made plain, and be enforced, and if the operation itself afford either mental or bodily training. The child, from the first years that it can do anything serviceable to others, ought to get training in useful work both at home and at school; and the part of the school in this training should be planned with the utmost care, from the earliest school days. The main reason why the natural bringing up of children on a farm is better than any artificial substitute which city schools can supply is that the children on a farm get, in a natural way, this training in altruism and coöperative productiveness, while they help father and mother in their daily labors. The money motive of productive labor is not always useful to children; but the coöperative, unselfish motive in production invariably has great moral value, no matter what the nature of the work may be, whether washing dishes, shelling peas,

bringing wood for the stove, tending horses, driving the cows to pasture, or weeding the strawberry bed. Producing something useful by its own labor gives keen satisfaction to a child, just as it does to a man. What Washington wanted to do, when he finally retired to Mt. Vernon, was "to make and sell a little flour annually." Many a bereaved woman has found more consolation in tending a garden, and in making good use of the flowers, than in all Milton, Watts, and Tennyson. This wholesome human quality all schools ought to develop systematically from the beginning. There lies the solid foundation of the kindergarten methods. That is one merit of forging, carpentering, sewing, cooking, basketry, and gardening as school work. One of the advantages for children of reciting poetry, telling stories, and writing letters is that in such exercises they not only absorb but give out. Enabling the children to make something or do something which is acceptable to other people ought to be a leading object at every school.

It is no longer necessary, then, to confound the utilitarian with the selfish, or to imagine that whatever in early training is useful must be materialistic, or contributory to the animal or to other lower needs of man rather than to his spiritual needs. There should, of course, be careful limitation in the use of productive labor for children as training for their bodies and souls. This labor by children should seldom be pushed to the point of fatigue, and should never be carried on till it becomes automatic activity,—such automatic action of eye and hand as makes piecework in a factory pecuniarily profitable to both employer and employed. The training motive of the serviceable labor should always be kept in mind; and the labor should not be enforced by the mere earning motive, or by fear of punishment.

(2) Consideration of this sort of discipline in real service for others leads naturally to the suggestion of another

amendment in home and school training, which runs counter to cherished practice in education. It has long been believed that the minds of children should be opened and interested through products of the imagination and not through things real, — through fairy stories, myths, nonsense verses, and tales of rogues, monsters, mermaids, phantoms, ghosts, witches, demons, and torments. Much of this nursery and school material is immoral, ugly, and horrible; but it is passed down from generation to generation as something sacred and improving. A great deal of the reading material supplied to young children is of this quality; so that the mind of the bookish child gets filled with this unreal rubbish, instead of being charged with natural and real wonders. The school should provide real things for the observation and study of children; for the real can be made just as fascinating and wonderful as the unreal, and it has the advantage of being true. Contact with the real tends always to make the child's mind less introverted, and less absorbed in imagined scenes or situations which excite emotion but call for no action, and the child itself more competent to do something for others, less liable to the selfishness of passive reception, and more disposed to active outflowing toward others.

(3) A great object in school life, no matter what the grade or kind of school, is the bringing of a child into intimate contact with other children, and with other adults than its parents. It was at school that most of us, whose family life was reasonably private, learned the difference between the bully and the protector, the selfish and the self-forgetting, the deep and the shallow, the loud and the quiet, the truthful and the false, the clean and the foul, the pioneer and the conserver, the leader and the follower. It is astonishing how early in life we begin to make these distinctions. Little children soon learn to discriminate between adults

in these respects, as well as between their contemporaries. When a little child has had several teachers, his observations on their mental and moral qualities are very instructive to him, though the instruction is all unconsciously received. What a series of moral lessons is involved in the child's process of becoming convinced that this teacher is fair or unfair, or that teacher truthful or untruthful! It is at school that all these elementary lessons in human nature are ordinarily learned, particularly in the country, where each family is more or less isolated. The alleys and tenements of a crowded city give their children many other opportunities of learning the moral and immoral qualities of associates and neighbors; but the country child, or the protected child in the city, must get these important lessons at school. The social teaching of the school is so important that its quality in this respect sometimes dwarfs all others in the minds of parents; and this is true of the poorest classes in American society as well as of the richest. It is often said that well-to-do parents choose the school for their children by the social standing of its pupils. It is equally true that tenement-house parents, whenever choice is permitted to them, endeavor to keep their children out of schools where they would meet undesirable children of the same walk in life or of a higher walk. Thus, parents of American birth will keep their children out of the public kindergarten and primary school, rather than bring them into association with a large proportion of children of foreign parentage. The insuperable objection of Southern whites to schools which receive negro children as well as white is an instance in point. In the Northern states a few negro children may be sent to a school mostly white without injury to the white children; but in the rural districts of the South it would be quite another thing to send a few white children to a school mostly negro. In New York

City, which is said to contain 600,000 Jews, if any school, public or private, comes to include a majority of Jews, Christian parents will avoid it for their children if possible. These difficulties merely illustrate the very great importance which attaches to the social training of school life.

(4) The reaction of the school upon the home is something not sufficiently considered, even among people who are accustomed to the theory of what is called "universal" education. Yet this reaction ought to be one of the chief elevating influences of every school, particularly for those families which lack the elements of the intellectual life. Even the mechanical effects of the school on family life are of the utmost importance. The withdrawal of the children from the care of the mother for five or six hours a day makes possible for many a woman the proper discharge of her duties as wife and mother. The child-bearing mother, in particular, needs to be relieved for several hours a day of the care of her children who are above three years of age, and to feel during this relief that the children are safe and under good influences. This view of the school is a just and proper one; for the immense majority of the mothers of the nation not only bear the children, but do all the household work, and the greater part of the making and mending of the children's clothes. The public school in city or country thus helps that family life on which the well-being of the state absolutely depends. One reason that mothers in the crowded quarters of American cities are apt to prefer the first grade of the primary school to the kindergarten is that the kindergarten has but one morning session of three hours, whereas the primary school has two sessions covering five or sometimes six hours. To relieve well-to-do families of all care of their children between half-past eight in the morning and five in the afternoon, some private day schools now

offer to provide luncheon, sports, and some afternoon study under supervision. For rich families who live in cities, the endowed or the private school in the country affords a means of rescuing the children, and particularly the boys, from the unwholesome effects of luxurious city life. The country school, or the private tutor in the country, is the inevitable adjunct of a rich family's city life, unless indeed the family is content to forego for its children the out-of-door sports and other wholesome interests which the country affords.

Since the opening of the nineteenth century, school methods have changed from generation to generation greatly for the better; so that each adult generation has been able to learn something from the schools of its children. And inasmuch as good literature of all the ages is constantly made more accessible, it may be hoped that through a good school's use of good literature, old and new, each successive generation may profit by the schools of its children. The children returning from school ought to bring into their homes some fresh daily interest in what the children have been doing at school, or in what they are expected to do at home. Whenever the children's manners and customs are improved through the good influence of the school, this improvement ought also to be manifested in the homes. The kindergartners in the public school system are now expected to visit the homes of their pupils and hold mothers' meetings in the afternoons, when the kindergarten is closed; and it is hard to say in which part of the day these well-trained women make themselves more useful to society, in the morning with the children, or in the afternoon with the parents. It is one of the most delightful things about the good school or the good college, that its influence on the intellectual life thus goes back to the homes from which its pupils or students come. Many a well-to-do family is much enlivened mentally

by the weekly or quarterly return of the son or daughter from boarding-school or college. The fathers and mothers go to school and college again in the fresh experience of their children. This influence takes effect at both ends of the social scale. It contends with the poverty of the poor and the luxury of the rich.

The second group of considerations, applicable directly to schools of all kinds, deals with the cultivation of certain mental habits indispensable to that continuous growth of the soul throughout life which characterizes the finest human beings, and is the ultimate test of the success of the education given in youth.

(1) The first of these habits is the habit of strenuous, undivided attention. The length of time through which this attention can be maintained — which causes fundamental differences between adults — is not at first important; but the faculty itself needs to be developed from the earliest years. A little child can attend strenuously only for a very brief interval of time, like ten seconds or thirty seconds; an adult may perhaps after long training be able to give undivided attention for several minutes, but not for hours, or even one hour. The kind of attention which it is important to cultivate is that undivided attention which inhibits all other sounds, sights, or objects, except the particular object of the instant's attention. It gives good promise of mental power in a child, if it is hard to call his attention away from the book or the game to which, for the moment, he is giving his mind. The capacity of complete mental absorption in the immediate object of contemplation is the precise thing to be aimed at. School discipline sometimes aims at a habit of prompt obedience to signals which interferes with the practice of intense attention. When, for instance, all the children in the room are expected to spring to their feet at the ringing of a bell or at the teacher's word of command, it is a

question whether the boy or girl who lingers a little, or starts only when he sees the others start, was not better employed at the moment than the majority who rise promptly at the signal. The chances are that the mother who becomes impatient when her boy, who is reading, does not attend to her call, is really wishing to interfere with the development of the most valuable mental power a human being can acquire. The wool-gathering, inactive, sluggish child is wholly incapable of this strenuous attention; but it must be a dull teacher or a dull mother who cannot tell the difference between the child whose mind is never intent on the occupation of the moment, and the child whose mind is so intent that it neither sees nor hears anything from outside itself.

(2) Next in value come two habits which are so opposed to each other that care must always be taken not to destroy one in developing the other, namely, the habits of observation and of reading. By observation in this sense is meant the direct acquiring of facts through intelligent use of one's own senses, and not through descriptions given by other people, either orally or in print. Children used to books will memorize what they read about birds, insects, kittens, or puppies, and seem to know something about these creatures, although they have never examined for themselves bird, insect, cat, or dog. Training in observing should be supplied by every school, quite independently of the training in reading; but how few schools, whether primary or secondary, supply such training in any just proportion! A greatly preponderating amount of bookwork is adverse to the development of the power of observation; so that it is easy for a book-loving child to grow up to the college age without really cultivating at all the accurate use of his own senses, particularly if he lives in a large town or city, — an evil condition which applies to a larger and larger proportion of American children. In schools

fortunately situated in the country, the excessive development of highly competitive sports may interfere to a serious extent with the cultivation of the powers of observation. To be sure, quick observation is required in skillful players of baseball or football; but the observation needed in those games soon becomes automatic, and loses its training or developing power. College teachers observe that, since the secondary schools began to cultivate the ball games in an exaggerated way, the number of students who come to college with developed habits of natural history observation, and love of natural history exploration on foot, is diminishing.

(3) The habit of reading is much easier to implant than the habit of observation, because of the immense variety of attractive books, and their accessibility. The good school should guide the child's reading from its earliest years, protecting it from rubbish, and leading it into real literature; for as means of lifelong intellectual growth, and of defense or refuge from the inevitable ills of life, there is nothing better than good books, even though one's daily occupation leaves but a few minutes a day for reading. School and college can do nothing better for the rising generation than to implant this habit; and that public education which does not implant it on a great scale has in good measure failed.

(4) The training of the reasoning faculty is the next function of the school. In reasoning, the selection of the premises is the all-important part of the process. Now, the premises are arrived at by observation, or reading, or both. Given correct premises, most fairly intelligent people will draw the right conclusions. The main reason for the painfully slow progress of the human race is to be found in the inability of the great mass of people to establish correctly the premises of an argument. In the first place, an unreasoning confidence in the rightfulness of a conclusion makes adults, as well as children, careless as to the cer-

tainty of the premises. In the next place, the great majority of people are wholly uninstructed in some of the commonest fallacies; they have no notion of the difference between an antecedent event and a true cause; and they have no conception of the difficulty of really ascertaining or demonstrating a fact. Nobody has ever told them how very hard it is to prove a negative; nobody has ever put them on their guard against the common deceptions through the senses; nobody has ever explained to them that it is impossible for most persons to repeat a sentence just as it was uttered, and that in consequence a given statement, transmitted through two or three mouths, is sure to be changed, and may be perverted, or reversed, without any serious moral defect in the transmitters. Every school ought to give direct instruction in fact-determining and truth-seeking; and the difficulties of these processes ought to be plainly and incessantly pointed out. It is a common belief that the newspapers intentionally exaggerate and lie; but the fact is that the young people who collect news for the daily papers have had little instruction in ascertaining facts, sifting evidence, or scientifically seeking the truth. Many of them, consequently, hardly know the difference between fiction and fact, between romance and truth; and the editors are often in the same condition of mind. Hence a good part of the training which the public gets from the newspapers is training in incredulity, or in sifting the probable or credible out from the mass of things that are "not so," or in reserving judgment until the facts are established.

(5) In all education of the young, and indeed in the whole training of life, it is a fundamental object to train the will-force of the individual and his power to originate thoughts and actions. After all, the will is the individual; and it is the ultimate end of living to make that will work justly and effectively. The weak-willed boy or man is the one most

liable to go astray ; he has not force enough to be alert and industrious ; he cannot say no ; he cannot resist the seduction of the moment ; he is at the mercy of casual companions. Both home and school training should therefore be directed to the cultivation of the individual child's will-power. This cultivation can come only through choosing and doing ; it cannot come through submission, unreasoning obedience, inaction, or any sort of passiveness. In this respect, a child's training closely resembles a whole people's training. Democracy makes choices or decisions, and acts for itself. It does many things much worse than they might be done, or indeed are done, under a despotism ; but it wills and acts for itself, and thereby gets an education in the self-control and self-created law and order, which form a virile and effective national character. For the child, as for the nation, there is virtue in deciding and doing, even though the things done are not done well. It sometimes seems to be the policy of elaborate school systems that the children are not to do things that they do ill, or at least that they are to repeat everything they attempt until they can do it well. This is a very unfortunate limitation of choosing and doing by children. They ought to attempt hundreds of things that they cannot perform with any approach to adult skill. They ought to use tools which they may injure in the using ; and the teacher ought to be content to have them try a little more difficult new thing, rather than repeat the identical thing in which they have not succeeded. There is more training in a new kindred attempt than in a repetition, if fresh observations and judgments are involved. False starts and unsuccessful experiments should only stimulate them to new and better directed attempts. It is the object of education to develop, not automatic action through long practice, but will-force, and the power and inclination to find or make one's own way.

(6) Finally, there are certain sentiments which every school, public, private, or endowed, ought to help to strengthen and foster in the minds and hearts of its pupils. The world is still governed by sentiments, and not by observation, acquisition, and reasoning ; and national greatness and righteousness depend more on the cultivation of right sentiments in the children than on anything else. The United States now contains such a variety of races, with such different histories, that the inculcation of the sentiments on which republican government depends is vastly more difficult than it was a hundred years ago. Such very different races as the Russians, Germans, Scandinavians, Jews, Bohemians, Armenians, and Sicilians have of course inherited diverse national stocks of sentiment and tradition. Thus the Jewish race has a stronger family feeling than any other in the civilized world. The Sicilians, who have had on the whole a miserable experience of government and its doings, are naturally destitute of the sentiments which lie at the foundation of successful free government. It is inevitable that a people on whom the Protestant Reformation has taken no effect whatever should feel differently toward the rights of free inquiry and personal liberty, from a people that has been trained by the experience of centuries to respect the rights of the individual soul, as Protestantism has expounded them. Now, the sentiments which American schools ought to cherish and inculcate are family love, respect for law and public order, love of freedom, and reverence for truth and righteousness. Incidentally, but incessantly, they ought also to teach the doctrine that we are all members one of another. Fortunately this last doctrine can be amply and forcibly illustrated by the experience of every household. The immediate dependence of one household on many others, and of one community on many others, has really become formidable during the last century ; since every individual has be-

come dependent on other people for the necessities of life. It is high time that a direct and vigorous inculcation of the fundamental and indispensable social sentiments should be deliberately made a part of the discipline of every school and college in the country. There is not a

religion, or a religious denomination, in the world which does not recognize these sentiments, or which objects to any of them; and minor religious differences should not be allowed to prevent the teaching of these primary principles to all the children in the land.

Charles W. Eliot.

THE STORY OF THE QUEEN.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

THE young Queen lay dying in her palace. All the city held its breath in the night. One fancied that every wind blowing up from the Shore of Shadow might bear upon it the last sigh of this young mother of her people, this young mother of a son born to reign one day in her stead. And that day might be to-morrow. And if the child died, too, then either a ruler as foreign as that of the great power now reaching out its mailed hand to grasp the small kingdom; or else revolution, anarchy, one knew not what.

But it was not of this that the people thought. Their feeling was for the young creature who, if she symbolized to them all there was of power and majesty, symbolized also the fullness of romance, and, in an abstract way, the ideal of their country.

Couriers from other courts went and came with dispatches concerning the Queen's condition; far out on lonely farms in dark fields, the dwellers waked and waited; and in the capital city men gathered in groups, and women wandered up and down the streets unregarded, reading the bulletins. The last had said that Her Majesty appeared to be sinking. And all went about silently, and met one another as if looking in the face of dread calamity.

Down on the Shore of Shadow, at the foot of the great lake, the long, low pal-

ace, with its marble porticoes, wrapped in the blue bloom of the night, gleamed white here and there in the moon that silvered a swale of the dark waters, and threw a dewy glory over the hills, whose billowing greenery embowered it not as if they contrasted the vastness of Nature with the most that art and beauty could do, but as if Nature gave the place her shelter and protection.

The moon, grown low and golden, moved slowly down behind the hills and left the world in dusky mystery. The lights had shone steadily in the palace all night. In the extinguishing of a greater light perhaps they had been forgotten; their pale flames would still be shining white against the dawn, and till the sun came kindling the green heights and bringing with it the wind that would toss leaf and bough and twinkling dews, and make the morning riot of life and light and fragrance and song a mockery of the hush in the ante-room where the chamberlains waited, and of the stillness in the great chamber where, in an occasional long, gasping sigh, physicians and nurses saw the only token of life in the form that lay sunken and sinking lower among the pillows.

It was a far cry from this palace, which once had seemed to her a place of all delight, which seemed so yet to many of those who saw it like the mirage of

some floating dream of beauty at the foot of the inland sea, a far cry to the old castle in the hill-country where the young Queen had spent her earlier years. She was the Princess Adria in those happy days, — so remote a cousin of the King, with so many lives between her and the throne, that she was half forgotten, and her title, although long descended, was almost a travesty. The castle itself was the remnant of an old structure of the dark ages, a ruin in its larger portion. But in the south towers, on their crag overhanging the villages below, there was space and to spare for a certain pleasant life, not without some state and ceremonial in her father's time, — small state, for the revenue was small. And after his death there was little other appanage than the Directress and the governesses, and the companion of her studies and her pleasures, — the Baroness Dalma, who was her other self.

Here the two children wondered and frolicked, lived and learned, and from their balcony saw the sun spring over the edge of the earth as if only to bring them day, saw the clouds gather about the Moon and lead her up the sky, like a bride with her floating veil about her. Here they tamed the birds and hares, and wandered in the pleasaunces where for a thousand years the ladies of the castle had wandered before them. Here they overlooked the movement of the villages beneath, and now and then questioned of the life down there; and impatient of their own eventless day, made their escapades by the path winding between the rocks and beside the waterfalls, and went about the streets full of not half-concealed joy, and talked with wayfarer and householder, and back to their postern, neither village nor castle folk the wiser.

It was in one of these escapades that they found old Nana. She was staggering on her way under a huge bundle of fagots, her wind-blown rags, her face as wrinkled as a fungus, making her

seem like the creation of a wizard fancy. It happened, as they reached her, that the withes fell apart and the fagots scattered on the ground.

For a second they looked about for some one to help her, — they who hardly picked up their own book if it fell. And then they sprang to her assistance and gathered the sticks and bound them in two bundles, which, with much merriment, they put on their own shoulders.

"Goodness of Heaven!" cried Dalma, after a few steps. "And she carries them all!"

"And would they were more!" croaked the old woman in her but half-distinguishable dialect.

"You have been robbing the woods of the castle!" cried Dalma gayly, suddenly turning on her.

"The castle," said the old woman, "has robbed me and mine since time began for us!"

"The castle — has robbed" — began Adria, reddening with the start that such words gave her, and halting between the instantaneous sensations of surprise and anger, of possible shame, of unintended insolence. For nothing like such accusation had ever before met the ears of the little princess.

"You mean" — she began.

"Come and see what I mean!" exclaimed the old woman, looking them over with a quick, sharp glance. And she shouldered the fagots that Dalma had thrown down, while the pretty baroness ran and put her shoulder also under the one that the princess had not yet cast off. And so they followed the old woman into the wood, and after a little stayed their steps at a hut no better than the huts of the charcoal-burners deeper in the forest, and that at first glance was only an ill-built mound of thatch. The old woman threw down her load, bidding them drop their own, and pushing the door open, motioned them to enter. Coming out of the light, the interior was at first mere darkness. Then they discerned a peasant, unshorn, un-

kempt, glowering in a corner of the hearth. "Mad," said the old woman, "mad with trouble."

A child, plainly an idiot, lay in the other corner, on the earthen floor; a young woman, plaiting straw, rolled him to and fro with her foot. A little boy, half-clothed in a rag of some sort, sat near them, biting at a hunch of black bread. "The mother is dead of the fever, now it is a year," said the old woman. And then she turned and pointed at a truss of straw under the narrow slit that was the only window, where lay a girl of their own age. "And she never set foot on the ground," said old Nana. "She was born in the year of the famine. Poverty poisoned her blood. Well, — do you see? In the spot of earth outside, — the mother-earth, in which the King himself has no more right than I, he made of its dust as I, — I sow, I reap, — I, with my old hands. I pay the tithe, the tax, the rent. And then what is left? This!" And she pointed to the black bread the child nibbled. "Look you!" she cried. "Look, where the castle has robbed me of food, of clothes, of the very wits of my little ones. It towers up there with all the winds blowing about it, because its rocks are fast with our blood, its foundations are our graves!"

Frightened at their adventure, the girls had edged toward the window; it was near the door. The girl lying underneath it awoke, and looked at them and smiled, blue-eyed.

"She can smile — in this place!" thought Adria. As she gazed, the longing came, like some new sensation, to help her, to do something, even if it were less than nothing. She tore off her blue neck-ribbon and the chain of crystal beads she wore that, taking the color of her scarf, glanced like pale sapphires, that, taking the color of Dalma's, glanced like pink topazes, and put it all into the hands of the wondering girl who looked as if a piece of the sky had fallen. "Perhaps, — perhaps," Adria

faltered, — "I don't know what may be, — but perhaps — the castle — will rob you no more." And the two slipped through the door and ran with all their speed till out of breath; and then Adria threw herself face down on the grass. "I never knew there were such things!" she sobbed.

"You must n't know it now," said Dalma.

It chanced that night, in the evening service, that the Chaplain read, "Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth," and it struck Adria like a lash. "Behold, we count them happy that endure," he further read. And she wondered if old Nana and her kin were happy in enduring.

Not many days afterward old Nana found outside her door a small bag of silver pieces, — it was all the money the two girls had, and they did not dare sell a jewel in the town. The old woman took it up and shook it before her eyes. "I know you, whence you are!" she cried. And with the flash of her sunken eyes you could not tell were she laughing or crying. She poured out the money on her leathern palm and counted it laboriously. Then she replaced it in the bag and once more shook it in the light. "It is so much restored to me!" she cried.

"She has not even gratitude," whispered Dalma, behind her tree. "With her spirit I would have tossed it into the stream."

"She cannot. There are the others," said Adria gloomily. "And for the rest, she has no reason for gratitude. It is but a part of her own."

For a time after this her books, her music, her botanizing, her rides with Dalma and governess and groom in the Long Chase, — none of her tasks interested, none of her amusements amused the Princess Adria. One day she said

to the Directress, "Madame, is it true that kings have power because in the beginning they were the stronger?"

"Highness," was the reply, "kings have power by the will of God."

"I suppose all things are by the will of God," said Adria. "But is it true that kings have robbed the people?"

"Kings," said the Directress, "are the protectors of the people."

"Does the King, my cousin, protect old Nana down in the forest?"

Whether this conversation were reported to her cousin, or whether because the death of the old Prince Rhod had advanced the young princess a step in the succession, presently appeared at the castle masters of a different quality from previous teachers, and in addition to her languages, her mathematics, her belles-lettres, there were studies concerning the science of government, the art of war, the rights of kings, the philosophy of history, the story of the heroes of her house and race, — Dalma laboring behind. "How much better," said Dalma, "would one live hero be than a brigade of these old fighting men at arms! Why should we concern ourselves with them and their dust and the rust on their swords? They are very dull, these ancestors of yours."

"Yet the Directress says they were each anointed of the Lord. Can you think the touch of some blessed oil should make me of better dust than old Nana's?"

"Of what use now, that anointing? Not one of those ancient gentlemen would know how to handle small arms if he were here to-day. What would any of them say to a voice coming out of the wall from five hundred miles away? They would cry witchcraft; and some one must be burned. Give me a different order. A good seat in the saddle, a good hand on the bridle, a good step in the dance" —

"And his hair shall be of what color it please God," said the princess, who was well up in her English.

"By no means. Of what color it pleases me! He shall be noble, he shall be modern" —

"And no more?"

"The rest," said Dalma, laughing, "the rest is silence."

So the young things began to dream of their heroes, as bourgeois or peasant girls might do; if with a difference. But to Adria, either her ideals were too sacred for discussion, or they were not yet freed from the clay. Only once down a glade in the Long Chase, where the sunlight fell, she saw a group of hunters pass, one following who might have been Apollo, — tall, erect, and bright as any figure of her dream, and lingering in her dream.

The day came when the princess, with the Directress, was called to Court. Some one else had died. It was thought best to see of what the little possibility, as it was phrased, was made. In the meantime the little possibility was seeing of what the Court was made. And while she received sufficient deference, she was yet more or less at liberty, — not to go about with Dalma, as of old, — but for drives with the ladies appointed her, and for strolling through galleries and churches, her soul delighted with the beauty she found, which, however, seemed to be nothing new, but as if it had always been a part of her life, — paintings, sculptures, cathedrals, palaces, — as if the blood in her veins told what it had felt when in the veins of the kings, her forefathers. While walking in the palace down on the edge of the Shore of Shadow, she seemed to be in a dream she had dreamed before; it had upon her the effect of some familiar poem read again in a voice of silver. "It is because my mothers, my grandmothers before me, have trod these places that they are so pleasant to me," she thought. But through all the bewilderment of new beauty, recollection of old Nana and of the folk in the forest kept returning, — at first a blotch of gloom throwing the rest into high

value, but at last darkening it all, so that the princess was not sorry when the time came for her to return to the old castle.

She was walking, one morning before her return, in the park of the Shore of Shadow, when a gentleman leaning on his cane stepped from one of the alleys and went along beside her, while her companions fell behind. She had, of course, been presented; but in her extreme youth another ceremonial audience was hardly worth while. If one had anything to say to her, one could meet her walking in the park.

"My child," he said, "Providence may order that at some day you shall stand in the place of your ancestors" —

"I, sire? I?"

"You. Have you never thought of it, of a possible succession to the crown?"

"Oh no, no, not once!"

"That is well. To-day it seems impossible. Yet things as unlikely, — I will not say have happened, but have been determined. You are very remote. But should the improbable arrive, I would have you prepared. One's hands should be made strong for such responsibility. I would wish one to whom the crown came to understand that it is sent from heaven. One does not rule by the will of the people, but by the will of God. It is the Lord God Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, who will have made you Queen" —

"Make me Queen!" she exclaimed.

"Oh no, no," she murmured then, with a bowed head and a quick warding motion of her hands.

"You do right to feel the awe of majesty." The old King smiled. "So the mother of the Lord received the command from heaven," he thought, but did not say. "For kingship," he continued aloud, "is a perpetual sacrament. It is an act into which the King enters alone with God."

"Is it permitted to me to speak?" asked the princess, after a moment in which the King seemed lost in thought.

"Freely," said the King, looking at the young girl, well pleased.

"The people," she said then. "What of them?"

The King's brow clouded slightly. "It is as I have heard," he said. "The new heresies have reached even into the fastnesses of the hills." "The people," added the old monarch after a brief pause, "were given to the King with the kingdom. They are his. They are his as his children are his. Except for times of madness, always have the King and the people been one. The army is to-day the King's right hand. The nobles — the feudatories, the *arrière-ban* — are his enemy. Always, except in times of madness, when things rushed to ruin and they fled to the King's shelter, his enemy, — demanding newer privilege, encroaching beyond old right, conspiring to dethrone and enthrone, laying sacrilegious hands upon the altar of the living God. And for you, remember, that even if a thousand years of royal blood had not made you not as others are, — if, indeed, it was not a different clay went to your making in the beginning, — yet the oil of your anointing, of your consecration, renders you sacred and apart; as our cousins of another faith hold that the act of blessing makes of the bread and wine the body of God. You are young," the King continued, looking down the length of green shadow through which the shafts of sunshine fell upon them as they walked, "but youth of the royal breed should have perception and understanding beyond the count of years. My child," he said, turning toward her, "under one of the jewels of this ring there is hidden a particle of the sword of that ancestor who won my crown. Wear it. And if, upon occasion, your faith in yourself and in your divine heirship falter, look at it, touch it, and feel the iron in your blood!" And passing round a leafy screen, His Majesty disappeared as he had come, and left her with the ring upon her finger.

Never did the castle on its crag above the villages seem so secure and so serene a place as to Adria coming home. Never was the pleasaunce so sweet of a twilight, the Long Chase so green and rich of a sunlit morning, with mossy covert and sparkling stream; never was the solitude so enriching; never was Dalma so dear; never was it so delightful to be alive. Far off were King and capital and all improbable chances. Never, moreover, was it so heart-rending to explore among the dwellers of the forest, and never had she been so joyous as when her somewhat enlarged revenues allowed her to give them help. Sometimes they met a hunter in the forest, sometimes old Nana and her kind; and for a time life was full of the happiness that belongs to youth and freedom.

But when next the princess was called to Court, she saw by the differing fashion of her reception, and by the manner of those who had become aware of her, that the steps between her and uncoveted greatness were fewer than before. And it was after her return the second time that the responsibility that might some day be hers began to occupy her thoughts in a manner that Dalma found exceedingly tiresome. The condition of the poor of the forest, of the industrial of the cities, of all the internal affairs of the kingdom, became more interesting to her than the action of any drama had ever been. It presently seemed to her that the life of the little kingdom was only an epitome of the wide tragedy of history; and how to make its people happier and better was a quest greater than that of the Crusaders for the Holy Sepulchre.

She was still in the shadow of these reflections, when it was thought best the Princess Adria should travel and see the world; — not in much state, if any, but with a sufficient retinue, and a good purse. And so she saw Rome, and its old splendor, and lived a while under the charm of Florence, and bought

lovely things in Paris, and came at last to England.

The Princess Adria was now a very beautiful young woman. The great masses of her *ondulé* black hair folded her head as if carved out of ebony; the seashell pink blushed on her oval cheek; her features had the fine chiseling of the antique, her eyes were like blue jewels; and although slight and not too tall, she held her head with the carriage of a young antlered stag. To the man who was walking beside her now she was not alone a beautiful woman, but she was the only woman in the world. Was it but yesterday when first they met? It seemed as if he had known her from the eternities.

That yesterday morning she had outstripped her attendants, one or other of whom seldom left her, and climbing rapidly an ascending path between trees twisted by a thousand storms, had found herself on a cliff high in air, a wide field of sea battling in big billows and tossing clouds of foam at its base far below, and the glory of it smote her in the face. A cool wind from the far sea-hollows blew about her; its salt taste touched her lips; the great gray shield, with here its silver shining, and there its purpling bloom, and everywhere its all-embracing sound, belonged to the world of mighty forces, and she was in the presence of illimitable largeness.

It was while she stood on the edge of the cliff, drinking draughts of the fresh air and equal draughts of the wild splendor, in the exhilaration of the sudden delight of it, that there came a noise above her head like the flapping of sails, followed by high discordant shrieks, and a pair of eagles were sweeping about her in fierce attack and defense of their nest in a jut of the rock beneath.

She had an intrepid spirit, not easily daunted. But it was idle to flourish her parasol at them; its very scarlet was something hostile. Yet it was her only weapon, and shaking it defiantly she slipped on the thin lichen, and might

have been driven backward over the brink had not at the instant a stout alpenstock lifted in air sent one of the assailants falling with a broken wing and the other swooping after it; and she looked up to see, with a strange throb of memory, a young man, tall and fair, his eye as angry as the eagle's, his stick still singing in the air. "Oh," she gasped, in her own tongue, "I believe they would have picked out my eyes!"

"Small blame to them!" thought the young man, looking into those wells of blue lustre under their black shadow. But bowing, he said in the same language, "I am glad I was at hand."

"I don't know how to thank you," she exclaimed in English, her accent piquant and musical, his own accent having assured her English would be right.

"I am thanked sufficiently now," he said. And he offered his hand to help her rise.

"I fear," she faltered, "I — my foot — it fails me! How am I to walk?"

"Lean on me," he said. "If you will point the way, I think we can follow it." And in such fashion they wound their way down the gradual slope of the cliff, now and then pausing for a moment, once his arm having to pass about her at a difficult turn. And what thrill then was this that at the touch trembled through his veins? In the same breath perhaps she felt — who knows what? But after one penetrating glance she turned her head away, till he saw the curve of her white neck reddening with the slow flush.

Love is an electric spark. Its heavenly lightning struck Fairfax in that heart-beat. The breath of roses and their blush, the velvet of their petals, the sound of murmuring music, the rippling of waters, all life and light and beauty seemed impersonated in the sweetness of this woman beside him.

And for her? Except a chance exclamation, there had been hazarded once and again only the merest commonplaces rendered necessary by the path. Yet

she had gathered that he was from the Priory, the neighboring estate of a friend of the house where she was staying, and aware of the English pride of caste, no question of inequality had occurred to her. Indeed, her simple life in the hills had not yet forced upon her intelligence any strong sense of superiority. She saw that he was a gentleman. And for the rest, one cannot call the answer of soul to soul a miracle, since it is a common process of nature, but it has the sweet suddenness, the swiftness, the astonishment of one. The difference in the moment was that he knew what had befallen and she did not.

"There are my friends," she said, as they reached at last the glade below in whose distant sun and shadow a group of ladies walked. "It would be ungracious to say that they will relieve you of this trouble, after your kindness. I am staying with the duchess. May I not hope to see you at the Weald?"

Might she not hope? As if any power on earth could keep him away!

"I dine there Thursday night," he replied. "A function, I believe, to welcome an expected dignitary, — some one of the countless foreign princelings that infest Europe."

"Ah!" she said. "These English lords, they regard the least of their own order as the superior of everything less than the ruler of the Holy Roman Empire! But for me, I often think that the infesting princelings would be glad to lay down their little power and join the proletariat, without care, without responsibility, — would be glad to play a little while." And although she smiled, and although sunbeams always lurked in that smile of hers, there was a something melancholy in her tone.

"Yes," he said. "I suppose that is what the Princess Adria is doing now."

Her foot was better, and she withdrew from his support. But he still kept along beside her. It was the first time in her life that she had been alone with any man other than her old cousin,

the King. If this was play, why not more of it? It was sufficiently amusing.

"And you do not find yourself interested in her work or her play?" she said.

"Oh, in a way. As a student of men and manners and forces of government, — occupied with sociological conditions."

"And so even an old — what is this you call it? — an old frump of a princess might have an interest?"

He laughed. "I don't know if this one is a frump or a fairy" —

"Oh, she is not exactly either!"

"You know her then?"

"As well, perhaps, as any one. She does not mean ill, poor thing." And by this they had come where her ladies stood, and she turned and extended her hand with a gesture of dismissal, a trace of archness in her smile.

To the amazement of her ladies he took the hand, and held it for the fraction of a moment. Perhaps she herself had expected him to lift it to his lips, with his own hand beneath it. But as he bent his all but colossal height, she said to herself it was the head of a Greek god; and if not the face of a god it was nevertheless, in its heroic beauty, that striking one of the aquiline cast, with an impress, in its wholesome fairness, of health and masterful strength, the face of a man who might conquer continents and found a race of kings.

It was the magic moment when twilight is still informed with sunset that Fairfax the next evening met the princess, a lady and gentleman following her. He paused a moment uncertainly, but she looked up brightly and with recognition, and he approached.

"If we had lost our way," she said, "I would think you had a habit of arriving at the fortunate moment."

"Most fortunate in any event for me," he responded.

She wore a long scarf of thin scarlet silk about her head and shoulders, which gave her a gypsy-like air. But whether she were fine lady or romany did not

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occur to him; as he had felt the day before, she was simply the one woman, as Eve was the one in her garden. The readjustment of atoms had taken place, and to neither of them with their unsealed eyes would the world ever be the same.

"We have been looking at the ruin of the ruins," she said. "I have a thread of association with them, since one of my people once ruled here."

"Possibly, in the increase of population, in most of us the blood of the king is mingled with the blood of his serf. Yet if one knew just which vein held the king's" —

"One would let it escape? For all that, I fancy one would rather it were the blood of Richard than of Garth the churl?"

"I don't know. If it were the blood of Richard, one would be under an unspeakable debt to the churl. One could never make things equal with him. All one's generations in the light built on his years in the dark, all one's strength and lustihood built of his decrepitude and decay."

"So you occupy yourself with the problem of the poor?"

"There is no other," he said, looking down. "It comprises all the rest, even the goodness of God."

"I also," she murmured. "I also think more concerning it than is good for one's peace."

"You!" he said, turning to look at her squarely. "But you have no reason. You are too young, you are too" — He did not finish the sentence. "As for me," he said presently, "Fate has served me so that I have nothing to do but serve others."

"I did not know that English noblemen burdened their consciences with the wrongs of the submerged portion."

"I am not very familiar with the English conscience. I am an American. But possibly" —

She did not hear what he was saying. An American. It was a blow. In her innocent unconsciousness she could not

have told herself why. But far in the obscure of unformulated thought there may have been the intuitive perception that a great English nobleman — was not impossible; but American, — that was out of the question. For what? A sudden stinging blush burned her face. Before the blush mounted she had seen the cherubim with the flaming sword; but they had not abashed her; she had touched and tasted the fruit of the tree of life.

His voice sang in her ears like the wind in the bough as, loitering a little, he swung his stick over the ant-hill at a tree's root. "If all peoples, all governments, were like these," that was what he was saying, she found. "One common point, the production, the preservation, the perpetuation of the race! With not a thought of self. Yet who of us can sacrifice self without betrayal of trust? With the ant, with the bee, it is the race. With us the individual, — if we are to attain to the stature of the gods. And so it becomes difficult. For 'things are in the saddle, and ride mankind,' " he added, with a smile of confidence in her comprehension.

The blush swept up her cheek again with that smile; this time a branding blush of shame. She had not known the man two days; she had seen him twice; she could not even tell his name; she was speaking with him now in violation of usage and propriety, as well as of the etiquette of courts.

"How beautiful she is when she blushes," he was thinking then. "How beautiful she is when she does n't blush. What is she blushing about?"

"What of it? What of it?" she was thinking; the daring, the defiance, of her line returning to her. "Is it to be ashamed of? I may love a rose. I do not expect the rose to know. And if — and if — Oh, what do I care for crowns and kingdoms and possibilities! What do I want with them! Let who

will take my place near the throne, if there should be any place to take. I will have home, happiness, love, if — if " — And by that the blush had faded, and as he gazed into them her eyes were like the twilight that holds the evening star.

And then the Baroness Dalma tripped up, a little brown-and-gold-butterfly creature, and the princess bowed a farewell in whose stateliness there was yet a hint of the morrow.

The Princess Adria knew now that she should at once bring to a close her stay at the Weald. But various festivities had been planned in her honor, and she hesitated to commit a rudeness, an unkindness. Moreover, her movements were arranged for her by those of authority at home. And then she was very young; perhaps also not altogether mistress of herself in this new phase of being. When Fairfax rode over with Lord Chetwynd the next morning, calling on the duchess, and, catching sight of Adria, joined her in the Long Gallery of the Portraits, while Chetwynd went on, she felt every nerve in her body tingling in tumult, and it was a moment before she could command peace.

They walked together down the long lane of masterpieces, and all the time they talked of the portraits, but they looked at each other.

"There are so many legends concerning them," she said pensively. "The duchess was telling them this morning. There seems to be a story of sin or sorrow about every one of them."

"Lives splendidly worth living," he said. "And lived only to make romance."

"Were they splendidly worth living?" she asked. "For my part, it sometimes seems that an unknown life in the wilderness were better."

A light kindled his face. But just then the duchess came into the gallery; he turned to make his compliments, and Adria slipped away.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

(To be continued.)

THE HERO.

I SAW the river going,
All silver to the brim,
Along the southern meadows
That were a home to him.

I sang, "O River, bear him
My dream, a silver swan.
'Tis only he, all day, all day,
That I do think upon."

And oh, my foolish heart forgot —
So rapt in heart's desire,
The years he has been sleeping
Beneath a far-off spire.

Josephine Preston Peabody.

THE BATTLE OF GRAY'S PASTURE.

A REMINISCENCE OF OLD-FASHIONED FOOTBALL.

Stout Saxon game, long may you live!
Rough root of a sturdy tree;
Rude nurse of men who love you still
As the sailor loves the sea.

THE old days of football in Gray's pasture, the plain, simple, boyish game we knew, are gone. They play no football on the old field now. You will see no belated boys now running down the old road after school, listening to the shouts of the players, and rushing on eager for the coming fray. The very game is gone, with all its old rules and simple cunning.

The old school flourishes as it has never flourished. If you come here they will point you out the new building, quite big and imposing, with tower and belfry, and the name, WISCONSIN NORMAL SCHOOL, carved in the solid stone across the front. The homely old brick building we studied in stands humbly in the rear.

The "Academic Department" we were so proud of when first our names were blazoned on its roll is not what it was then. Its course of study has been cut down; its glory shorn. There are no "big fellows" now, as there were in our day, to walk as lords and heroes among the smaller boys. It has become a grammar school merely.

And our great "match game," — the one Great Game we played before the brief glory of "the old Academic" had departed, — who ever hears of that now? What an event it was then! What a big, slow-swinging shadow it flung over our boyish world, looming up there, weeks ahead, watched by our eager eyes! But who hears of it now?

And its heroes, where are they? Where now is Rob Mackenzie? our hero-in-chief, and Academic King, whom we youngsters loved and admired and followed so unswervingly; and game

"Limpy" Goodnow, who would not quit, but with a sprained ankle still fought on, and bore the nickname ever after as an honor; and big Nic, the mighty-shouldered and the mighty-voiced, with shout like the trumpets of Jericho; and Whitty, the swift and cunning to "creep;" and gallant Dickie O'Hara; and Jim Greening and "Chickie" Brooks, and the rest; where now is the name and the fame of them, who made so large a figure in the old football days? They are gone. You hear of them no more. Down in Gray's pasture the very wind in the oak leaves would sing their glory.

And the big, green "Normals" we used to laugh at. How they stared when at kickoff they saw the ball, driven by Rob Mackenzie's mighty foot, go sailing meteoric down the field! And how surprised they were when in the pride of rustic strength *they* tried to set it sailing, innocent of all the art of it, and only sent it rolling instead, a few foolish feet along the ground; or, as sometimes happened, missed it altogether, the great boot they had let fly at it sailing up instead, taking them along up too, until it dropped them, astonished exceedingly, upon the ground!

We could n't help laughing at them, they were so big, and good-natured, and *green*; so smiling with verdure as it were; right off the farm, with all its dew and freshness still upon them. Such great stalwart fellows, too; like big winter-russets that have just attained their size, full-grown and full of sap and vigor, but still quite green. How the poor devils used to look the first morning of the term, herded for companionship of misery in a corner of the "Assembly Room," their big, free limbs and bodies pent up in stiff, new shoes and Sunday-go-to-meetin's of black diagonal, their sunburned necks thrust into the unaccustomed yoke of a collar, and looking fearfully uncomfortable therein, and their big hands ill at ease, at home nowhere, and looking as

if they would be right glad of the friendly grip of a pitchfork or a plough handle.

You will find no such "Normalites" nowadays. The old breed is gone. The greenest I see look quite correct and starched and tailor-made. No originality of costume now. No "high-water pants," such as refreshed the eye in the old days. No pitifully insufficient coat, stretching its seams across some great fellow's back, button struggling with buttonhole to hold in his expanding chest, showing by its very insufficiency what a Hercules he was. You will see none of these things now. They have disappeared; the old sap and individuality quite, quite gone.

We used to laugh at them, but I don't think I should laugh now. If I should see one now, I think I should just walk up to him, and smile, and hold out my hand, and say, "Brother, I'm right glad to see you; it does my eyes good just to look at you; and are none of the other old fellows coming back? And how are Laury Thompson, and John Hicks?" And then he would smile back at me, and we should grow friendly, and I would tell him about the old days.

They had grit and spunk, too, — those big, green fellows. How they did wake up after the scrub match, when we Academics had beaten them so badly and laughed at them so, and challenge us right there to try it again! That was how we came to play our Great Game. And how they did jump into the practice for it! and what a roaring old meeting they held on "Football Night" in the old "Lincolnian Literary Society" room, when Laury Thompson made his famous speech!

There is no such spirit in the school to-day. They have a football eleven, it is true, and it holds its head well up among its mates; a little above 'em, too, most of the time; — the old school's the old school yet, I tell 'em; — but, after all, it is n't the old game,

nor the old spirit. I go out sometimes to watch them, and think: "Well, it's a queer game they play now, and call football!" They trot out in such astonishing toggery; padded and "guarded" from shin to crown, — welted, belted, strapped, and buckled beyond recognition. And there's no independence in the play; every move has to be told 'em. It's as if they were n't big enough to run alone; and so they hire a big stepmother of a university "coach," who stands round in a red sweater, and yells, and berates them. Not a man answers back; he does n't dare to. They don't dare eat plain Christian food, but have a "training table" and diet like invalids. I've seen 'em at a game not dare take a plain drink of water; when they got thirsty they sucked at a wet sponge, like babes at the bottle!

It was not so in our day. No apron strings of a university coach were tied to us. We were free-born men. When we wanted to play we got together and went down to the old pasture, to the big oak tree that stood near the middle of it; and there we would "choose up," and take off our coats and vests and neckgear, and pile them round the oak, and walk out on the field and go at it, — *everybody*, — not a pitiful dozen or so, while the rest stood with their hands in their pockets and looked on, — but *everybody*! And it was *football*: no playing half an hour without seeing the ball in the air once; we kicked it all the time; — except when we missed it, and then we kicked the other fellow's shins! And when we got thirsty we went down to the spring and took an honest drink out of an honest tin cup.

And what a fine, free, open game it was, — the old game! What art you could put into its punting, and running, and dodging, and creeping, and drop-kicking! And what a glorious tumult in the old-fashioned scrimmage; especially the scrimmages in the old ditch! It was a rather broad and

shallow ditch, and into it the ball would often roll, a dozen excited fellows dashing after it; and there in the ditch bottom, in mad mêlée, frantic foot to foot, naked shin against sole leather, we would fight to drive the ball through the opposing mob. There might the rustic Normalite, with implacable cow-hides, the bigger now the better, sweeten his humiliation with revenge, and well I remember the fearful devastation he sometimes wrought among our Academic shins!

But we were used to that. Indeed, we youngsters gloried in it. It was a spot upon your honor not to have a spot upon your shin! We compared them as soldiers brag of their wounds in battle, and he who could exhibit the largest and most lurid specimen was the best man. Those discolored patches were our "V. C.'s" and "Crosses of the Legion of Honor;" seals attesting our spirit, stamped with a stamp of good stiff sole leather, painfully enough, it was true, but who cared for that? We were only sorry we could not exhibit them in public. To be obliged to carry such decorations under your trouser leg was hard.

But I am a long time getting to the thing I aimed at, — I mean our Great Game. They smile at me here for a slow coach and old foggy enthusiast, and I fear I give them some occasion. I get started, and one thing leads to another, and I am never done, but go meandering on not unlike the slow-winding creeks of our southern Wisconsin country here, that take such an interminable time getting across our meadows. Yet, even so, they flow the slower the smoother, and the more truly mirror their willows and green crumbling banks, and I hope it may be something so with these wandering recollections of mine.

Football Night at the "Lincolnian Literary," and Laury Thompson's speech there I must tell about. If any of the old boys ever read this, — and it is for them I am writing it, — they

will wonder if I leave that out. For it marked an epoch in the Normal preparation for the game. And coming from Laury Thompson it was so unexpected. He always looked so cheerful in his high-water pants. His clothes were such a harmonious misfit. And he got off his absurdities with such a grave, humorous-innocent face; only the veiled twinkling in the eyes to show that it was not the most solemn matter in the world.

He "wore his pants high-water a-purpose," he told us; "had 'em made so for hot weather; coolin', ye know; refreshin'; lets the air in; breeze o' heaven playin' up an' down your pant-leg." And when one of the boys cracked some joke on his big shoes, he gravely remonstrated, assuring us that he "had had those shoes made sort of *in memoriam*; hide of a heifer calf of his'n that got killed by the cars; a rosebud of a little critter; he kind o' wanted something to remember her by; tarnation good leather, too." He had "writ a poem" on that calf, he said, but refused to recite it; "felt delikit about exposin' his feelin's."

The old Lincolnian Literary Society is dead now, and its room has been turned into a shop for the Manual Training Department. It is a long, narrow room on the third floor, and was crowded that night to the very door. The meeting, called "to rouse public spirit in the matter of the coming game," grew spirited and hilarious as the speaking proceeded, and when Thompson was called on, and his tall, odd figure rose up in the midst, there was a great thundering of boots along the floor.

"Boys," he began, "our Academic friends, raised, most of 'em, in this *proud metropolis*, seem to 'a' got the notion that because we haven't just stepped out of a fashion plate we can't play football. They tell us to 'thrash the hayseed out of our hair,' and to 'slack off on our galluses, and see if we

can't get some o' that high-water out of our pants;' they 've been 'tryin' to figure out our combined acreage o' boot leather,' they say, 'and had to give it up; Arabic notation wa'n't equal to it.'

"Well, let 'em laugh. I reckon we're duck-backed enough to shed whole showers o' that kind o' stuff; and when the game comes off they'll find that what wins a game o' football ain't pants, nor hair, nor shoe-leather, but what 's in and under 'em. They'll find *men's* feet in those shoes, and *men's* legs in those trousers, and the brains o' men under that hair!

"For I tell you, we're goin' to win that game; and we're goin' to win it just because o' what gave us the hayseed an' the high-water and the boot-leather; because we've got on our side the men with muscle hardened on the old farm; men who've swung an axe from mornin' till night in the wood-lot, and cradled two acres of oats a day, and who'll go through 'em in a scrimmage like steers through standin' corn!

"Yes, boys, it's true; we're 'hayseeds' and 'country jakes.' All the better for that. Grass don't grow down, and go where you will, you'll find the hayseed at the top. Why, what was he?" — he turned and extended a long arm and forefinger toward a picture of Daniel Webster that hung behind him on the wall of the room, — "What was he? A hayseed, and son of a hayseed!"

Yes, there's hayseed in our hair;
Proud it's there!
And our boots are big an' square;
So they *air*!
And when you hear 'em thunderin'
On the Academic shin,
Back them cowhide boots to win!
Academs, beware!

Hooray then for hayseed hair!
It gits there!
And for cowhides big an' square;
Every pair!
And when you hear 'em thunderin'
On the Academic shin,
Back them cowhide boots to win!
Academs, take care!

And then, while a roar went up to the roof and rolled out of the windows that must have reached and frightened the realm of Chaos and Old Night, John Hicks got upon his feet, his sturdy red countenance, lit by a near-by lamp, beaming out across a crowd of rustic heads and tanned faces.

"I tell you what, Mr. President," he began, "that speech o' Mr. Thompson's goes right to the spot. I hope I ain't one o' these little-pot-soon-hot fellows that get het and boil over about nothin', but I'm bound to say that Mr. Thompson's had my lid a-liftin' for the last five minutes. I tell you, we want Mr. Thompson to keep this rhyme o' his a-rollin'. I've heard before what a big thing it is to be born a hayseed, and run up agin a lot o' hard sled-din', but the idee never got drove in till Mr. Thompson here hit it. That's the kind o' talk we want. Puts the pepper into you so's you're all up an' a-comin'; want to jump right through the collar! break the traces! pull six ton! I tell you, we want Mr. Thompson to keep on singin'. If he'll sing like that for us the day o' the game, there won't be enough left of the Academic team for decent buryin'. I move, Mr. President, that Mr. Thompson be appointed Leader o' the Hayseed Choir; Poet-Lauryate; Boss o' the Rhyming Department, or whatever else you want to call it, to this Hayseed Football Team of ours."

The poem made Thompson famous. It went everywhere. They found music to fit it, and then they sung it. You heard it roared through the night after you had gone to bed, and you heard it in the morning before you got up, sung by some sturdy-voiced Normalite "workin' for his board," who cheered his solitude with Thompson's ditty as he milked the neighbor's cow. They powdered their hair with hayseed, and wore bunches of dried clover-heads for buttonhole bouquets.

As the autumn season deepened, and

the day of battle drew on, our excitement deepened too. There were rumors that the Normals had invented a new play. Every night after school, during the last week, Tom Powell, their leader, gathered them into the secrecy of Normal Hall behind guarded doors. We could hear voices, indistinguishable commands, the heavy tramp of boots along the floor. But what it meant no Academic knew.

And a little before the time set for the game there came on a November storm. I remember well how I sat at my desk in the darkening schoolroom, my eyes on the old Allen and Greenough grammar, and my dreams on the coming game, listening while the wind whistled at the roof and the rain-showers lashed the window-panes, and the big oaks outside rocked and roared, and wondered as I listened, would it never cease, and would the Great Game not come to-morrow after all?

But the morning came with a broad, red sun rolling and tumbling in mist, which blew away with rising wind and let the sun in to dry the field.

The opposing hosts assembled. A multitude surged and shouted along the side-line. There were *carriages* even, — the President and his lady, and wealthy Main Street people. And John Hicks's folks were there in a new two-seater, and Laury Thompson's in a farm wagon, — the same they had brought a load of oats to town in that morning. The Editor had come, too; he would report the game in next week's *Clarion*, — Fame! right on the field there, her trumpet at her lips, ready to blow!

And *we* were the heroes; the great observed of all observers. We trode the earth with a large, heroic tread. I, the smallest, last, and youngest of the company, walked with the lordliest stride of all. The season long I had fought for a "place on the team," and I had won, and Annie was there to see. Never mind who Annie was. I am telling now about a football game.

"Look at Banty, here," I heard a Normalite say; "captain o' the team, ain't he? Hull thing, an' dog under the wagon."

Even Annie smiled, and just then my cousin Teddy came up.

"What are you lookin' so red an' savage about?" says Teddy.

"Ach in' to jump into that Normal team," says I.

Under the big oak Rob Mackenzie and Tom Powell, with the big fellows around them, were settling the last preliminaries. The referee pitched the coin.

"Heads it is," called Tom quietly. "We'll take the north goal." The wind by this time was stiff out of the north, and the Normals had won the toss.

The two teams scattered out over the field. Rob Mackenzie walked to the centre, the ball in his hand. He turned to us to see that all was ready, and stood there a moment, so tall and good to see, with his strong, confident look, and eyes so full of quiet fire, that we broke into a little involuntary shout of applause, which the Academics on the side-line caught and sent back in a great pealing echo. Rob smiled and flushed a little, and stooped to adjust the ball for the kickoff. Then laughter and tumult broke out along the side-line where the Normals had massed their shouting strength, and Laury Thompson came pushing his tall shoulders through the crowd, his face on a broad grin, and waving a pitchfork over his head. A great pair of cowhide boots swung from the tines of it, and a long, broomlike tuft of timothy hay, tied to the middle tine, shook in the wind triumphant over all.

Advancing to the front-centre, he planted this queer standard firmly in the ground, while the Normals gathered round it and roared their battle-song:—

Yes, there's hayseed in our hair;
Proud it's there!
And our boots are big and square;
So they air!

But when you hear 'em thunderin'
On the Academic shin,
Back them cowhide boots to win!
Academs, beware!

As the chorus ended Rob rose, stepped back, and turned for a final look. He was laughing. I wondered how he could take it so. My heart was galloping like a fire engine.

"All ready, boys!" he called out; then took three quick steps forward, and swung his foot on the ball. I saw it sail far down the field, while the side-line shouted. The Great Game was on.

What happened during the next few minutes I can give no orderly account of. I was an excited and wild-eyed boy, plunging about in the middle of chaos, and I can only remember fragments;—Rob Mackenzie leaping suddenly out of the *mêlée* and darting down the field, his yellow hair blown back by the wind, the ball fleeing before him; the smash of great John Hicks into a scrimmage, and the thunder of his boot upon the ball; the roar of the crowd along the side-line; the cannonade and counter-cannonade of punts; the maelstrom of the scrimmage, heaving and hurling around the vortex of the ball, and rolling ominously on toward our goal; the mighty voice of Nic, booming over the tumult like a signal gun at sea,—*"Avast there, my hearties! Lay 'em aboard, you lubbers, lay 'em aboard!"* and then his huge shoulders, butting through the opposing play as the bluff bows of a Gloucester fisherman butt the tumbling fog, till, meeting the mightier rush of John Hicks, he, too, goes down, and the ominous tide rolls on.

Then, after a while, as I became accustomed to it, the whirl cleared, and I could see how the game was going. Plainly enough no comedy now, like the scrub match of the early season, when we had beaten and laughed at them so. Their practice had told. The big, new fellows were no longer green. Their "hayseed spirit" was awake, and they fought with an energy and determina-

tion which in the scrimmage bore us back like fate.

Now, too, we saw the meaning of the mysterious practice in Normal Hall. Along the lower edge of the pasture, and forming the eastern side-line, there ran a "tight board" fence, and next it, the entire length of the pasture, the shallow ditch I have already spoken of. In that ditch we used to fight half our scrimmages, and in that ditch the Normals concentrated their strategy and strength. In massive formation, the ball in the midst, protected by the fence on one side and by a moving stockade of stout legs and sturdy shoulders on the other, down the ditch they would drive, sweeping away our lighter fellows like leaves as they went, on and on, to what seemed an inevitable goal.

But right there the weakness of the play developed. The goal posts stood, as in the modern game, midway the ends of the field. No "touch-downs" counted; only goals; and to make a goal they must leave their ditch and protecting fence and come out into the open. And there Rob Mackenzie gathered his heavy men for the defense. With Whitty, and Nic, and Jim Greening, and the others, he would ram the Normal formation until it broke; then, unless some one had done it before him, he would go in himself, capture the ball, and with Whitty, his team-mate, rush away with it toward the Normal goal.

But on guard there stood always McNary, and big Van Lone, and Tom Powell himself, with two or three others who could drop back from mid-field when need came, — a guard too strong for even Whitty and Rob.

Twice only did John Hicks, breaking out of the *mêlée* after the Normal formation had gone in pieces, carry the ball on to the goal; and twice to match him did Rob Mackenzie, with the long range accuracy that always astonished the green Normals so, send the ball sailing between the goal posts almost from the centre of the field.

And so the first half drew to an end, and the score stood even. The intermission hummed with talk. Excited partisans crowded about their favorites. The Academics looked serious. The fierce effectiveness of the new Normal play scared them, and they huddled round Rob Mackenzie, who was radiating courage like a sun. I never saw him in higher spirits. On the outside of the crowd, where we youngsters were gathered anxiously waiting the signal for play to begin again, I caught now and then a bit of his talk: "Say, but this is *great*, is n't it! — This is what I call a *game*! — Who wants to win in a walk? — No fun licking a fellow unless he's your size. — Lots of time to thrash 'em yet; whole second half."

Around the Normal standard there was jubilation. They had held us down; then put us to defense; their play was sweeping on in a rising tide; who should stop it? The talk flew: "Harder work 'n hayin', ain't it, John?" — "Not a bit of it; those Academics are easy; stack 'em up like oats next half." — "Show 'em some o' yer Irish, Mac!" — "Oh, did you hear that thunderin' on the Academic shin?" — "Back them cowhide boots to win! Academs, beware!"

The second half began, and the Normal pace grew faster. Those enduring muscles, "hardened on the old farm," that "had cradled two acres of oats a day, day in, day out, under the July sun," were beginning to tell. Like a sledgehammer at a shaking door the Normal formation pounded at our defense. When the door should fall seemed but a matter of time. The Normalite roar along the side-line grew louder. Again and again, while the scrimmage thickened, with John Hicks and Scott and Simpson hurling into it, would burst out their thundering refrain: —

Hooray for our hayseed hair;
It *gits there*!
An' our boots so big an' square;
Every pair!

An' when you hear 'em thunderin'
 On the Academic shin,
 Back them cowhide boots to win!
 Academs, beware!

And only for Rob Mackenzie we should again and again have gone down. How through our darkening fortunes shone the unconquerable spirit and energy of his play! Like that kin of ancient Bedouins who, "when Evil bared before them his hindmost teeth, flew gayly to meet him, in company or alone!" Again and again the Normal formation rolled along the ditch sweeping our out-fighters before it, and again and again, as it reached the critical point and swung out into the field to make the goal, would Rob hurl against it his heavy attack, — Whitty, and Rhodes, and Limpy, and Jim Greening, and big Nic, and finally, himself, — till the Normal mass went into chaos; out of which, through some unguarded gap, the ball would come tumbling, Rob and Whitty behind it; then down the field together they would dart, the ball before them, we youngsters yelling madly in the rear, the battle-fire in us, which had flagged with fear, bursting up again in yells of exultation like a flame.

Yet not to score; neither side again could score. The second half approached its end, and it seemed as if the game must remain a tie. As the two sides suddenly realized this, there came, as if by common consent, a pause. The Babel-roar along the side-line dropped into a hum. Then a voice called out, — it was Tom Powell; you could hear him all over the field: —

"How much more time?"

And the answer came clear and clean-cut through dead silence: —

"One minute and a half!"

The Academics yelled with joy; no hope now of winning; but in so short a time the Normals cannot score; we escape defeat; it will be a drawn battle. Then they stilled again, not so sure.

For the Normal "sledge-hammer" was uplifting for a last blow. One

chance remained, and Tom Powell staked all on a final cast. He left only Van Lone to guard his goal. Every other man of his team he would build into the breaks of his formation in a last determined attack. Wave after wave he had hurled against us; now this last, "a ninth one, gathering all the deep," he would hurl.

The attack came on, and our out-fighters as usual went down before it. In practically perfect order, with Simpson and John Hicks in flank, and Tom Powell himself at the centre, it turned out of the ditch for the goal. Whitty and Jim Greening went down; then big Nic. The Normal uproar gathered and swelled and burst, and swelled and burst again as they swept on. In front, Rob Mackenzie, with a last handful, stood yet. He spoke a few low, sharp words, and they went forward, not in mass, but in *line*.

The cooler heads looked and wondered. What did that mean? What could a thin line do against that massive-moving squad of men? but just wrap round it like a shred of twine and, like twine again, break, while the mass swept on.

So the line moved forward; but just as it was on point to strike, it stumbled apparently, the whole line together, and went down. The Normal yell rose again. But it rose too soon; the line was not down, but crouching there, a barricade across the Normal path. The stroke of strategy was too sudden to be met. Driven on by its very mass and the blind momentum of the men in the rear, the Normal formation struck our crouching line, toppled momentarily, as a wave topples over a wall of rock; then, self-destroying, its van tumbling over the Academic line, its rear plunging on over its broken front, it crumbled, broke, and stopped.

Then, while the Academics along the side-line went mad with exultation, the fallen chaos struggled to its feet, a wilder chaos than ever, a score of boots

slamming for the ball at once, which bounded back and forth like a big leathern shuttlecock in the midst.

So, for a long-drawn moment; then it leaped out clear and free, and a player after it like a cannon-flash, down the field toward the Normal goal. Well may the Academics yell! It is Rob Mackenzie, — fastest man on the ground, and away now with a free field! Hard after him John Hicks, with every sinew at the stretch, and teeth grimset, and the whole Normal team streaming in a wild tail of pursuit behind. The side-line, which, until now, had held the surge of spectators, burst like a dam in flood, and poured a yelling torrent toward the Normal goal.

There stood big Van Lone, sole guardian bulldog at that gate; an honest bulldog, but terribly bewildered, all pandemonium storming in on him at once. He started forward, but what could he do against Rob Mackenzie? The ball rises over his head, hovers an instant at top flight, or seems to; then shoots forward between the goal posts. The game was won!

And who that was there will ever forget the celebration that followed? Rob Mackenzie tossed skyward on a hundred shoulders, with mighty shouts, till the old pasture rocked and swam; the great ruddy face of John Hicks, shining through the press, undimmed by defeat, as he came to greet his victorious foe; the meeting and hand-grasp of the two heroes, amid tremendous tumult, all lesser yells upborne on the oceanic roar of Nic; the wild processional through the town, tramping tumultuous to the roar of John Brown's

Body, with Rob in triumphal chariot, rolling on down Main Street toward the west, where the clouds of sunset flamed into bonfires and the fiery sun itself seemed a huge cannon's mouth hurling a thunder salute in honor of the event.

Well, all that happened years ago. Those old days can never come back. Even the old pasture I cannot see as I saw it then. It was only the other day, drawn by old thoughts revived, that I walked out to see it, through the still summer afternoon, down the old familiar road, so well known but so strangely quiet now, with its few scattered old white oaks and maples, that seemed to nod sleepily in a kind of old friendliness, till you come to the turn by the burr oak grove where the pasture opens.

There they lay, — the long tranquil slope, the green level that had been one field, the ditch along the fence, — under the quiet sunshine, in sleep and silence. Great, peaceful-looking white clouds, like great white cattle asleep, lay along the blue heaven overhead. The old oak where we were used to choose up stood motionless, as if it dreamed over the old days. Could this be indeed the old pasture, scene of our stormy uproar, this field asleep? I turned away with a half lonely feeling.

The old boys are gone too, most of them, scattered I don't know where. Do they ever, I wonder, after the day's work is done, sit in the evening by the warm firelight, while the soft pipe-smoke wraps them in its tranquil cloud, and dream foolishly, as I do, over those old days? I like to think they do.

George L. Teeple.

TRASIMENE.

I.

THE Grammarian's Funeral is as the shadow of a rock in a weary land, as the

"shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water."

Not that it is alone in this grateful distinction, in Browning's work, or in a generation's results, but that it has happened to occur to me more than once in pessimistic moments, and to justify the function of verse. The legal pleadings of your Sidneys and Shelleys are nothing to the purpose. "Poesie" needs no defense in the spirit, but it needs bones in the body. It is better as a vertebrate than as a mollusk. In those pessimistic moments I had fancied it fallen in the "dim dreaming life" of chambered nautili, monotonously musical, hazily emotional, intellectually edgeless, either solemnly futile or cleverly trivial. I desired something to "break the shins of mine apprehension" upon; some acid and tang; something to say, "One who was like no other did pleasurably conceive in a knot and socket of his brain, and in travail gave me birth, that I might assert two things, namely, He was, and I am."

It is the thirst for this distinction which drives one back to older and older poets. I am much for Herbert and Donne and Crashaw and Andrew Marvell. They had their conventions, but at least their conventions are not mine. I can draw a longer line from them to me, construct a wider angle, and measure more distant stars. But the Grammarian's Funeral is an individual and a vertebrate. With all lyrical pulses and pauses testifying organic life, it never leaves inspection of a chosen vista. It means intensely and means itself. A work of art never means any interpretation of it, or means anything but itself.

I was thinking, in coming down the mountain side of Perugia, that the Grammarian's Funeral was more realistic than I had supposed. Digging Greek roots never seemed to me a spiritual enterprise, but it was such to the Revivers of Learning in the fifteenth century. Did they not have their visions like other visionaries? It was a search after lost treasures of infinite value. They dug for the jasper and topaz wherewith to rebuild fallen gates and walls, the celestial city of an old culture. The man who "gave us the doctrine of the enclitic De" set his jewel in the walls. So that it was no more than the truth that he was of those who dwell in high places,

"Where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go,"

and had a right to

"sepulture
On a tall mountain, citted to the top,
Crowded with culture."

It was the latter passage that occurred to me, in coming down the mountain from Perugia, as unexpectedly accurate.

For one comes southward and "slopes to Italy by green degrees," finds mountains whose steep sides are crowded with orchards, gardens, and villages, whose summits are ringed with city walls. Yet the Umbrians so built cities above their great plain not out of aspiration, but out of extreme combativeness. Perugia was distinguished among them for an unpleasant neighbor. Not even did she keep peace with herself, but shed blood more familiarly than others in her own streets, and splashed it on the steps of her gaunt unfinished cathedral, that stands on one side of the little square, with the Municipio on the other and the triple-basined fountain in the middle. Her family of tyrants was of the most savage and given to throat-cutting.

The painter who is known by her name painted most of his delicate-lipped Madonnas and light-footed angels for Florence, where life was more thoughtful and on the whole less bad-tempered than in this wild cat of a Perugia. The Tiber flows past her feet, a cheerful little river, and useful for mill wheels, larger, muddier, and less cheerful when it comes to Rome. Between the Tiber and the mountain the ashes of the Volumnii lie, since the Punic Wars, in their family tomb some yards underground, in sculptured stone boxes and cinerary urns, and the Perugians thought it as indifferent a spot as any for the common uses of fighting Assisians or raising olive trees. Its use now is the collection of francs from passing tourists. They furnish the custodian a better living than the spoils of a few olive trees or Assisians would do. The Volumnii chose a decent sepulture on the plain, well underground in "the level and the night," as if they thought such morning heights, as the Grammarian's pallbearers sought for him, belonged rather to those who were still alive, ambitious, and combative. They have their reward in being useful to the custodian, and to the tourists, according to the tourists' belief.

We took a vettura for Cortona from Magione, ten miles beyond Perugia, not because of the combativeness of Perugia, — the vetturino of Magione turned out to be combative, — but because the ten miles lay through the level monotony of the Umbrian plain, and because something nearer the country's normal scale of wages for man and horse may be met with by stepping out of the beaten paths and halting-places. The pursuit of economy is as exciting a game in Italy as the pursuit of wealth in gold-mining states. It has the same strange successes and failures. Its methods are complicated, its possibilities limitless, its issue not to be calculated. It involves eloquence, feeling, sophisms, casuistries, and leads to the conclusion that

the Italian is on the whole very likable; in whose mind it is probably a secret feeling that the Northern invader is still as of old a barbarian, a brute force, not to be directly resisted, but persuaded, outwitted, and undermined by the supple intelligence of civilization.

The barbarian appears to him to have been invading under different excuses since the fifth century. The Goth came blundering, the Hun galloped after, the Vandal was destructive; the Frank came in state, and tickled his simple Frankish vanity with the title of Roman Emperor; the Scandinavian came in ships; then the pilgrims, and lately the tourists; and all these have been, as a rule, marked by large bodies, by simplicity and curiosity, by a certain density of intelligence and absence of breeding, in general the characteristics of barbarism. The barbarian fell into the habit and tradition of coming, the Italian into the habit and tradition of expecting him, like the seasons and changes of weather.

I overheard an Englishwoman at a *pension* in Florence, discarding the butter fork for a knife, remark bitterly, that in civilized countries a butter knife was a knife. It is true that in Italy it is usually a fork, but it seemed to me that the test was imperfect. One classifies advancing stages of civilization according as bronze is substituted for stone and iron for bronze, but between butter knives and butter forks the difference seems something accidental, something debatable.

There is much to say for the Italian's test, if he really feels in this way, of intellectual suppleness and a pervasive code of manners. He has some claim to the distinction. His manners are apparent to a barbarian. The vetturino seems to differ about the fare more in sorrow than in anger, with a deprecatory regret that he is obliged to differ. To bargain and dispute with these forms of charity, of humane tolerance, is an achievement in culture like the civiliz-

ing of mountain tops. The one may have sprung from experienced acquiescence to the barbarian, the other from combativeness. The reasons do not prevent one's liking the Italian's test, and regretting the Umbrian plain and its cities set about upon mountains.

II.

The road rose slowly from Magione to the summit of a ridge overlooking Lake Trasimene. The lake overlies the borders of Umbria and Tuscany, and is large and round. The sunlight was very bright, the water very blue, and green islands floated calmly about in it.

There is no passage in St. Francis' Canticle which reaches me so well as that in which he offered choice and perfect terms of praise for the element of water, "*utile et humile et pretiosa et casta.*" He mentioned and gave praise by name for his elemental kindred, — for the brother sun; the sisters the moon and stars set clear and lovely in heaven, the wind, air, and cloud, calms and all weathers; the sister water which is serviceable and humble and precious and clean; the brother fire which is bright and pleasant and mighty and strong; and the mother earth which brings forth fruits and colored flowers and grass; for those too who pardon one another for love's sake and peaceably endure; and for our brother the death of the body, which no one escapes, yet all may be blest therein.

St. Francis once passed Lent on Trasimene, on the larger of the two neighboring islands, fasting forty days and nights, except that he ate a half loaf of bread in delicate scruple not to be presumptuous. And Trasimene is thought to be indebted to the old battle-ground and this forest-domed Isola Maggiore for points of interest. The suave abstracted lake does not look aware of obligations. It helped St. Francis to understand water, and Hannibal to defeat the Romans, in the pro-

cess of being itself, in fulfilling normally its functions of coolness and cleansing, of shedding mists, rippling under the wind, shining in the sunlight, reflecting clouds, sleeping in the darkness, making fertile its round shores. It does not accept gratitude nor offer it. It gives its help to any wayfarer, such help as it has to give and the wayfarer is able to receive, or will injure him, without noticing him at all. The mist that was good for Hannibal was bad for the Romans and natural for Trasimene, one of a thousand indifferent dim risings, white-shrouded mornings, confusing to Roman armies or fishermen seeking the shore, beneficial to dry olive leaves, results of no interest to Trasimene, communing apart with its kindred elements, the sun and wind, incoming and outgoing streams.

One of the streams came in thick and red on the day of the battle; men ran splashing and gasping into the lake, and others on horses rode after them; so it is remembered, but not by Trasimene. The Roman historian remarked that the "place was formed by nature for an ambuscade," a pure assumption. One knows little enough of causes and less of purposes. Hannibal supposed himself to have won by luck and foresight, the Roman historian laid it to the Consul's impiety, in neglecting the auspices. We are inclined at this day to suppose Hannibal correct, but to add that the habit of mind which the Roman historian showed, his stiff faith in moral causes and divine purposes, was the same habit of mind that caused his people to win in the end.

One would interpret Trasimene then, at first, as a successful pagan, a mirror of immortal health and unscrupulousness, to whom the consequences of its acts are of no consequence. We have discovered more sins ourselves than it is possible to avoid. We have searched anxiously after anxiety. We have been very busy to be sorrowful. Trasimene knows nothing that ought to be done

unless it is done inevitably, no duty that is not a function.

Yet I suppose Trasimene helped St. Francis not only to understand water and other elements, and to understand that the death of the body was elemental with them, but almost to see that love and sorrow and pardon and endurance, the scruples and the regrets, somehow were elemental too, as functional and natural as that the stars should appear or the clouds shed their rain; that all things somehow were of one family, children, possibly he fancied, of our mother Earth and our father Heaven, brothers and sisters at any rate of himself; that one might see all this without understanding how it could be or how he was able to see it. This would be a peculiarity of Trasimene's instruction. We suppose Hannibal's opinion of the causes of victory and defeat correct so far as it went, if only so far as his own purposes; and we admit it was well for the Romans to have had that habit of mind which made them mistaken about the causes of victory and defeat, and the purposes for which mountains and valleys were arranged. And these things seem to be contradictory.

Trasimene gives rise to singular dim questions, like the mist which puzzled the honest Romans, while the swift Carthaginian came down and slew them in the mist. It looks as if it might — if one studied it long enough — smile contradictory things into one placid truth, and show how it could be done — if one were to spend nights and days with it — a wooded island for instance — a little bread and water.

The road ran close to the lake. The vettura rattled into a little fishing village where we stopped for lunch, and then rattled on, turned the corner of a bluff, and came out on the battle plain, an amphitheatre, three sides of it hills and the fourth the lake.

It is recorded, then, that Flaminius came marching south from Cortona in the early morning, very angry to see

where Hannibal had passed and left desolation, and so here along the shore in the mist; and Hannibal reached out with his army over the hilltops above the mist and closed the pass behind, and so fell to work; and the Roman historian called him a perfidious and untrustworthy person. He won the battles by foresight and supervision, but the Romans won the wars by virtue of a certain irritating obtuseness, an imagination not able to conceive defeat, a Cromwellian recipe in trouble, — to pray to the gods and raise another legion.

I used to read the Punic Wars with a painfully wavering partisanship. The speed and isolated daring of Hannibal, the matching of his brain against the mass of Rome and her looming destiny, the success almost achieved, and the failure, were enough to break one's heart with hero-worship. On the other hand, the Roman persistence mesmerized one's admiration. It was hot-hearted reading.

After all, the victory seems to lie elsewhere than with either party, rather with the mortality and vegetation. The "Sanguinetto" — the Small and Bloody Stream — is not bloody now. The battle-ground is torpid with excessive peace. That rhetorical question asked by the fervid Apostle, "O Grave, where is thy sting?" expected the answer, Nowhere. Yet it seems to be nearly everywhere, conservative, concealed, superficially disputed by new growths. A hymn writer once allowed the exigencies of his metre to turn the Apostle's rhetoric into an impertinence, "Where thy victory, boasting grave?" "Boasting grave" is a foolish phrase. Whether victorious or defeated, it is at least silent. It has the Roman qualities and Fabian policy, imperturbable, patient, waiting, persistent. Life is the Hannibal of the two combatants, brilliant, strategic, an energy against a mass. The aboriginal war goes on forever.

It is not clear that war is obsolete or obsolescent. "It's no use balloting, for it won't stay," said Farmer Minot to Emerson in an ante-bellum conversation. "What you do with a gun will stay." The ideal is not so satisfactory after all of a race grown so malleable and reasonable as never to come to the issue of a gun. If your substance is iron there will be need of the passion of red heat, a hammer and anvil and uncompromising blows. A conviction in iron is more of a result than a conviction in wax. Whenever it comes to the point that convictions in iron must be changed, it seems no more than ever likely that charity and persuasion will take the place of the old smithy and forge and anvil.

Was it not of Scott and Wordsworth that this difference was remarked? that the one cared for places where notable events had been, and for scenery so far as it decorated the events; that the other cared for places with such features and harmonies in them as stirred his meditation, and for events so far as they decorated the scenery. The Wordsworthian view is more direct. There is more significance in it. He saw more significant things in the Duddon than Scott saw in the Tweed. It seems more important that the Tweed flows softly and well than that the borderers used to split one another's heads over it. The ghost of a moss-trooper is not so worth seeing as the spirit "whose dwelling is in the light of setting suns," nor the ghosts of the doomed Romans as the drift of the light on Trasimene, its liquid meditation. The Roman ghosts are not there; they walk in better outline in Titus Livius; but the face of Trasimene looks up at the sky, and appears to teach a remarkable dialectic, a Platonism that I do not understand. It is a large, successfully pagan lake, and does not seem to remember St. Francis, or care a dry marsh reed whether Hannibal defeated the Romans or not.

III.

The plain of the Chiana, that borders Lake Trasimene, was as torpid as the battlefield. Oxen plodded along the road to Cortona at a pace carefully approximated to a standstill. The veturino's horse fell into reflection. The pursuits of the few grass birds were intermittent, unessential; the industry of the air and sand insects seemed pretentious.

I do not know why the sluggard should be sent to the ant to consider her ways and her wisdom. He will only observe industry and folly going hand in hand. He will see an industry nine tenths of which is fussiness, and only one tenth efficient. How shall he learn from her that industry is wisdom? The bee is more efficient. I am exquisitely persuaded of her polity by M. Maeterlinck, but not persuaded by proverbs into indiscriminating labor, to forego "instructive hours of truantry." Your grass bird is your model of judicious uses. He labors with interested attention, but intermittently. He observes much, meditates much. He has poetized and made love in his springtime. Each spring he does it again. He raises a family. It is an interesting thing to do. He lays up nothing in particular for the morrow, and when winter is at hand, and provident ill-natured creatures make ready to jeer, he emigrates, he goes off cheerfully after tropical possibilities, to some generous indefinite region, African, trans-Mediterranean. It is virtuous to get one's self such happiness as is packed in the rotund waistcoat of a grass bird. He is so far a good citizen who feeds himself well. Cheerfulness is a communistic property, and a better purse than Fortunatus'. It has been preached of late as a duty. Yet I cannot somehow fancy it prospering as a duty. We have learned remarkably to know our "R. L. S." who set himself the "task of happiness," and kept to that business very

bravely. I think he followed his temperament for the most part. It is simpler to interpret the fulfilling of a function as the performance of a duty, than to train the performance of duty to act as a function. Virtue is happiest when it is temperamental. Let it radiate from a waistcoat if need be. And this happiness is something wherein, in the construction of civilization, among the ends and aims of culture, we have not prospered so well.

The United States Topographical Survey Maps use blue as the symbol of water, and blue lines are the water-courses and shores; brown lines mark and measure elevations above the sea's level; black signs of any shape, it is stated, indicate "culture," meaning whatever visible thing men have made on the earth, or adapted for their uses, — houses, fences, bridges, even faint trails in the forest, blazed, or established by passing feet. Culture is a word in much confusion. I heard the late Mr. Moody, in his inimitable way, illustrate what he thought the imperfect nature of education by the parable of a man who, having a field, ploughed it, and then ploughed it again, and yet again; and being asked if he meant to plant anything, said, No, he was satisfied with cultivating. As if planting were not as much cultivation as ploughing, indeed as if Mr. Moody's work, so far as he planted something of value in his hearers, were not educational and a labor for their culture, that they might receive and assimilate and produce something which did not seem to come to them or from them spontaneously, — else why Mr. Moody's efforts?

The usage of the Survey Maps is sound so far as it goes. Browning's tall mountain, crowded with culture, whose citied summit the pallbearers claimed for the proper sepulchre of their Grammarian, was a far-reaching symbol. *Kulturgeschichte* is commonly translated The History of Civilization, the history of the conquest of the wilder-

ness, moral, intellectual, and material, from the first instrument or uttered word to the latest machinery or broadest generalization or highest aspiration, the slow-building house of humanity. And if the word culture may be used more narrowly and still without confusion, it must be by using it selectively, meaning by it the farthest, or, if you choose, the best results of civilization; and the sense in which it is so used implies the user's judgment as to what are these farthest or best results. The Englishwoman at the pension quoted the preference of butter knives for butter forks. The Italian was imagined as inclined to select intellectual suppleness and pervasive manners. Goethe remarked that "one ought every day at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if possible, speak a few reasonable words." If another were to add that he thought it quite as essential in the course of the day to do a compassionate deed, and say an honest prayer, it would imply his opinion that the sage's selection of the farthest or best results of culture was deficient. And if another still were to add, with the same implication upon both, that he thought it quite as essential every day for a few moments at least to be immaculately happy, he need not be so far from reason. Again, in saying that "the ideal of asceticism represents the sacrifice of one part of human nature to another, that it may live more completely in what survives of it, while the ideal of culture represents a harmonious development of all the parts of human nature," in this passage Pater implied that asceticism was not an aspiration and an effort in culture, but somehow outside of it, which seems to me quite impossible and to imply a deficient selection. One had best start again from the definition of the Survey Maps, which is sound so far as it goes.

So, too, this our late increase of sympathy with what we deficiently call "nature," meaning perhaps unhuman-

ized and outlying nature, seems but a promising extension of the foundation of this house of humanity, or, better, an extension of its garden, into the wilderness; whereby there are found to be tongues, sermons, books, in trees and stones and running brooks, and it becomes possible to gather from such spread waters as Trasimene, that our building and adapting are somehow as normal as the inflowing of streams and the outbreathing of mists, and so, by analogy, that we speak of "failures" and "mistakes" only as forms of speech, if they too are adapted and built in with the rest. And so this our new speculative attention to the subject of cheerfulness would seem to show a feeling, that our house and garden of humanity have not prospered so well in this matter as in other directions, but that if it had been one of the results of culture it would be one worth selecting. It is humiliating, in a way, to watch cheerfulness radiating from the waistcoat of a grass bird.

Cortona is a thousand feet or more up from the plain, and one goes there for that reason, and because it is small and very old, and possesses an Etruscan wall, and paintings in its cathedral by Luca Signorelli, who was born at Cortona. But I should think it best on the whole to go first to the little shed of a Baptistery, which looks as if built for some humble domestic use, not ecclesiastical. It contains an Annunciation by Fra Angelico, an angel and madonna in dim robes, with gray faces against their brilliant haloes. It may turn out to be, if not the reason for having come, then the reason, having come, for being contented, which is a better use of reason.

At least the meeting with it in the course of wayfaring, at the end of a long ascent and Hill of Difficulty, seemed to me a grateful incident, espe-

cially for the announcing angel, who comes so swiftly, so absorbed in his mission. And its keeping shelter in the poor bare shed called a Baptistery, in the old Etruscan town on its cultivated mountain, seemed to offer something farther, some obscure comment, on the question of those best results of culture, the question of selection. Fra Angelico was a monk, who worked apart from the work of his contemporaries, and thought himself working for another observation and approval than theirs. He would have thought the Cortona Annunciation more in its fit place, more at home in its shed, than the Annunciations in the Florentine galleries. So it *is* more in its place, more as they were in their places, the

"bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan," —
and sang

" . . . unheard,
Save of the quiet primrose and the span
Of heaven, and few ears."

And the understanding of greatness as an attribute of quality, consistent with its being obscure, instead of an attribute of extension and celebrity, as very well off without measure or price, instead of only measured by its price, this too would seem to be one of those far results to be selected for culture, something desirable in the house of humanity.

Cortona is small, but it has spacious centuries to remember. Toward evening the little shepherdesses drive the sheep up past the olive orchards and under the Etruscan wall. The Cortonese live closely together, but there is room for the eye. It can swing from the northern Apennines, and ride purple distances and broken skylines, over towns and railroads and rivers, to Trasimene on the south and to the range that guards the Umbrian plain.

Arthur Colton.

JOURNALISM.

[For the first two installments of Sir Leslie Stephen's reminiscent papers, see the ATLANTIC for September and October. — THE EDITORS.]

III.

MY Cambridge life was cut short by my inability, unfortunate or otherwise, to come to terms with the Thirty-Nine Articles. I was not, indeed, cast out by the orthodox indignation of my colleagues. At Cambridge, I have said, there was no bigotry; I was treated with all possible kindness; and for a time continued to reside in college and to take part in the work. But I had to resign the tutorship which involved specifically clerical functions, and at that time a university career offered few prospects to a layman. A Fellow, who was also a clergyman, might soar upwards toward the episcopal bench; and I am often tempted to regret that I did not swallow my scruples and aim at some modest ecclesiastical preferment. Bishops indeed have fallen upon evil days: they no longer enjoy the charming repose of the comfortable dignitaries of the eighteenth century. But I should dearly like a deanery. To hold such a position as Milman or Stanley seems to me the very ideal aim for a man of any literary taste; and, what with the broad church and the "higher criticism" of later days, it does not seem that it need have been very hard to follow old Hobbes's advice and swallow your pill without chewing it. However it was not to be; and I had to accept the only practicable alternative, and exchange the pulpit for the press.

I therefore cannot boast that I took to the literary profession from an overpowering love of letters. I had to scribble for the sufficient but not elevated reason that no other honest profession was open to me. Possibly I do not think so highly of the calling as some men whom I envy

and admire, because in adopting it they are obeying their spontaneous vocation. A friend, only too partial a friend, lately attributed to me the opinion, that, on the whole, books ought not to be written. I do not accept that rather sweeping theory as an accurate interpretation of my view. I should have been glad to write some books — a new *Paradise Lost*, for example, or, say a *Wealth of Nations* — if I had seen my way to such achievements; but I rather doubt whether the familiar condemnation of mediocre poetry should not be extended to mediocrity in every branch of literature. In other walks of life a man may be doing something useful even if his walk be of the humblest. The world is the better, no doubt, even for an honest crossing sweeper. But I often think that the value of second-rate literature is — not small, but — simply zero. I would not, said the promising young painter, Clive Newcome, give a straw to be a Caracci or Caravaggio. Original genius is invaluable; but echoes — and few can hope to be more than echoes — are worthless. Why swell the multitudinous chorus of "words, words, words" which rather tend to drown the few voices that have a right to be heard? If one does not profess to be a genius, is it not best to console one's self with the doctrine that silence is golden, and take, if possible, to the spade or the pickaxe, leaving the pen to one's betters? Such doubts, I confess, did not trouble me at the time; perhaps they only impress one at the age when illusions vanish.

I joined the great army of literature, because I was forced into the ranks, but also with no little pride in my being accepted as a recruit. I took up the trade at a time when the leaders of the profes-

sion were worthy of their position. There were giants in those days, as we have been recently told. Sir Edward Clarke hurt the susceptibilities of modern authors by proclaiming their inferiority to the men of forty or fifty years ago. He gave a long list of the masterpieces published in the decade 1850-1860; by Tennyson and Browning and Arnold, by Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot and Bulwer and Kingsley, by Carlyle and Macaulay and Ruskin and Froude and Buckle; and declared that they had left no worthy successors to-day. We have not, he declared, one great poet or novelist or historian. I should be afraid to express an opinion on so delicate a point: it might seem ungracious if I were to condemn my junior comrades; and it may be that fifty years hence the reputations of some of them will have developed, and our successors be marveling at our failure to recognize the great writers who are now with us. It is, however, undeniable that we could not now make out such a list of established and acknowledged reputations. That seems to those who can remember it to have been like a period when every morning brought a noble chance and every chance brought out a noble knight. In the following decade, most of those mentioned were still alive and active; though Macaulay and Thackeray had died before I came to London, and Carlyle had finished his life's work. The literary profession gained honor from its leaders. I could, of course, have no thought of treading in the footsteps of the poets or novelists. I have always had the difficulty which Jonathan Oldbuck tells us prevented him from being a poet: I could not write verses. I never, even in my boyhood, composed an epic upon King Arthur or a tragedy with Mary, Queen of Scots, for a heroine. If my schoolfellows had compelled me, as they apparently compel all sucking novelists, to act as Scheherazade, they would not have prolonged my existence

in order to hear my stories finished. Preaching perhaps was more in my line, and I had my dreams of helping to set the world right upon various philosophical, political, and economic problems. A good many young men of those days were enthusiastically expecting the speedy advent of a democratic millennium. I was, as I have said, sitting like most of my friends at the feet of J. S. Mill, then beginning his brief parliamentary career.

But I saw more personally of the prophet who was at the opposite pole of thought. Carlyle was still to be seen tramping sturdily enough the Chelsea and Kensington region with an admirer or two — Froude or the charming Irish poet Allingham — forming a little bodyguard to the “grand old Diogenes,” as Huxley called him. Certainly he looked the character. His love of portraits fortunately included a love of his own; and, though they were apt to remind him rather of a “flayed horsehead” than of the original features, they seemed to others to give a vivid enough impression. The grand brow overhanging the keen eyes and the worn features told sufficiently that his long pilgrimage had led through regions of gloom and sorrow and the many hard struggles by which he had won his way to fame. I was then, like most people, very slightly acquainted with his personal history; but for me he was the object of fascination tempered by no little alarm. I saw him occasionally in the little house in Cheyne Row, now consecrated to his memory, in the sad and solitary years which succeeded the loss of his wife. My alarm was due partly, let us hope, to the natural modesty of a young author in the presence of a great veteran; and partly to a lurking fear of probable disapproval. I might at some rash moment let out that I had leanings toward the pig-philosophy and even some belief in the “dismal science”! I felt something like the editor of some Sadducees' Gazette interviewing St. John the Baptist. I was not less impressed than

a true disciple by the personal dignity of the man. When indeed the old gentleman got on to his high horse of declamation and insisted upon the vitality and the ubiquity of the devil in modern times, one could only "lie low" and let the thunder pass over one's head. No man above seventy — as I now hold still more strongly — should ever be contradicted. It was pleasant, too, as many hearers have remarked, to hear the rare but hearty laugh — reminding one of Johnson's "rhinoceros" explosion — which showed that the humorist could be conscious of his own extravagances.

But he was more attractive in the vein represented by the inimitable *Life of Sterling* and the pathetic passages in the *Reminiscences*. The unequalled power of graphic portraiture and the profound tenderness for the old days were not marred — so far as I ever heard — by those petulant outbreaks which would have been excised from the posthumous book if his directions had been obeyed, and which gave to the respectable world an impression of sardonic misanthropy. One cannot, indeed, expect a John the Baptist to adopt the orthodox tone about the popular idols whom it was his special function to denounce. He did in all seriousness think many people fools, though when he asserted that Newman had the brains of a moderate-sized rabbit, he was not pronouncing a reasoned judgment. But one went to Carlyle to be roused, — not to get cool scientific formulas, and so rare a phenomenon as a prophet-humorist must be taken on his own ground. Of that, however, enough has been said, and I will only add that I never had to complain of roughness, even such as Johnson bestowed upon Boswell. Age, I suppose, had diminished the old overbearing manner, and I always found him thoroughly courteous. I may be excused if I correct an anecdote for which I am responsible. When I asked leave to introduce Stevenson to his famous countryman, the old man, it is said, refused to

let another interviewer come to look upon his "wretched old carcass." That is true, but there is an appendix to the story. I had refused to introduce another admirer on the ground that I was not sufficiently acquainted with the great man. By a blunder, however, this person was presented to him as coming from me. Carlyle received him civilly, but found him to be a full-blown specimen of the bore, — not one of the many millions of that species whom he took to inhabit the United States. I happened to meet Carlyle a day or two later, when he intimated to me the nature of the infliction. Idiotically enough, instead of disavowing the responsibility, I thereupon proposed to introduce the then unknown young gentleman who has since become famous. It was, I suppose, the usual case of shyness blundering into impudence; and I feel that I deserved a rather testy reply. Anyhow it was the one bit of irritability which I ever had to notice; though I felt, as I have said, that I was a rather questionable intruder upon the inner circle.

I have diverged a little because Carlyle remains to me the most interesting of all the eminent men whom I have seen, and because his career points a moral. He once remarked to me — as one stating a plain matter of fact — that the newspaper articles of the day were so much "ditchwater," not, I suppose, springs of living thought, but stagnant canals of vapid platitudes. No one had a better right to condemn the weaknesses of journalists, for his early life had been a stern struggle against the temptations that most easily beset those who have to make a living by the trade. He had never condescended in his worst straits to scamp his work: he always wrote his very best; and instead of courting the taste of popular readers, gradually extorted recognition of his peculiar powers, — at the price, it is true, of exaggerated mannerism. He was, on this occasion, repeating the opinion which he had formed

from his early impressions of the literary circles of London. Those impressions were severe enough. When Jeffrey, the greatest light among journalists, complained of him for being so desperately in earnest, he was only saying what the average literary hack was pretty certain to feel. Mill has rather quaintly compared the Hebrew prophets to the newspaper press; but the comparison can hardly be inverted. There are not many modern journalists who impress one by their likeness to a Jeremiah or a John the Baptist. The man who comes to denounce the world is not likely to find favor with the class which lives by pleasing it; and except to one or two ingenuous young gentlemen, like Sterling and Mill, Carlyle appeared as an eccentric, mystical, and unintelligible fanatic. I can understand, on the other side, why Charles Lamb seemed to him the most futile of idols, making puns and drinking gin and water, and not prepared to listen to a Scottish sermon. The cockneys were lamentably given to chaff and levity: their earnestness, when they had any, was apt to take the form of savage personality; of smashing an unfortunate poet who belonged to the other side, or pouring out voluminous abuse like the stalwart but often foul-mouthed Cobbett. There were some able and honest writers in the newspapers; but too many were of the Bohemian free lance variety, ready to take service on either side, and to recommend their services by reckless abuse. The profession, in fact, had not yet shaken off the vices generated in the old Grub Street days, when a writer had often to choose between selling himself and starving.

A great change had followed the Reform Bill, and the newspaper had improved as it became the organ of the middle class which then rose to power. Delane of the Times had to be courted by the statesmen who had professed simple contempt for his predecessors; and in the fifties the influence of the paper

had culminated till it was taken to be the authentic incarnation of public opinion. Kinglake gives a graphic (I do not say an authentic) account of the secret of the authority which enabled it to order the siege of Sebastopol. It employed, he declares, a shrewd, idle clergyman to frequent places of common resort and discover what was the obvious thought that was finding acceptance with the average man. The thought was then put as though it were the suggestion of ripe political philosophy; while the public so delicately flattered wondered at its own wisdom. That, no doubt, is a very telling method. There is an instructive comment in Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* upon a passage of Leighton. He begins by saying that Leighton speaks so well that he could believe him to be divinely inspired, and he ends by remarking that he agrees with the passage so fully that he could think that he had written it himself. The two observations are exactly identical in meaning. Other journalists, I fancy, act on the same principle. The difference was that they generally represent a party, whereas the Times seemed to utter the voice of the nation at large. By my time, however, it had no longer the old authority. Cheap newspapers had sprung into existence upon the abolition of the stamp duty and interpreted the sentiments of the classes which were gaining political power.

Another less noticeable change was taking place. The profession of journalism was becoming respectable. Thackeray gives in *Pendennis* a portrait of the newspaper world, with which nobody was better acquainted in the years which succeeded the Reform Bill. Captain Shandon is supposed to represent the brilliant and reckless Maginn, one of the most typical figures of the class. No doubt there were other originals for the minor contributors to the fictitious *Pall Mall Gazette*. The scholar and gentleman Warrington associates with them, but as it were under protest. He is supposed to

write in the best paper of his day, but he only admits the fact to Pendennis in confidence, and confesses that he is half ashamed of writing for money. Periodical literature is hardly considered to give fitting employment for a gentleman. Then, and previously of course, it was a feather in a man's cap to have contributed to one of the great quarterlies. At first, indeed, Jeffrey had been afraid to let it be known that he was editing the *Edinburgh* lest it should injure his professional prospects. But in the days of Macaulay, there could be no thought of derogation. Yet even Macaulay when collecting his essays (in 1843) apologizes for apparently claiming a permanent place in literature for mere review articles which presumably belonged to the ephemeral class. He protests that he was forced to take the step by American reprints. Sydney Smith, I think, was the only *Edinburgh* reviewer who had anticipated him in collecting his articles. There was still, I take it, a lingering impression that periodicals were the proper sphere for the inferior caste, and that a serious author was rather condescending if he co-operated with the regular literary hack. At the present day we seem to be reversing the order, and the presumption is coming to be that an author publishes in book shape because he cannot get admission to a magazine.

One symptom of the change was the success of the *Saturday Review*, started in 1855. Like the *Edinburgh Review*, or, indeed, like Addison's *Spectator*, it meant that as the reading class multiplied, there was a growing movement of literary talent toward the periodical press. In each case, the cultivated critics found that there was a new audience prepared to accept their authority. The *Saturday Reviewers*, like Jeffrey and his friends, laid on the lash with a will: they showed themselves to be superior persons by exposing the pretenders of the day. When their victims shrieked like the victims of the *Dunciad*, and called them cyn-

ical, superfine, and so forth, they felt that they were doing a service to mankind. They accepted complacently the name of *Saturday "Revilers."* The outcry proved that they were smiting the Philistines under the fifth rib; and they specially rejoiced in trampling upon the idols of the less cultivated classes, who wept over Dickens's sentimentalism, or believed in the old-fashioned Puritanism which Dickens detested.

Few journals, as Mr. Bryce has lately remarked, have ever had so brilliant a staff as the *Saturday Review* in its early period. When I was accepted a little later, I felt like a schoolboy promoted to the Sixth Form, which he has been regarding with awful reverence. Many of them were men, young enough to be still surrounded with the halo of brilliant achievements at the University, — and, therefore, as we confidently believed, about to astonish the universe at large. While waiting to blaze out in the political or legal world, they could turn an honest penny, and raise the general standard of enlightenment, though shining as under a bushel in the anonymous state. They formed, indeed, a very miscellaneous body. The proprietor of the paper, Mr. Beresford Hope, was, I believe, a very amiable and cultivated man. He professed an Anglicanism of the type which suits the refined country gentleman. He converted the remains of an old monastery into a missionary college. He built churches supposed to represent the highwater mark of the ecclesiastical revival of the time, and he was a fitting representative in Parliament of the University of Cambridge, where the country clergy were then the dominant constituents. Its editor, John Douglas Cook, was an amusing contrast. The details of his career, as narrated by himself, were supposed to owe something to his creative imagination. He had been in India, and stated, I think, that he had returned on foot. Afterwards he had made himself useful to great men in the world

of journalism and politics ; and had edited the *Morning Chronicle*, then the organ of the party which adhered to Peel after the abolition of the corn laws. He had never acquired the university polish, and, indeed, seemed to know little of any literature outside of newspapers. His manners rather suggested that he was a survivor of the old Shandon or Maginn creed. I know nothing of his religious opinions, but I can hardly imagine that he was for Mr. Beresford Hope's creed, or ambitious of suffering martyrdom, or even injuring the paper for that or any other creed. But he was a most successful and meritorious editor. He had a keen scent for promising talent, even when he had little knowledge of the subject matter. He could give good-natured encouragement, and let one know gently when one was straying from the right path. Anyhow he managed to collect most of the promising young men, some of whom, as for example the late Lord Salisbury and Mr. Morley, have become famous, while others devoted to the paper talents which might have made them famous.

Of those who chose to remain obscure, the most remarkable, I suppose, was G. S. Venables. Few people, it is probable, know his name, though some have heard it as that of the schoolfellow who broke Thackeray's nose at the Charterhouse. His own nose happily escaped : for he was a man of very noble presence, and the hostile encounter was succeeded by an enduring friendship with his opponent. They were contemporaries at Cambridge, where Venables became a friend of Tennyson and of the Tennysonian circle. He claimed to have been one of the first who recognized Tennyson's genius, and long afterwards was again among the first to hail Mr. Swinburne, the next worthy successor, as he held, to the poetic throne. He had qualities other than literary culture which endeared him to a small circle of friends. One of them, the least given to gushing, declared that Venables had

been to him a second father ; and he was, I have every reason to believe, a man of most chivalrous and affectionate nature. Venables obtained a leading practice at the parliamentary bar, a position which does not lead to popular fame or professional advancement. He was reserved in manner, and, like other shy men, taken by outsiders to be supercilious and sarcastic. Perhaps it was natural to one of that temperament to be content with anonymous work. He was, for many years, the chief political writer in the *Saturday Review*, and did, I fancy, more than any one to strike the keynote of the general style. His friends used to tell stories of the singular felicity with which he could extemporize highly polished and dignified articles. One of his fancies was a prejudice against the editorial "we ;" and his remarks would take the form of a series of political aphorisms, not so much expressing personal sentiment, as emanating from Wisdom in the abstract. They seemed to be judicial utterances from the loftiest regions of culture ; balanced, dignified, and authoritative, though, of course, edged by a sufficient infusion of scorn for the charlatan or the demagogue. I do not mean to suggest that he was often or generally on the right side ; that is an irrelevant question in journalism, nor do I suppose that it would be worth while to search the files of the *Saturday Review* in the hope of finding, as in Burke's writings, maxims of deep philosophical value, even when enlisted in the service of error. What Venables's articles really did, I take it, was to embody, in finished and scholarlike style, the opinions prevalent among the most intelligent circles of the London society of which Holland House had been the centre in the preceding generation. The aristocratic patron was now less conspicuous, but the class represented the fine flower of the universities, the leaders of the great professions and in the civil service, the men who are familiar with cabinet ministers

on the one side, and with the great literary and scientific lights on the other. The popular view personified them vaguely as "the Clubs," — institutions in which cynics sneer at all enthusiasm and are dead to the great impulses which "stir the great heart of the people." To me, I confess, they appear to be a valuable social stratum, though more likely to supply negative criticism than to give an impulse to reform. Zealots should perhaps be more grateful than they are to those whose function it should be to purify zeal from the alloy of demagogue humbug. In fact, they irritated rather than influenced.

The *Saturday Review* doctrine was embodied in Parliament at this time by the brilliant speeches in which Robert Lowe denounced the extension of the suffrage, carried by Disraeli. The result attributed to his agitation was that the measure actually carried was more decisively democratic. It may be held that such opponents only acted like the picador who worries the bull into a more savage and blindfolded charge. Yet on the whole I think that they contributed a useful element to the contemporary discussions. In another sphere, I take it, the *Saturday Review* did a less questionable service. It enlisted the great Freeman, who brought down his sledge-hammer upon poor Froude and upon all whom he took to be historical charlatans. That Freeman was a bit of a pedant, and had a rough and uncouth surface, is, I suppose, undeniable. I came in contact with him only once, and at a later period. He wrote a life of Alfred for the Dictionary of National Biography under my editorship, but declined to do more because we had a difference of opinion as to whether Athelstane should be spelled with an A. That was, I confess, a question to which I was culpably indifferent; but I had taken competent advice, and my system (I forget what it was!) had been elsewhere sanctioned by the great historian Stubbs. Now as Freeman was never tired

of asserting the infallibility of Stubbs, I innocently thought that I might take refuge behind so eminent an authority. The result was that for once Freeman blasphemed Stubbs, and refused to co-operate any longer in an unscholarlike enterprise.

In the *Saturday Review* Freeman's pet crotchets became rather tiresome. One did not want to be reminded every week that Charlemagne was not a Frenchman, and that there was no such thing as an "Anglo-Saxon" nation. I felt a certain malicious pleasure when Freeman tripped for once in correcting Froude, and declared it impossible that a ship should have been named the *Ark Raleigh*. As it happened, it was. Freeman's insistence upon such punctilios was, however, a symptom of most commendable thirst for thorough workmanship. Freeman tried to raise the English standard of historical research to a level with the German. Whether that has been done, I cannot say; but the conscience of the British student has certainly been screwed up to a much higher pitch, and Freeman's articles — as well as his voluminous books — must be counted as one of the most effective stimulants in the cause. Pretenders became afraid of being exposed on so conspicuous a pillory. If Freeman's wrath against Froude burnt a little too fiercely and frequently, he was making an example of a leading offender; and he showed fully equal warmth in "blowing the trumpet" of good workers. He was delighted to come across young men of promise such as J. R. Green, and did his best to spread their reputation. His biography shows sufficiently that, besides his stupendous industry, he had a warm heart and real tenderness under the rough outside. His politics, right or wrong, were those of a generous lover of justice, and he left the *Saturday Review*, giving up an important source of income, when it supported the Beaconsfield government in what he thought an immoral policy.

There were other contributors who did a similar service. Mark Pattison, for example, as the *Life of Casaubon* suggests, had the veneration for the giants of learning which religious zealots keep for the saints. Scholarship, one almost fancied, was his religion: a fastidious and, in some respects, morbid temperament prevented him doing justice to a singularly fine intellect, and perhaps with an infusion of Freeman's robustness he might have done more work, and assailed successfully defects in the academic system which he pointed out with a rather pessimistic despair. He certainly would not have given up a favorite literary task because he had been anticipated by a learned German. His friends, I think, regretted that his want of self-confidence led him to waste talent upon anonymous journalism. I do not know how much he actually wrote; but he was one of the accomplished writers who could make the *Saturday Review* a really effective literary tribunal. When he had, among others, such collaborators as Sir Henry Maine and Mr. Goldwin Smith, there could be no lack of scholarship or grace of style.

One other element in the paper was the so-called "middle" or lay sermon upon things in general. The most frequent occupants of the pulpit at the early period were T. C. Sandars and my brother FitzJames. Sandars, like Venables, remained in obscurity and turned his talents to business. He was a burly, broad-shouldered man, full of witty and genial talk, and obviously running over with good nature. He could, however, lay on the lash with singular dexterity. I happened to hear one day how one of his victims, author of a highly popular and sentimental work, had written to the editor complaining that his prospects in life had been ruined by one of Sandars's critiques. I happened to meet the author about the same time, who told me what a hearty laugh he had enjoyed over the treatment of his work. He was,

I thought, stretching excusable hypocrisy a little too far; but of course, far from being ruined, he succeeded well enough to regain, I fancy, a comfortable self-complacency. My brother, if less incisive, could be at least equally vigorous. Some of his articles were republished in a volume called *Essays* by a Barrister, a test to which few newspaper articles are worth exposing. They could not have been popular, for they were directly deficient in the sentimental optimism which attracts a virtuous public.

Strong realistic common sense of the Johnson variety implies contempt for the unctuous phrases by which a popular preacher passes over ugly facts, and suspicion of the ostentatious philanthropy in which he indulges. The devil, it holds, is not yet dead, and we will not be subdued by sprinkling of rosewater. The epithet cynical applied to the *Saturday Review* is entirely inappropriate to that attitude of mind. Most readers, I fancy, will be more inclined to condemn it, as Jeffrey condemned Carlyle, for an excess of earnestness. It savored of the pulpit. In the case of other articles there was levity enough to give rise to the charge of cynicism. The paper had its established butts: unlucky victims kept like the bag fox of huntsmen, such as Tupper the poet, or that Dr. Cumming who was daily expecting the battle of Armageddon, who could be turned out for a day's sport whenever game was scarce. The fun was perhaps occasionally cruel and apt to be one-sided. You might ridicule the evangelicism which was gone out of fashion, but in the organ of a sound Anglican you could not attack the foibles (I suppose they had foibles) of the high church party. It was, indeed, only necessary to read between the lines to see that much of the polemic might receive a wider application. Most of the contributors, I suspect, had little enough orthodoxy, though they could not be avowedly skeptical. But the public does not read between the lines.

The journalist who is anxious about his soul ought, I suppose, to have an enthusiastic belief in the causes which he advocates. There are, of course, many such men. At this time, for example, the admirable R. H. Hutton, who had in 1861 taken command of the *Spectator* and impressed upon it his own personality. If his enthusiasms a little outran his discretion, he atoned for such weakness by thorough candor to his antagonists. The late Mr. Godkin devoted a sturdier intellect to his self-imposed duty as censor of the morals of American politicians. Such men, expressing strong personal convictions, deserve the highest respect, and may justify Mill's theory about the prophetic office. But that singular entity, called a newspaper, when not dominated by an individual mind, always presents some problems in casuistry to a conscientious contributor. It may be the organ of the party to which you belong, but you must be very fortunate if you can really believe that your party represents the whole truth or does not demand uncomfortable sacrifices of fair play. I certainly did not believe in the creed, so far as it had any, of the *Saturday Review*.

I disapproved of its political tendencies; and many of its best contributors, keener politicians and certainly not less honest men than I, must have quite agreed with me. I do not know whether we took the trouble to frame any theory in self-justification. We might have urged that the opinions were such as had a good right to be uttered, and possibly have added the Machiavelian suggestion that the utterance was not likely to propagate them. It was Heine, I think, who said that he believed in atheism till he came to know atheists: and I have generally found that nothing alienates one from a creed so much as the writings of its apologists. That, however, is a refinement. It would be a better argument that the *Review* represented a real attempt to raise the intellectual level of journalism

and claimed to be an organ of what is now called culture. Anyhow, I am impenitent as regards my share in it. I was never, so far as I can remember, dishonest in the sense of ever defending what I took to be the wrong side. I am afraid that I may have been guilty of some over-confidence in my own infallibility. I wrote with a certain happy audacity; I gave my view of things in general. I had nothing to do with politics or theology, but it seems to me that I ranged over most branches of human knowledge, from popular metaphysics to the history of the last university boat-race. I reviewed countless books, poems, novels, travels, economic treatises, and literary history. I fancy that I was pretty harmless. I have some reason to think that I saved one gentleman from adding an indefinite series of cantos to a poem; and I may have indulged in a flout or two at well-meaning people, which I should now be hardly prepared to justify. My chief impression, however, is different. I had not long ago to turn over the files of the paper for another purpose. Incidentally I looked for my own contributions, and was startled to find that I could rarely distinguish them by internal evidence. I had unconsciously adopted the tone of my colleagues, and, like some inferior organisms, taken the coloring of my "environment." That, I suppose, is the common experience. The contributor occasionally assimilates; he sinks his own individuality, and is a small wheel in a big machine. If he believes in an honest wheel, neither lying nor scamping, he may be satisfied. The newspaper press is anyhow a necessity even if the "public opinion" which it utters has not that transcendental wisdom and infallibility which enthusiasts claim for it; and a man who helps to maintain a wholesome tone is doing good service. Perhaps he may give thanks that his anonymity saves him from some of the temptations which have weakened the moral fibre and injured the work of

so many men of letters who do not wear the mask.

The *Saturday Review*, meanwhile, was not the only medium through which I endeavored to illuminate the world. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was started just as I was becoming a journalist, and it was in some ways a more congenial organ. The first editor, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who had suggested the scheme to its proprietor, Mr. George Smith, was a man under whom it was a pleasure to serve. He encouraged me with a cordiality for which I shall always be grateful, and had a cheering confidence in his contributors and a belief in the goodness of their work. The paper was supposed to represent in the daily press the same social stratum which had the *Saturday* for its weekly organ. It did not, however, meet with the same success for some time; and, rather oddly, gained its first start by a famous article in which a gentleman described his experiences in the "casual ward" of a workhouse. That, however, called attention to the writing of a more ambitious kind. My brother threw himself into the work with amazing energy. He could express his view upon ecclesiastical matters without the reticence enforced in the *Saturday*: and I venture to think that he had few equals in good downright sledge-hammer controversy. He was less interested in the purely political questions of that time, but he wrote with a sturdy common sense which gave a characteristic flavor to the paper. He had able coöperators, specially the gigantic Higgins, or "Jacob Omnium," who was unrivaled for his skill in composing "occasional notes," — then a novelty, — the miniature articles which condense into a sentence or two the pith of a couple of columns. That, to say the truth, must often be easy enough. A long list of other eminent contributors is given in the *Life of George Smith* prefixed to the supplementary volumes of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Following in the wake of such leaders, I felt

that I was under less restraint than in the *Saturday*. But I had certain ambitions to make a few remarks in my own person, and felt that the kind of superficial omniscience demanded from the journalist becomes in the long run rather distracting. A newspaper article, too, can be written in a very short time, but it seems to exhaust a disproportionate amount of energy, and excellence in the craft requires that a man should be more inclined to act the part of Kinglake's shrewd clergyman — absorbing the various manifestations of public opinion.

My work in the *Pall Mall Gazette* had made me acquainted with George Smith, and the acquaintance soon ripened into one of the most valuable friendships of my life. He had in the highest degree some of the qualities which one desires in a friend. He was the stanchest, most straightforward, and heartiest of men; pugnacious enough to be a "good hater," but the best of backers to those whom he really loved. Plunged into business at the age of fourteen, he had little chance for literary education, and he was ever afterwards engaged in a variety of commercial enterprises which might well have absorbed his energies. But he had from the first a keen interest in literature, and became the publisher and friend of a remarkable number of eminent writers. His earliest connections of the kind were with Leigh Hunt and "Orion" Horne, and one of the last, with Mrs. Humphry Ward. Few of his authors failed to become his personal friends. Miss Brontë (who, I need hardly say, was discovered by Smith and his reader Mr. Williams) drew his portrait in the *Dr. John of Villetle*. It has not the minute fidelity of some of her sketches, but gives a characteristic sketch of the impression made upon her by the masterful and chivalrous young man. He is so genuine that the poor governess, herself in the shade, is cheered instead of depressed by the sunlight of success which seems appropriate to him. In later years, Smith won the warmest

regards of such men as Browning, Matthew Arnold, and Tom Hughes, and on more than one occasion justified their affection by solid proofs of good will.

With no one had he more cordial relations than with Thackeray during the last ten years of the novelist's life; and Thackeray's children then and afterwards felt Smith's friendship to be a most valuable possession. The foundation of the *Cornhill Magazine*, with Thackeray as editor and chief contributor, was one of the literary landmarks of the period. Thackeray's reputation gave it a special stamp, and he was able to secure the coöperation of many of the ablest writers. It had the advantage of a remarkable set of illustrations by such men as Millais, Leighton, Frederick Walker, and Du Maurier. It was an unprecedented shillings-worth, and achieved a brilliant success. Macmillan's *Magazine*, of less dazzling pretensions, had been launched a month earlier; and their example was soon followed by the earlier of the great swarm of more or less smaller periodicals which now flourish so luxuriantly. The *Cornhill* was strictly limited to the inoffensive,—it was to contain nothing which could be unsuitable reading for the daughters of country parsons whom Trollope was describing in its pages. Thackeray was forced, with many twinges, to decline a poem of Mrs. Browning because it referred to facts supposed to be unknown to that interesting class of the population. Ruskin's fierce assault upon the economists of the day had to be rejected, not because Thackeray or Smith themselves objected, but as calculated to make the hair of their public stand on end.

The rejection of Ruskin by Fraser's *Magazine*, then edited by Froude, was more remarkable. They were friends besides being fellow disciples of Carlyle, and Froude could certainly not condemn Ruskin's teaching on his own score. The case was significant of the two most famous of the older magazines of those

days. Blackwood was, of course, of the Tory faith; and Fraser, in spite of its distinguished editor, was beginning to lose its position. Froude, one would have thought, should be a model editor. Nobody could write more charming periodical essays, as he showed in his *Short Studies*; no one could be more charming personally, or have a finer literary taste. He had, I think, one weakness as editor. He had not discovered, what I take to be true, that in judging our article, first thoughts are quite as likely to be right as second or third. It is best to decide at once and put your contributors out of pain,—whereas Froude would oscillate long between yes and no, from conscientiousness or, perhaps, from a certain timidity. In any case he was hardly the man to attract eager young Liberal writers. Carlylism appeared to them to be simply reactionary and cynical, as indeed Carlyle was never tired of expressing contempt for modern progress and its favorite shibboleths. His disciples agreed with him in that; but while Ruskin was stung to the passionate and stinging outbursts which gave him an influence comparable to Rousseau's, Froude had rather the intellectual temperament which we associate with Hamlet. The world was out of joint; and he did not feel competent to set it right. In any case, not much could have been made of his organ. It is an uphill task to infuse new life into a decaying periodical. Fraser's had become thoroughly respectable since the days of Maginn; and in public would, no doubt, have resented the Ruskinian vein.

Froude, indeed, allowed some of us (I felt honored in being one) to attack certain common enemies. When Kingsley, for example, got into his unlucky controversy with Newman, Froude and my brother tried to bring out what Kingsley ought to have said. I was permitted to preach a sermon or two upon a text from Carlyle, who had said that Arthur Stanley was going about boring holes in the

bottom of the Church of England ; and to argue that that process would not succeed in keeping the ship afloat. I remember, too, undertaking to give a judicial account of Comte's philosophy, — a daring undertaking, for, according to the believers in that creed, no outsider can ever speak of it without grievous misunderstanding. I do not know how far I succeeded. I had been greatly impressed by Comte's books, and have always thought that they were inadequately appreciated by men of science as well as by theologians. I have valued friends among the members of his church, and fancy that if I had been at Oxford, I might have become a convert. Still I fear that they had too much reason for thinking that I sat in the seat of the scorner. A new religion always has a comic side to the wicked. The expectations of the founder have not as yet been verified, but I am convinced that they did some good work and enforced important truths. I see from the Life of Bishop Westcott that he was much of the same opinion.

One positive doctrine, I believe, forbids anonymous writing. The Fortnightly Review, started in 1865, was the first English periodical in which the principle was adopted. After a rather unsuccessful start it took a high position when Mr. Morley became editor. It illustrates the change of which I have spoken. The impression that there was any condescension in contributing to a periodical had finally disappeared. The best writers of the day were not only willing to write, but anxious to let the fact be known. The man who writes under his own name takes the main responsibility. He is not hampered by the platform of the party to whose organ he is contributing. His editor only vouches for the readability of the article, not for the correctness of the opinions expressed. The Fortnightly writers were chiefly Liberals ; but the Contemporary which followed was itself

colorless. It was understood to be more or less the representative of that curious body, the Metaphysical Society, in which Catholics, Anglicans, Unitarians, Positivists, and Agnostics met for unreserved discussion of fundamental questions. Such discussions had, as I have said, become the order of the day when men's minds were agitated by Darwinism and biblical criticism, and by the advent of great political and social questions. Undoubtedly, the change has been in many ways beneficial. When you encounter an individual human being, you have to be decently civil. I do not know whether we agree any better, but we certainly do not damn each other so savagely ; we distinguish between the man and the abstract principle which he defends, and have to admit that our enemy is after all made of flesh and blood. Periodicals, too, have had the advantage of receiving contributions into which the best writers have put their best work. Perhaps we may regret that some men of ability have been tempted to such utterances when they ought to have been composing solid masterpieces in several octavo volumes. I will not argue the point. Hawthorne, I think, argues somewhere that civilized men should live in tents instead of in houses, to be free from the bondage to the ancestral conditions. So, one may conjecture, the author of the future will give up bothering himself about posterity and be content with writing for his contemporaries and the immediate present. Perhaps his work will not in the result be the less lasting. At any rate, there came to be a good deal more journalism, which was better than "ditchwater ;" which contained serious and powerful dealing with important problems. I do not apply these epithets to my own contributions, but, at least, I had sufficient opportunity of taking some part in the work. I had, however, before long to take up other functions.

Leslie Stephen.

(To be continued.)

A WOMAN'S FANCY.

I.

THE warmest admirer and friend of Mary Arden could not have denied that as a connection she had some serious drawbacks, nor that Brandon Messenger was the very last of men to take them lightly or to overlook them. He was a shy, cool-eyed, stern-jawed young man, with a face whose clean-cut stubbornness gave the index to his character. As to that, it was at least genuine. This much may be said for him. Essentially of the New South, whatever of older grace, charm, and tenderness had been lost was here creditably replaced by inflexible uprightness, by prudence, and by industry. Though not unreasonably ambitious, he had yet fully resolved to make a success of his life, and his idea of a good beginning for that end did not include a marriage with any penniless girl, but least of all with Mary Arden's father's daughter.

Now concerning Mary Arden herself, concerning her exquisite native refinement, her instinctive honor and goodness, there could be no two opinions. All the traditional traits of hereditary gentryhood seemed to be concentrated in her, outside as well as in. Her face, her manner, her voice, were all eloquent of this, as also the turn of her slim neck upon its shoulders, and the shape of her long, slender hands. The face was of the sort oftenest called lovely; being very young, girlish, and sweet. A singularly sensitive countenance, — both guileless and acute, transparent and yet at times inscrutably reserved. There were then depths in the large hazel-gray eyes as in deepest and darkest water-pools; depths into which the startled spirit shrank like some amphibious down-diving creature. And Brandon Messenger could but stand on the brink at such times, baffled, though no less attracted. Was it not,

indeed, in this same remoteness that the chief attraction lay?

The acquaintance between them had begun when they were children. Though the father and brothers to whom he justly objected had sunk below even a somewhat lax Southern standard in more ways than one, there was still good descent to back them. They were on the outer fringes of the old "good family" set. Besides a visit to the house now and then Brandon Messenger found many occasions of meeting Mary Arden. In the intervals of his school and college life it had been kept up. That it never passed the bounds of mere outward friendliness is saying a good deal for his prudence. He was really as much in love with her as he could be with any one. Though the heart never got the better of that cool head, it was a tough pull sometimes. It was rather a relief at last when the day came for him to seek his fortune elsewhere.

He was, as I have hinted, a matter-of-fact young man. He had talked the matter over with his mother, — or had, rather, for once let her talk. They were on confidential terms, those two. They resembled each other. They had agreed that Mary Arden was "impossible." There was but one more indulgence that he claimed for himself, and that was a farewell interview.

He carried out his intention by seeing her home from church the next evening. It was the place where they had oftenest met. The long walk across the fields was one full of associations for them both. It was a typical Virginia walk, around them the sedgy waste, in front, drawing ever nearer like a dreary Fate, the dilapidated old home of her girlhood. It was a little after sunset. The time of the year was autumn. There was a sunburnt smell in the air, yet mingled with the

frost, suggesting fire. Had she been by herself Mary would have been apt to pick up a few dry sticks that they passed. She had one comfort at home, in the shape of big fireplaces. As it was now, she walked unheedful of them. It was in vain for these two that the landscape displayed its purplish reaches, gold-and-crimson dotted. They were thinking of other things. In spite of himself Brandon Messenger's heart was beating high. The hot blood leaped to his cheek. It was the last time, — and he had resolved not to speak the one thing that he most wanted to say.

Still one cannot walk in silence for almost two miles. Is not silence, too, more dangerous than speech sometimes? After the ice was broken they talked, or he did, and he let himself go. In strange, pale quiet she listened. He ran on with still stranger eagerness. He told her all his plans; of the route he was going to take, of the little middle-Western town to which he was going to practice law. It is a sort of talk most natural and sweet between a man and the woman he loves enough to marry. But there was something wanting here. There was a sort of intoxication about going so close to his limit, without once overstepping it; but as he went on to speak gayly of his plans for the future, he seemed skirting the edge of something hard and cold.

It is not possible, however, to cheat one's self entirely. He was quite aware, after all, of the preciousness of what he was missing. It was filling him more and more with a sort of anger to think of the might-be even now possible. If he were only not quite himself, — just a little different! He was not an imaginative man, but somehow just here there came to him with curious lifelike distinctness a vision of the sort of man he ought for her sake to have been. It was as if some elder brother stood aloof from and reproached him; an old-fashioned, before-the-war sort of somebody, chivalrous and absurdly high-minded. In the eyes of this

person good blood covered all social sins; the wedding of first love all social or professional failures. It seemed just now a very hard fact that he should belong essentially to a later generation.

All things come to an end at last. When they reached the steps of the high rickety porch of the old mansion, where seven generations of Ardens had come down from affluence to poverty, — when they reached these steps there came a pause. He could not go in. For the first time he looked at her. He had not dared before. She looked tired and pale, puzzled and wistful. He was poignantly aware of the unconscious appeal of those hazel eyes. Even to the last of such a crucial interview as this there is apt to be an element of uncertainty. As he took her hand to say good-by she looked up at him quite simply, with a wave of crimson rushing over her cheeks. Her small mouth was quivering slightly. He felt that he might have kissed it without any active resistance on her part. In a young man of his standard one such step beyond the line would have bound him to her in honor, past recall. He was just at the point where a touch would turn the scale. What was it, he asked himself afterward, that kept him just then, more than all extraneous obstacles, safe and free? Was it what those eyes did *not* reveal? All at once he became aware of that strange sudden withdrawal of her nature. She was gone beyond his touch and ken. It was baffling, but just now relieving. At least she was not without her reserves to fall back on!

Next moment he had shaken hands and turned away.

The early autumn twilight was falling as he went. His way at first lay down a road into which their path had merged. Though his head was still unsteady, his steps were firm enough. He was aware that he had behaved well at the last. He had been both cool and dignified, and, though friendly, had not once overstepped the bounds of friendliness. Why

should a man under such circumstances feel like a hound? And yet if she had looked even a little more desolate! As he thought of that upturned face he paused, and half turned. Should he even now go back or not? And once again the question was answered.

It was, as I have said, early twilight. Through the haze in front came a sound of voices and the tramp of horses' feet. Down the road came three horsemen, no other than Mary Arden's father and two brothers. They were wending their late way home from some Sunday rendezvous that was not church. The sorry horses that they rode had evidently eaten but little that day, and their riders had drunk too much. The elder man, sitting unsteadily in an old army saddle, was apparently lecturing on the ills of dissipation. His voice was thick and foolish, but he was still not past knowing an acquaintance. Brandon Messenger paused, frowning in response to the boisterous and over-familiar greeting. If he had not cared for Mary Arden he would simply have disliked and avoided her relatives. As it was, he hated them from the bottom of his heart.

The hand which he now held out perforce to Captain Sam Arden was most affectionately squeezed. "Come back, Branny, my boy," hiccupped that worthy amiably. "Mary be glad to seee — we'll all be glad to seee you. Any friend of muh darter — welcome to us all." Brandon Messenger repressed a shudder as best he could. When he finally with some difficulty got away, it was to strike into the field path with a step most resolute and a long breath as of danger escaped.

II.

About ten years after the parting just described Brandon Messenger awoke one day to a realization that the main obstacles between himself and Mary Arden

had been unexpectedly removed. His preference for her remained unchanged. She was still single and, as far as he knew, disengaged. Last, but not least, his success in his profession would admit of his marrying without considering the question of money.

Captain Arden and his eldest son, though of a sort whose days are too often long in the land, had been gathered to the fathers they had helped to disgrace. They had died, one in a fit of apoplexy, the other of a fever brought on by irregular living. Equally surprising and gratifying to Brandon Messenger, though in a different way, had been the other brother's turning out. He had gone to the far West, prospered, and after a visit home some months before, announced his intention of never coming back again. Altogether it seemed to Mary Arden's former lover that Fate had most kindly worked out for him the problem abandoned that autumn night. She was now absolutely alone and untrammelled. They were still young; in life's very noon and prime. After all, there was no reason why they should not be happy together.

He had made, since leaving it, several visits to his old neighborhood, but they had been brief and hurried. Mary Arden was one of the people whom he had never seen. He had never dared to trust himself to call; and no accidental meeting, such as he had secretly half longed for, half dreaded, had ever come to pass. Between himself and his mother her name was rarely mentioned, but he had still heard enough, both from her and from others, to know the general outlines of Mary's life. In a letter from Mrs. Messenger, which finally led him to a certain important decision, occurred these words: —

"Mary Arden is still living on alone — of course I mean with a servant. She still has old Aunt Sally, — as fat and black as ever, — but is otherwise all by herself. I suppose she is attached to that dreary old place, though why she should

be I cannot imagine. What she lives on nobody knows. Her father left nothing but debts. She not only keeps the place, but is paying them off, nobody knows how. Do you know, I think her a remarkable woman? She grows more and more interesting to me. Now that Sam Arden is dead I am thankful to say that one can go with pleasure to see her. I called the other day, and must repeat what I have said, — she is a very interesting person. Even in a less dull place than this I think one might be struck with her. You know, my dear, that even when I most approved of you — well never mind that now! but I was always fond of her, and what change there is has been for the better. By this you will see that there has been a change. I cannot define or describe it. It seems to suggest a sort of mystery, — something kept back, hidden, though of course I don't mean anything discreditable. It is here, I think, where the fascination lies. She is clever too. You know she was always clever, in a soft, sweet way. Now there is less sweetness perhaps, but (though I may not be a judge) I think her cleverer than ever. Besides looking and talking that way she somehow gives one the impression of her own reserves to fall back on. I think people are rather afraid of her. Don't think by this that she is conceited or sarcastic. Not at all. But she is certainly very different from anybody else about here. There's a sort of distinction about her in fact, both as to appearance and manner. It may be the effect of living so much alone. People who do that are bound to be either superior to others or else vastly inferior. Even before her father died she was practically alone. My dear Brand, what a father-in-law you escaped there! Thank Heaven, she is free from him at last — and from that horror, Crawford. How nice to think they are both dead! As for Tom, she seems fond of him, but his late visit could hardly have been much pleasure to her.

To be sure he is a great improvement on those others, but bad enough, slangy and bragging. He went off in high dudgeon with her for refusing to go with him. I don't think she is grieving, though, — for him or them or any one. Maybe she did once, but there's no trace of it now. She looks perfectly comfortable now — and somewhat amused. I am sure I don't know why she should be. What on earth has she had to be amused at! But to come to the point, dear boy, I have this much more to say: I can't believe it natural or even possible that such a young woman, and such a pretty woman, should be content to go on living as she does unless she is holding herself consecrated to the memory of some particular person. There! laugh at your romantic old Mamma if you choose, but that is my conviction. In spite of all disadvantages she has had admirers. I know of two offers she has refused. Though she seems to hold men off, they are still attracted by her. But I must hurry this to a close. I don't think you will need telling that I have not written without a definite aim in view. What I want to say is this: If your feeling for Mary Arden is still what it used to be, I know of no girl who would now make you a more creditable wife, — or one who, for my part, I would more gladly welcome as a daughter-in-law. I think you will understand why I feel it my duty to say this much if no more."

Late in the afternoon of the next day but one, after reading this letter, Brandon Messenger found himself in his native county, — walking rapidly across the fields which lay between Mary Arden's home and the nearest railway station.

He had not written to or seen his mother. To go tamely to her first, to discuss or arrange this matter, would have been to his present mood impossible. It was curious, indeed, how much

of a barrier their agreement long ago had always been. He could not quite reach over it yet. After to-day it might be different. He did not know. He dared not guess. An intense feverish impatience was shaking and scorching him. One of those rare fever-fits that come two or three times in a life to men of his cool temperament had come to him. It would not be reasoned down. He had noticed people glancing at him curiously on the train, and was conscious of the dull red flush on his face, the smouldering fire of his eyes. His hands were unsteady, his feet felt unnaturally light and mechanical. Old thoughts and memories were busy within him, but in a new light. Despite the knowledge that so tried again he would do as he had done, a fierce self-contempt had laid hold of him. It was crying out against the tame submission, the cold prudence of the last ten years! How incredible it now seemed that he should have so shaken hands with adverse Fate! Was he indeed that plodder, that poor, painstaking fool, who had given her up to settle down, grubbing his way through years of sordid disappointment to a still more sordid success? It was the sort of moment that comes to us all in our more exalted moods. As one of the great novelists has said, we know all the time where our usual self awaits us; but for the little time when we "rave on the heights" how far away the dusty levels seem!

It was just such an evening as that last one when they had walked together across these very fields. The reddish golden haze of an early autumn sunset seemed to float tangibly in the air; the pungent, sunburnt odor of September woods and fields came on every breeze to his nostrils. An almost summer-like warmth was taking on enough of evening chill to be pleasantly suggestive of fire, — of that first country fire, built of blazing brush and chips in a great open fireplace. Meanwhile "the fire that frost engenders" burned redly amid the

sumac bushes and the brambles, flashed flamelike from the golden-rod through purpling misty grasses. Small wild things of the waste rustled and scurried and whirred alongside his path or across it, — and Mary Arden's feet seemed to keep time with his as they had done ten years before. Her flower-like girl-face seemed to flit again beside him. Little curves of her cheek and throat, little motions of her figure, came back and thrilled his very heartstrings. For once, at least, the want of her took utter possession of him. Suppose that he had lost her forever! The terror of danger almost escaped, the burden of a weight almost, not quite, lifted, was in the thought. He could not bear it. At any rate he was going now like a man to ask her to be his wife.

The old house at whose threshold they had parted long ago was still standing, to the distant eye unchanged. There was still about it, there under its scraggy trees, the old impression of waste-encircled dreariness. His eyes were bent upon it, when he came suddenly on the person he had come to see.

In a shallow depression of the slightly undulating field stood an ancient gnarled cherry tree. At the foot of this tree which had thus far screened her from him, and close to the path, Mary Arden was sitting.

He remembered in after days with curious distinctness the lie of that little hollow, — the half-decayed tree overhead, the somewhat barren minuteness of the growths underfoot. It seemed to him not only the scene of this present crisis, but of one in some long-past existence. On the side next the house was a thicket of wild plum bushes. Against its dull red-brown leaves, above the carpet of gray moss, scarlet-sprinkled as with elfin blood, the whiteness of her face and dress stood out in vivid contrast. The only touch of color about her was a crimson scarf which had slipped unheeded from her shoulders. Her bare head was

bent over a book in her lap. Her profile was toward him, still beautiful, though sharper than of old, and with a certain clear-cut inflexibility about it. Her rounded cheek looked singularly firm, smooth, and clearly pale. All this he noted in that first instant. As he stopped short and indeed recoiled in startled uncertainty, she turned her head, perceived him, and as their eyes met, smiled. It came over him then, with sudden hopeless clearness, that any other greeting would have meant better for him.

III.

"I wonder if I may tell you all about it?"

Her brow was slightly knitted as she spoke. A strange look had come into her eyes. It was more of pain than pleasure, though partaking of both, but on her lips that smile still lingered. He was sitting not far off, his back against the tree, his hands clasped about his knees. His heavy eyes were bent upon her. His face looked hard and old. Though the last ten years had dealt kindly with her, they had been hard on him at best. There were deep lines on his forehead, around his mouth; his hair was touched with gray. Her brow and her cheeks were waxen smooth, the clear-cut firmness of maturity. This and her healthy pallor were the most striking physical changes which he saw in her. When it came to the look in the eyes that now met his, ah! here was a different matter. There was no resistance there, no resentment, — nothing could have been more simply straightforward. But from the very first he had read therein his fate. Even while speaking the words that he had come to speak he wondered at himself for doing so. What was the use of it? — what possible use? She had answered as he had expected. But even before that No was spoken his disappointment seemed old. He looked

at her dully as she spoke. Even her words, her tone, roused no particular curiosity; but —

"Tell me all you choose," he said.

She drew a long soft breath and pulled her crimson scarf over her shoulders. The air had waxed more chilly.

"I never meant to tell any one, — and least of all you," she said, "but then you know I never thought of your coming this way."

There was perfect truth in her eyes, her voice. He winced a little, but said nothing. She went on: —

"Now I think I should like to tell it just once, just to see how it sounds in words. I suppose, after all, you are the right one to tell it to, — and it seems a pity to miss the chance."

The coolness of her point of view struck him as somehow professional. To tell the story, and to its most fitting listener, seemed with her the important thing.

"I appreciate the importance of my position," he said. "You will find me an attentive listener."

She looked around her, then back at him with that same little air of artistic satisfaction.

"It seems such a suitable place to tell it — here," she said. "This is where I used to come to think it over. This is where my leading idea," she smiled again, "first came to me. Isn't it queer that things should happen so?"

Brandon Messenger moistened his lips. "Very queer," he said.

She went on: "Don't think I want to hurt you," said she. "If I do, it will be because I can't help it. It may hurt you a little, — and yet I think you will find the story interesting."

"Never mind hurting me," said the man.

She gave another look around. "It was the only place, — the only *quiet* place within my reach. You know how it was then indoors, — at least when *they* were home! I get a little tired of it now, I mean of the quiet, — but I think I

should have gone crazy without it then. I was very unhappy that first year. Now, I'm coming to the part that may hurt. If it does I am very sorry. It is no use pretending that I did not care for you, or suffer when you went away. I knew that you knew I cared. I knew you cared for me, too, — in your way. How the knowledge came to me I can't explain, but I knew, — and it did not make things easier. I think I was dazed at first. You see I did n't quite know — understand why you had left me that way."

She looked at him, as one who apologizes for long-past stupidity. He said never a word.

"I was very humble in those days," she said, "and I really loved you very, very much. I would n't have minded a long engagement, — ten, twenty, thirty years. It would have made no difference. If you had told me you cared for me even without saying a word about any engagement at all I would have been satisfied. If you had kissed me good-by I should not have minded. It would have been better than nothing. Think of such trusting innocence!" She laughed ripplingly. "And how I thank you now for not taking advantage of it! Don't look so sorry, please; it is all over now. And even at the first, when I did n't understand, I somehow thought you were right."

She paused again as if expecting him to speak. He still said nothing. She went on: —

"It might have done me some good to get angry with you, — but I could n't. I felt that you were right. If you had been different of course it would have been — like a miracle, I suppose. But miracles are things that do not happen. If we ever think they may have done so once, we have to come back to this, — they don't now. I did not blame you. It did not seem your fault that Fate was so against us. There was nothing even then to turn my heartache into any other feeling. I don't like to think now of the

long, long days and nights. But don't look so, please, for I can't go on if you do. If I dwell on this at all, it is only because it is necessary to round out the story."

She was frowning now as if irritated. She had half risen from the mossy stone which was her seat. He made a downward gesture of his hand. As she seated herself again, and settled her skirts, it was with that little professional air. Then she drew another long breath.

"I am now sorry for that girl," she said, "as if she had been somebody who died or went away. You must listen to me now just as if she had done so. I am not going to dwell upon her misery. We don't tell things that way now. It is not the best art. But one must be allowed a brief touch here and there to illustrate one's main point. As my main point is to show how she escaped, you must know somehow what she escaped from. It was only natural, you know, that I should want to ease myself. After all self-preservation is the first law. I wanted to get over that, — I wanted to be happy in some of a woman's little ways. It seemed so unreasonably cruel that you should spoil everything. Of course I wanted to forget you, — but I knew it was no use. We never forget what we try to forget. But it came to me one day, in this very place, that there was a way of thinking that would set you apart from me forever."

He was staring at her dully. She nodded and went on: —

"To make you dead would not do at all. You seemed to belong to me forever then, — and I wanted to be free from you. It did no good to play you had forgotten me. Somehow I felt sure you would *never* do that. But to have you go on so, alone and still caring, was simply more than I could bear. There was no way for me but to think of you as belonging to somebody else."

He saw again that he was expected to make a comment. "I am much obliged

on her account," he said. It was with a little note of pride that she continued:

"I was always clever at making believe. I could always see plainly what I thought or read about. I suppose there are few who have such a gift for it. It was a side of me that I never showed to you. I suppose I felt you could not share it. If I had married you I would have wanted to share your life. As it was, there was only my own to fall back on. I used to sit here and call her up, — I mean the girl you would marry some day. She did not come exactly out of my dream-world, but out of the world of future probabilities. Well, at first it was hard, but after a while I saw her plainly, as plainly as I see you now. To be sure the face was at first a little misty, but even that cleared after a while. From the first I knew what she would be. She was in all respects the sort of girl you would like for a wife, after your success should be won and the fancy for my unsuitable self faded somewhat away. You see I did not know — how should I? — that you would come back. It was simple probability that I built on. After all, I think I was right generous to you. She was young, a good deal younger than I. Even now she would be just a nice age for you. She was pretty, too, delicate, and graceful. She was accomplished and stylish. She was fastidious, as became one used all her life to the refinements that go along with wealth. She knew nothing of poverty with its humiliations, — nothing of any sort of misery. She was an excellent connection, her people all that is desirable. She was altogether the sort of girl that you, or any successful man, would be proud of."

He winced again as he heard this. But she was not looking at him. Her gaze was bent beyond, across the now twilight waste. She seemed to see things that he could not see. A faint flush had crept into her cheeks. The pleasure of telling the story was evidently warming her, thrilling through her veins.

"I was with her when you first met her. I was with her afterwards, — all through the courtship. Even when you asked her to be your wife, I was there and heard. You were not an ardent lover. You did not care for her as you had cared for me. But you liked and admired her. You tried to think yourself in love. It was so desirable that you should be. On the whole you succeeded. She thought it was all right and gave you her whole heart in return. Good fortune had not spoiled her. She was warm-hearted and true. I — I went on making friends with her. It was not always easy. Sometimes it was very hard. You see she was so happy, so triumphant. It made my lot seem hard, — but I said we *must* be friends. I *must* get used to seeing you two together. I kept on — I got used to it. By the time you were married I found that I could stand by and watch it almost cheerfully."

A curious smile had been creeping over her listener's face. As she paused he said, "I am glad to have afforded you at least that much pleasure in life. Did you leave us at the steps of the altar?"

She flashed a quick glance at him. "Oh no!" she cried. "Do you suppose I could do that? Why, I *had* to keep on. It was the only chance for me. And the pain it had been at first (I won't pretend it did not hurt) — the pain at last was nearly gone. There was hardly one little bit of jealousy left. You see I don't pretend I was not jealous! But as she grew more and more real to me I found that I cared less and less for you. We can get used to anything, you know. I had simply got used to thinking of you that way. You were hers. It was not you I wanted any more. It was she I wanted to care for me. And she did. When you were harsh with her (as you were sometimes) it was to me she turned for help and comfort. When you were kind to her I stood by and saw your kindness — your caresses without a pang. Then I felt that I was cured. Do you

know that the best thing for a burn is to hold it to the fire? It is a harsh remedy. It hurts, — but it heals. I had been hurt, — but I was healed. For ten years I have been her friend; for ten years she has stood between me and the thought of you."

The peculiar humor of the situation was beginning to dawn on him. He gave a strangled laugh. A ghost of hope had come back to him.

"And do you think," he said, speaking, however, with a stoutness he was far from feeling, — "do you think that I — or any sane man — will give you up for such a fancy freak as this? It is too absurd to be combated. A good laugh is the best argument against such stuff. Whatever in the past may have stood between us, there is nothing now. In my way I have been true to you. So long as you care for no other man" —

She rose suddenly to her feet, interrupting him as she did so with a quick, half-angry gesture.

"You do not understand," she said. "That has nothing to do with it. There can never be, in the sense you mean, another man for me. But that makes no difference in my feeling for her or what she has been to me."

She began, as she spoke, to pace slowly to and fro, drawing the red scarf around her. Though no longer in such marked contrast to her cheeks, it showed against her dress like blood on snow. Her voice took on a new quality.

"She was the *first*," she said, "but she was not the last. There were others. They came after a while, and seemed to stand around me. They too seemed to live and move and have a being. There were things for me to think of, — stories for me to tell. Have you ever read any of them, I wonder? They have never had my name to them, but I have thought sometimes you might chance to read what I have written. You would not, I think, care much for it, — but there are some who do." Her flush deepened here

and she smiled archly. "There are readers and editors, and publishers and cheques. I have found my vocation, Brandon Messenger. And I think it was your wife who first taught me that it was not to be your wife."

Brandon Messenger rose too, with another would-be laugh. "Does n't it strike you," he asked with affected lightness, "that this is a little bit hard on me? Am I to be forever cut off from the substance by this shadow that you have raised? If I never find this person and marry some one else would I be guilty of bigamy? I surely have a right to know."

"If you ever marry," she replied, "it will be such a woman as I have described."

A feeling that her words were true came over him. But he made another effort at lightness.

"Suppose," he said, with a shrug, "I never marry at all! What then?"

She turned on him passionately.

"And do you think," she cried, "that *that* would make any difference in the way I think of Her? Would you belong any less to her? Do you think that after all I owe to her, I should let you come between us now? It was she, not you, who saved me from worse than death, who taught me my one gift and power. It is she, not you, who has been for years my best and dearest friend. We have walked and sat together in these very fields. She has kept me company indoors. I have taught her many things that only women know. She has helped me with my own poor make-believes. I can see her when I will, — see her now over yonder, ready to come nearer when you are gone. You belong to her, not to me. If I take you now I must give her up, and with her the rest of my world must go, — my own world in which you have no share. I was left out of yours, remember, years ago. You must do the best you can without me now."

She was catching up her skirts as for

the walk back. He was looking fixedly at her ; before his eyes, however, not so much her face as a vision of the world they might have shared. Noting her motions, he asked, "Shall I go with you?" She shook her head.

"Not unless you choose. It is not necessary."

"I suppose you have better company."

She smiled. "Seriously, I am not afraid," she said. "Neither am I ever lonely, *now*."

The last word had its sting. "You know," said he, "I think you are crazy!" She laughed outright.

"There are some other people who do, I believe. But it makes very little difference. I believe the most suspicious fact is that I live alone, but you know I have Aunt Sally."

"Yes, she at least is flesh and blood. Well, if you should ever need the help of another living creature, let me know!"

She held out her hand quite frankly. "Thank you," she said, "but I think we shall get along. I am self-supporting now, you know. Let me know if you ever need *my* help. People often wonder, I think, what I live upon. *She* has taught me a way to live."

The underlying comedy of it all was beginning to overpower him. He could have shouted with wild laughter. As he let go her hand he asked one more question.

"Will you make it into a story?"

She shook her head.

"Never again."

Then he turned away. The last yellow streak had faded from the horizon. The twilight haze was thick all around. Overhead the first stars were peeping out, — far, far away, and cold. A killdeer was sounding its wild note in the distance. Some frogs were croaking in a bit of marsh near the path. Brandon Messenger straightened himself with a good long breath. He bethought himself of his mother. She would be glad to see him, and she at least was not a fanciful woman. He walked swiftly on, only pausing once to look back. Half-way between their meeting-place and the house he saw a gleam of white. It seemed to flit rapidly on, away toward a single lighted window dimly visible. He was glad of that one ray for her sake. As his glance in withdrawing came back to the solitary tree, it seemed to him that there lingered beneath it, gray and wraithlike, another shape. Was it only the effect of starlight on a lichened tree-trunk, or was it the form of that other woman who so strangely stood between them?

I have said more than once that he was not imaginative, but for the moment he could have sworn that a light, soft laugh rang out, that a hand was waved. It was as one who leaves the land of dreams that he turned for the last time on his heel.

Alice M. Ewell.

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS FOR FUTURE DEFENSE.

FROM the humblest peasant to the mightiest empire humanity is waging a ceaseless and pitiless struggle for existence in which the unfit perish. This struggle is maintained with every weapon and by every artifice, and success is attained not only by endurance and saga-

city, but by cunning and ferocity. Chief, however, among the faculties which have given superiority, must rank the martial quality, for history teaches us that nothing can compensate a community for defeat in battle. War is competition in its fiercest form.

To illustrate this truth no phenomenon of our own time is so striking as the social revolution which has been in progress in Great Britain for about a generation, and which tends to culminate in an effort to consolidate the empire by a renunciation of free-trade.

Last June Mr. Chamberlain expressed his conviction that the empire could only "be held together" by a system of preferential tariffs with the Colonies; for though the facts upon which he based his conclusion have long been patent to foreigners, they have but lately penetrated the minds of Englishmen. All know that Mr. Balfour has since adhered to Mr. Chamberlain's doctrine, that his cabinet and his party are split, and that a contest is raging which promises not only to overthrow the accepted economic convictions of nearly a century, but to modify radically the commercial relations of the world.

Whatever opinion may be held of Mr. Chamberlain as a statesman, no one is likely to question either his intellectual power or his sincerity in this controversy. In breaking with the national policy of free-trade Mr. Chamberlain has little to gain and much to lose, for he is now old, and he has attained, against bitter resistance, both political advancement and social position. Also the weight of his opinion in such a matter is undeniable. Beside him his colleagues rank as amateurs. He has had a long and successful business life, as well as experience in public office, and he knows America and the Colonies. His mind, therefore, is comparatively free from that insularity which has been a disadvantage to British statesmen.

A man must have intellectual force to emancipate himself when over sixty from the preventions of his youth, and Mr. Chamberlain was probably educated among the strictest sect of Adam Smith and Cobden; his conversion, therefore, marks an epoch, and, perhaps, no study to which Americans could address them-

selves would aid them more to comprehend the emergencies which may await them, than an examination of the events which have shaped the fortunes of England. Indeed, in these events we have played the chief part, for the unity of the British economic system hung upon the war of the Revolution and of 1812. The dogmas of free-trade are not pure delusions; like other a priori theories, moulded by circumstances, they are suited to certain social conditions; but that they are not universally applicable to nations considered as units struggling for survival, and not as fractions of humanity to be sacrificed to some abstract general good, could have been demonstrated by history at the outset, had men been minded to arrive at truth, and not at an expedient by which they thought to profit.

Free-trade means the survival of the fittest in a peaceful environment, or, in other words, the elimination of the martial qualities as a factor in competition. Rome exemplified the process. Under the Roman Emperors free-trade flourished, more or less perfectly, for several centuries, over a large area in Europe, Africa, and Asia. Apparently the circumstances were favorable, but the result was that the Western provinces including Italy began to decay almost as soon as consolidation had taken place. The reason for this decay is obvious.

The Roman Empire was an administrative system resting on converging highways, running, generally, east and west. Like other such organisms it consisted of three sections, a base, a vent, and a central market, or capital. After Augustus crushed opposition at Actium the Roman base lay in Egypt and Asia, the vent, chiefly, in Gaul and Spain, and the market in Italy. As between the base and the vent, Egypt and Asia supplied most of the manufactures, the luxuries, and the food, all of which ranked as necessities in the West toward the Christian era, while Europe produced

nothing which Orientals would take in exchange for their wares but the metals, preferably gold and silver. Accordingly gold and silver flowed from West to East, the extent of the movement having been gauged by Latin economists. These had no difficulty in predicting disaster, and they were justified by the event. After the hoards gathered by conquest had been exhausted, prosperity continued as long as existing mines yielded abundantly, or as long as expansion uncovered fresh deposits of ore. When these resources failed contraction set in, agriculture became unprofitable, insolvency followed, and at length depopulation supervened. All this is common knowledge. Even the precise point when serious contraction began may be fixed pretty certainly. It was the panic which occurred under Tiberius in the year 33 A. D. Augustus perceived the necessity of expansion, and undertook the reduction of Germany. In the year 12 B. C. he ordered Drusus to the Rhine, and Drusus, in a series of able campaigns, marched to the Elbe, and then began the regular fortification of strategic points, which always formed the foundation of Roman administration. In the year 9 B. C. Drusus died from an accident, and then came the turning point in Rome's destiny. Augustus made the capital error of his life in sending Varus to take command, for Varus was incompetent. Despising his enemy, Varus allowed himself to be drawn into the forests in the direction of Paderborn, and was there cut off with his whole army. The defeat fell in the year 9 A. D., and Augustus, who comprehended its significance, was prostrated by the shock. At first he thought the disaster might be repaired, and he appointed Tiberius. Subsequently Tiberius planned a comprehensive campaign, but it had to be abandoned. Roman vitality had already ebbed too low. The Rhine became the frontier, the German minerals remained undisturbed, exhaustion went on unchecked, and within a few years a large

proportion of the Senate went into insolvency.

These facts relating to Rome illuminate the history of every succeeding economic system. In the sixteenth century, after the discovery of America and of the sea passage to India, the evolution of modern empires began. In the reign of Elizabeth four communities were struggling among themselves to become the seat of exchanges between the East and West; these communities were Spain, then at war with Holland, Holland itself, France, and England. Each nation early succeeded in obtaining a foothold both in Asia and in America, but the crisis of the conflict came in the Seven Years' War, when England won the advantage. For a period during the middle of the eighteenth century Pitt held a substantial dictatorship; and probably Pitt may deserve to rank with Cromwell as one of the two great administrators whom England has produced since the Middle Ages. Indeed, Pitt has had scant justice done him for his most remarkable qualities. Oratory and the like are plenty enough, but Pitt comprehended international exchanges, and built up the British Empire on what might have been a scientific basis, had the materials he left to his successors been handled with skill.

The conception of a self-sufficing organism which has of late possessed Mr. Chamberlain is not new. Not to recur to the Romans, those familiar with the writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries know that the problems of commercial exchanges were then deeply studied, and it may happen that the old theories will ultimately be found to be nearer the truth than the doctrines which afterward displaced them. Joshua Gee, for example, reasoning precisely as Mr. Chamberlain reasons, arrived at similar conclusions. Gee explained that the object of statesmanship should be to make a kingdom self-sufficing, that is to say, "capable of raising within itself and its Colonies materials for employing all our

poor in those manufactures, which we now import from such of our neighbors who refuse admission to ours." To that end, following the example of Rome, Great Britain sought to establish a base, a central market, and a vent. Certainly Pitt did not direct the campaigns of Clive which led to the victory of Plassey in 1757, and decided the destiny of Hindustan, but he saw the relation which India bore to America; that infinite "double market," as he called it, "the market of consumption and the market of supply."

Like other nations, the United States is the creation of physical conditions. The central valley of the Mississippi, separated from the coast by the Alleghanies, is easily reached by the St. Lawrence; the tributaries of the Mississippi being only divided from the Great Lakes by an almost imperceptible watershed. By easy portages to the Wabash, the Illinois, and the Wisconsin, the French early penetrated into this region, and even fortified strategic points, but it was not until the spring of 1753 that the Marquis of Duquesne sent out an expedition to occupy the upper Ohio. Meanwhile the English, who had settled upon the coast, slowly spread out to the base of the mountains, and moving along the path of least resistance, ascended the Potomac to Cumberland, and thence crossed to the streams which meet above Pittsburg. There the highways followed by the French and English converged, and there the war for supremacy began.

When Dinwiddie, the acting governor of Virginia, heard of Duquesne's encroachment on what he considered his territory, he ordered Washington to visit the French commander and bid him to retire. For answer Duquesne fortified the fork where Pittsburg stands, and thereupon Washington made his advance to Great Meadows, which opened the Seven Years' War. That war began with a series of humiliations for England, one of which was Braddock's defeat. Therein Pitt saw his opportunity. "My

Lord," said he to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can." Judging by what happened after his downfall, his boast was justified.

The expulsion of the French from the interior opened the valley of the Mississippi to English emigration, and from that moment the centralization of the original Colonies became certain. Powers equivalent to those which were afterward vested in the Federal government by the Constitution had of necessity to be exercised somewhere; the doubt to be solved was whether the seat of energy should lie in Europe or in America.

A numerous population expanding across the mountains could not flourish without a central administration capable of regulating commerce, especially with foreign nations, of policing the roads and dispensing justice, to say nothing of providing for the common defense. Indeed, long before the capture of Quebec the old methods had proved inadequate. The waste of life and money in the French campaigns, induced by local jealousies, was infamous; the evil was grave enough to make men of sense like Washington and Franklin hot for consolidation. The abuses of the Colonial fiscal administration, which engendered the Stamp Act, and afterward led up to the Revolution, are less dramatic and, perhaps, less familiar. Nevertheless, a failure to regulate economic competition created the United States, afterward evolved the theories of free-trade, and has finally brought civilization to the point where Mr. Chamberlain is convinced that free-trade has miscarried.

In 1760 Great Britain, having conquered her base and her vent, addressed herself to organization. Trade is to society what the circulation of the blood is to the body; therefore for an economic system to operate efficiently the members must bear a certain relation to the heart.

Pitt explained the mechanism to Parliament, and stated the principles on

which an empire should rest. "Trade is an extended and complicated consideration: it reaches as far as ships can sail or winds can blow: it is a great and various machine. To regulate the numberless movements of its several parts, and combine them into effect, for the good of the whole, requires the superintending wisdom and energy of the supreme power. . . . As an American I would recognize to England her supreme right of regulating commerce and navigation; as an Englishman . . . I recognize to the Americans their supreme inalienable right in their property."

Such was Pitt's theory, but in attempting to reduce theory to practice Parliament broke down. Cromwell and those who succeeded him sought to organize an economic system substantially like the Roman, excepting that being subject to strenuous competition they protected themselves. The base of the Cromwellian organism being in the East, and the vent in America, the Protector essayed to make "this kingdom a staple" by the Navigation Act of 1651. His great achievement was the occupation of Jamaica. The Navigation Laws were conceived on the theory that exchanges between East and West should be made to centre in England, by restricting the commerce of the East India Company and of the Colonies to ports in Great Britain. The statute was considerably elaborated under Charles, and in practice it was not rigorously enforced. Trade was always practically free between the American continent and the West Indies, and very nearly so between the Colonies and Spain and some other countries. On the whole, however, Americans bought almost exclusively in England, and Englishmen were content. Sir Josiah Child, for example, though he thought New Englanders dangerous competitors to the mother country, summed up the situation thus: "I must confess, that though we lose by their unlimited trade with our foreign plantations, yet we are

very great gainers by their direct trade to and from Old England; our yearly exportations of English manufactures, . . . amounting, in my opinion, to ten times the value of what is imported from thence. . . . Therefore, whenever a reformation of our correspondency in trade with that people shall be thought on, it will, in my poor judgment, require great tenderness and very serious circumspection."

Child, who was one of the ablest financiers Europe ever produced, died in 1699, and shortly afterward the empire reached the stage of growth where the varied interests of the different Provinces began to struggle for favors. Perhaps the wealthiest, and probably the greediest, were the West India planters, and it was in the attempt to pacify these that trouble began. In 1731 and 1732 the West India planters not only succeeded in acquiring liberty to export their sugar to all parts of the world, but they also obtained protection against the French islands. By the 6 Geo. 2, c. 13, among other duties, 6d. a gallon was laid on all molasses of foreign manufacture imported into the Continental Colonies. For nearly a generation slight attention seems to have been paid to this enactment, save in so far as revenue officers used it to extort fees, but gradually the sugargrowers of Jamaica and Barbadoes grew restive, and pressed upon the Lords of Trade in London their claim to have a statute, passed in their favor, enforced. The agitation was doubtless also aided by the illicit traffic with the enemy which was carried on from New England during the Seven Years' War. It was said that Governor Hopkins, and Governor Bernard also, took bribes to issue permits to trade with the French, and the abuse reached a pass where Pitt issued peremptory instructions, in 1760, to the Royal Governors in North America, "to put the most speedy and effectual Stop to such flagitious Practices, so utterly subversive of all law, and so highly repugnant to

the Honour and Well-being of this Kingdom.”¹

Just at this juncture Francis Bernard succeeded Pownall as Governor of Massachusetts, and what with the trade with the enemy and the pressure to enforce the Molasses Act, he found the Colony disturbed. Molasses entered into many of the Massachusetts industries such as distilling and the fisheries, and Jamaica could only furnish a fixed quantity. On the other hand 6d. a gallon was prohibitive, if enforced, as the price averaged about 1s. Probably Bernard took most of his ideas from Hutchinson, since he admitted “that trade is a science, which I have had little opportunity to study,” and Hutchinson was, perhaps, the ablest man of business in the Province, but at all events Bernard wrote a series of very sensible letters to London, explaining the situation, and recommending changes in the tariff:—

“The publication of the orders for the strict execution of the Molasses Act has caused a greater alarm in this country than the taking of Fort William Henry did in 1757. . . . The merchants say, There is an end of the trade in this Province; that it is sacrificed to the West India Planters; that it is time for every prudent man to get out of debt with Great Britain as fast as he can, and betake himself to husbandry, and be content with such coarse manufactures as this country will produce. . . . It is certain, that whatever detriment the continuation and strict execution of the Molasses Act will bring to the trade of North America . . . it will soon come home to Great Britain. . . . For nothing is more plain, than that if the exports of North America are diminished . . . her imports from Great Britain must be lessened in the same proportion. To apply this to a fact; last year were imported into this Province 15,000 hogs-

heads of molasses, all of which, except less than 500, came from Ports which are now Foreign. The value of this, at 1s. 4d. a gallon (which is a middling price . . .) is 100,000 pounds sterling; to purchase which, fish and lumber of near the same value must be sent from hence. Now suppose this trade prohibited (for a duty of 50 per cent. amounts to a prohibition) the consequences must be, that this Province must import 100,000 pounds less of British goods. . . . If this valuable trade, which takes from us what no other markets will receive, and returns to us what ultimately centres in Great Britain, should, by making experiments, be destroyed; would it not be the case of the man whose curiosity (or expectation of extraordinary present gain) killed the goose who laid him golden eggs?”²

Massachusetts resisted a policy inimical to her interests, and the royal officials sympathized with her economic views, but the form which her resistance took struck at the vitals of the empire. No centralized administration can exist where an individual can nullify the edict of the whole as represented by the command of the sovereign. It matters not whether that sovereign be a king, an aristocracy, as in this case, or a republic, as occurred when South Carolina undertook to nullify acts of Congress. When, therefore, Massachusetts advanced the doctrine that British legislation did not bind her against her own consent, she dissolved the British economic system. The controversy thus engendered came to a head in 1761, in the case of the Writs of Assistance.

By the statutes of the 13 and 14 Car. 2, the English Court of Exchequer had been empowered to issue writs enabling custom house officers to apply to sheriffs and constables for aid in searching private buildings for contraband goods. A Massachusetts act of 1699 had conferred on

¹ On these questions the authorities will be found collected in the learned notes to the Writs of Assistance by the late Mr. Justice Gray in Quincy's Rep. Appendix 1.

² Select Letters on the Trade and Government of America, Governor Bernard, 9, 10, 11.

the Superior Court the jurisdiction of the Exchequer. Under this authority writs had been issued in Massachusetts, the first upon the prayer of Charles Paxton in 1755. Thereafter most of the chief revenue officials of the Province obtained them. Prior to 1760 no one seriously disputed their legality, but early in 1761 all Writs of Assistance expired because of the demise of George II., in October, 1760, and then the great contention began.

Thomas Lechmere, the Surveyor General, filed a memorial in February Term, 1761, praying the Court for writs to "be granted to him and his officers as usual." On the other side a number of Boston merchants asked for a hearing in opposition, since the issue of such writs made smuggling more difficult, and retained James Otis as counsel. Thus it appears that the litigation arose over the enforcement of a fiscal regulation in which the mother country had no interest, save as the arbitrator between two Colonies. It was substantially a contest between the continent and the West India Islands; yet the principle involved went to the heart of the British organism, for Otis resisted the issuance of the writs on the ground of the nullity of an act of Parliament which the Province of Massachusetts disliked. A decision for the government became, therefore, of moment, and the exigency brought Thomas Hutchinson to the bench, Stephen Sewall, the former Chief Justice, having died six weeks before King George. On Hutchinson, Bernard could rely.

Hutchinson had remarkable qualities. Born in 1711, and a descendant of Anne Hutchinson, the Antinomian, his family had been wealthy and distinguished. He himself had financial talent. Before coming of age, by his own speculations, he had made between four and five hundred pounds sterling, a sum at least equal to \$20,000 now. He afterward led in restoring the Massachusetts currency to a specie basis. He had quickness and ap-

plication, and, though not bred to the law, and only taking his seat on January 27, 1761, just in time to preside over the fiercest controversy ever waged in a Massachusetts court, he not only bore himself well in the face of counsel as powerful as James Otis, but succeeded in controlling his brethren, who were inclined to flinch. He secured a unanimous decision, which he failed not afterward to urge in London as a reason for compensation for his losses in the Stamp Act riots.

He wrote in 1765: "In the year 1761 application was made by the officers of customs to the Superior Court, of which I was then Chief Justice, for Writs of Assistance. Great opposition was made by some who professed themselves friends to liberty, and by others who favored illicit trade, and the court seemed inclined to refuse to grant them; but I prevailed with my brethren to continue the cause until the next term, . . . and the like writs have ever since been granted here."

In this cause Hutchinson did the British government a service, for, though the enforcement of the Molasses Act mattered little to England, the systematic smuggling throughout the Provinces amounted to a defiance of law bordering upon revolution. Otis, like enough, was not far wrong when he declared, that "if the King of Great Britain in person were encamped on Boston Common, at the head of twenty thousand men, with all his navy on our coast, he would not be able to execute these laws. They would be resisted or eluded."

Yet if Otis were right an empty decision would profit England little; and the Lords of Trade were accordingly confronted with the problem of how they were to enforce the decrees of their courts. Certainly the empire could not be administered on the basis proposed by Pitt, if a single province could set aside regulations devised for the benefit of the whole. General Jackson is said to have proposed to hang Mr. Calhoun upon very

similar provocation. England, however, had not the means at hand of which Jackson could dispose, for not only had she no sufficient army in America, but she had a disloyal Civil Service, because she did not pay her own servants. Her officials either received salaries from local assemblies, or drew a precarious living from seizures which they could seldom make. The more lucrative course was to extract an income from smuggling by compounding with felony.

Governor Bernard's salary was nominally £1000, but he was poor, had a large family, and needed money. He was vehemently suspected of complicity in smuggling. John Temple became Surveyor General, probably, in 1760, and in 1764 Temple visited Salem and removed Cockle from office for compounding for duties, and "above all for the insult offered me by you in the tender of a bribe." Cockle was Bernard's right-hand man, and the Governor eagerly defended him, asserting that the Surveyor was actuated by "a most extreme and haughty jealousy;" but in the end Bernard had to admit that "in truth, if conniving at foreign sugar and molasses, and Portugal wines and fruit is to be reckoned corruption, there was never, I believe, an uncorrupt Custom House Officer in America."

In Rhode Island conditions were worse. Bernard declared in 1761 that nothing could be done toward enforcing the laws till "Rhode Island is reduced to the subjection of the British Empire; of which at present it is no more a part than the Bahama Islands were, when they were inhabited by the Buccaneers." If a ship were seized "it signified nothing" for a rescue followed, and in one case the vessel was "known to belong to one of the Superior Court Judges."

Bernard further asseverated that the Governor of Rhode Island "said publicly that the Parliament of Great Britain had no more right to make laws for them than they had for the Mohawks."

Under such conditions it was clear that if trade regulations were to be enforced, the Civil Service must be paid by the sovereign; on this the royal governors were united, and on this Bernard and Hutchinson insisted to the last. Almost at the end Hutchinson wrote: "The officers of the Crown are very few, and are therefore the more easily provided for without burdening the people. . . . And such provision I look upon as necessary to the restoration and support of the King's authority."

To provide a certain fund for this purpose, and at the same time mollify the Province, Hutchinson suggested turning the Molasses Act from a prohibitive into a revenue statute, by lowering the duty to a penny or three half-pence a gallon, when smuggling would not pay; and Bernard wrote to London, "another argument" for reduction "is, that it will be a very popular measure." Accordingly the ministry did reduce the tax to three-pence, of which, in practice, about half was collected; thereafter this grievance played no great figure.

The capital phenomenon in all this history is the inexorable sequence of cause and effect which led to war, as the only means of determining sovereignty, and thereby settling methods of commercial competition. Our ancestors desecrated upon "natural justice," and upon the indissoluble relation between taxation and representation. In fact, they sought their own material advantage. On this point Franklin's testimony before Parliament is decisive. But, furthermore, few would now pretend that methods of levying taxes involve other considerations than convenience. Our forefathers taxed unmarried women, when they held property, without compunction, and the population of the District of Columbia to-day, which is about as large as was that of Massachusetts in 1765, is taxed arbitrarily, and would resist restitution of political privileges, because it can do

better under a commission appointed by the President. Lastly George Grenville had no objection to considering a proposition for Colonial representation in Parliament; but the colonists repudiated the idea. They would accept no compromise which would leave them in a probable minority. That, they considered, would be worse than "taxation, even without their consent, grievous as it is."

In 1764, therefore, matters had come to a deadlock. Most Americans, probably, would have preferred independence even from an earlier date. They felt certain that, as Dickinson explained, England would always favor herself at their cost, and that they, as Andrew Eliot wrote, would have to "maintain in luxury sycophants, court parasites, and hungry dependents, who will be sent over to watch and oppress those who support them." In other words, Americans would be excluded from the patronage of a service which they could not control. On this point the whole people were united. They would have no independent officials. Nothing exasperated Massachusetts more than the acceptance by Hutchinson of a salary from England; and they finally impeached Chief Justice Oliver for the same crime, after they had intimidated his associates into declining the provision offered them.

Approached thus, it becomes evident that the Stamp Act was no accident, but an inevitable effect of causes which had been in operation for generations. The Lords of Trade had long meditated such a scheme, and had proposed it to Pitt. Pitt declined to consider it because he thought it impracticable; but Pitt was an administrative genius, and even he would, at last, have been forced to the alternative of conceding the autonomy which has produced the conditions from which Mr. Chamberlain recoils, or of having recourse to such coercion as the North exerted in regard to the South when the South declined to recognize the national sovereignty.

The Stamp Act formed one branch of a scheme for the regulation of imperial exchanges, which, as a whole, was based on mutual concessions. Those concessions were unsatisfactory to Americans, but Grenville professed to be flexible. On sovereignty only was he fixed.

Grenville proposed abandoning the English whale fishery to America, by giving up the bounty then paid to English fishers, and relieving Americans from discrimination. The trade was valued at £300,000 annually. Furthermore he announced that if the colonists thought "any other mode of taxation more convenient" than the Stamp Act, he would consider their wishes. When the London merchants expressed alarm because they found the American debts came to £4,000,000, Grenville pacified them by saying that, if one bounty as an offset to the proposed taxation "will not do, I will add two; if two will not do, I will add three;" one thing only is essential to establish "the authority of the British legislature in all cases whatsoever." This could not be done without an army on the spot, so Grenville framed a budget to provide for ten thousand men. As Charles Townsend afterward put it, "An American army, and consequently an American revenue, are essential; but I am willing to have both in the manner most easy to the people."

Grenville's error lay not so much in his theory as in trying to put his policy in operation without a competent force. The colonists, being the stronger, ridiculed Grenville, nullified his law, and made an example of Hutchinson. Hutchinson's crime had not been complicity in planning the Stamp Act, but interference, in his judicial capacity, with smuggling. The mob, therefore, destroyed his house, and would, perhaps, have killed him, had they caught him. The government could make no arrests, as the police were disaffected; but the next day, a town meeting of Boston, held in the Old South, which was largely attended by "those who were

the immediate actors in, as well as . . . those who had been abettors of, those violent proceedings," unanimously resolved that the magistrates should suppress such disorders in the future.

The weak spot of English society has always been the tendency toward amateur politicians and amateur soldiers, and this failing has been conspicuous in regard to America. Englishmen have rarely seriously studied administration and war as professions. Not so Pitt, who understood his business. It was at this juncture that Pitt intervened. Stripped of its rhetoric Pitt's argument amounted to this: The American continent is the most valuable asset you own; it yields you an income of £2,000,000 a year, and it is this income which has raised the value of your real estate, and which carried you through the Seven Years' War. Here is a possession with which you cannot afford to trifle, more especially as you have not the power to coerce. You are convinced that an American army would be "a wild and lawless banditti," and that fifteen thousand Englishmen could march from end to end of the country, "without scarcely the appearance of interruption;" but you err. You cannot conquer America; the proof is that our armies in the last war did their utmost, and yet it cost Amherst a long and laborious campaign to expel five thousand Frenchmen from Canada. You have now to deal with one hundred and fifty thousand Americans, beside the whole power of "the House of Bourbon." The imbecility of the Foreign Office roused him to frenzy. As late as 1777 the King's Speech actually asserted that foreign powers were disposed "to be pacific and friendly." Two years earlier Pitt had told the Commons that "foreign war is hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread," and that France and Spain were on the watch, — possibly even before Franklin had hinted to him that the French minister was "extremely curious," and had suggested that France

"would like very well . . . to blow up the coals between Britain and her Colonies." Pitt himself took no pains to disguise his contempt for the ability of his contemporaries. He told the huge parliamentary majority, as represented by the Treasury, that their conduct had been "one continued series of weakness, temerity, despotism, ignorance, futility, negligence," and the "most notorious incapacity." Undeniably, as an administrative effort, the work of successive cabinets, for the five-and-twenty years subsequent to 1760, cannot rank high.

The root of the failure seems to have been that a succession of country gentlemen, or adventurers like Townsend, relied on a professional Civil Service and a military staff, both unfit for their places. The soldiers, especially, were grossly ignorant of the conditions they were called upon to face, from Braddock to Cornwallis.

Pitt, who knew his craft, had no delusions. In a debate, where he sought to obtain the repeal of the Stamp Act, he might say as a sop to wounded pride, "We may bind their trade, confine their manufactures, and exercise every power whatsoever, except that of taking money out of their pockets without their consent," but in his heart Pitt knew well enough that trade could not be bound without coercion, and that to coerce implied money and, consequently, taxation. To do him justice, Grenville, dull as he was, did not seek a revenue from America to spend in England; what he aimed at was to secure administrative efficiency in the Colonies.

Pitt saw that this could not be done without a war, in which England, at that time, could not advantageously engage. He would, therefore, have temporized; possibly, in the end, he might have been driven to concede a decentralized empire such as has since existed, and developed a state of affairs which Mr. Chamberlain judges to be intolerable. Yet whatever he did, he certainly would not have

provoked a conflict with an inadequate army, with insufficient resources, and with a powerful foreign foe ready to spring. Perhaps no act of equal folly has been committed by any great nation of modern times, which had a choice fairly open to it.

The most impressive phenomenon was the obtuseness of Parliament. They could not see the danger, even in defeat. The Stamp Act had to be repealed since it could not be enforced. There was no reliable police in America, and even with troops the towns of the interior were beyond reach. The whole country was in insurrection, and yet, in the face of declared insubordination, Englishmen did not first accumulate a resistless army and then adopt a policy which would divide the Colonies by favoring one Province at the cost of another; they passed resolutions which, though inoperative, served to consolidate the adversary. In 1667 Charles Townsend, amidst general enthusiasm, brought in his famous bill for raising a revenue by taxing, among other things, tea. At the same time he provided for a Board of Commissioners who should enforce the law.

Like Grenville, instead of sending regiments, he tried petty bribery. The duty on tea in England stood at 1s. the pound. Townsend remitted this impost and substituted 3d. payable in America. Thus England lost in any event, for she could have collected cheaply and certainly in London before reexport. The 3d. duty paid abroad raised the price slightly above the cost at which the Dutch could smuggle, and left the English dealer with tainted wares which were also undersold.

Before, however, any effort could be made to levy the tax on tea the preliminary question had to be determined as to whether the Commissioners would be permitted to exercise their functions at all. A question which was practically decided in the negative, within a few months, in the case of the sloop *Liberty*.

In March, 1764, Parliament had laid

duties on Madeira wine, with heavy penalties for evasion. As the duties were not thought oppressive, and as the statute, so far as it went, was a relaxation of the Navigation Acts, since it sanctioned direct trade, the tax had sometimes been paid, and sometimes not, according to the feelings of the importer. What touched Massachusetts, however, was the substantial freedom of the port. The people cared little about the theory of an imperial policy. The Commissioners might take what was given them, but they could not be permitted to use force.

On November 5, 1767, the Board arrived at Boston, and for some months kept quiet, but in March, 1768, a cargo of Madeira was landed and carted through the streets under so strong a guard that no revenue officer cared to interfere. Thereupon the Commissioners decided to assert themselves. On May 9, John Hancock's sloop *Liberty* came into port with a cargo of one hundred and twenty-seven pipes of Madeira, worth £30 a pipe. The duty was £7 the ton. Hancock declared a few hogsheads, smuggled a hundred or more, and began reloading. On June 10, the Comptroller, Hallowell, obtained a force of marines from the *Romney*, man-of-war, in the harbor, and seized the vessel. There was resistance enough to make the guard threaten to fire, but finally the sailors cut the sloop loose and towed her under the guns of the ship. Then a riot broke out, the mob pursued the Comptroller and Inspector to their homes, broke their windows, and burned their boat. The Commissioners fled for protection to the *Romney*, and afterward moved to the Castle. The case of the *Liberty* came up the following January, and was defended by John Adams, largely on the ground of the nullity of parliamentary legislation passed without consent. Finally the government obtained judgment, and the sloop was sold and then commissioned as a revenue cutter. She afterward made some captures, which exasperated the people, and the

mob at Newport on July 19, 1769, scuttled and burned her. Bernard was completely intimidated. The next time he had to make a seizure he took care to leave the ship where she could be rescued, and then wrote to Hillsborough that "every seizure made or attempted to be made on land in Boston, for three years past, before these two instances, has been violently rescued or prevented."

The Commissioners explained their helplessness to the Treasury in London and asked for protection. Two regiments had already been ordered to Boston, numbering, possibly, a thousand men, and when the news of the seizure of the *Liberty* arrived, two more were added. The whole formed a contemptible force, but inadequate as it was, the 64th and 65th were sent to Halifax by the beginning of July, 1769, leaving a mere handful to overawe the hostile town. The result is well known. The citizens expelled them. On March 5, 1770, a sentry at the Custom House having been attacked, the guard, in self-defense, fired on the rioters. The facts were established at the subsequent trial. Nevertheless Hutchinson quailed before the threat of violence, and removed the garrison, which, indeed, was useless, and in danger of being massacred.

The defeat of the Commissioners and the feebleness of the administration checked much desire to enforce the clauses of the Townsend Act, under which the returns should have been large, for Americans drank tea freely. Hutchinson put the annual consumption in the Colonies at above 19,200 chests, and Burke estimated the trade to be worth £300,000 a year "at the least farthing." Hutchinson computed the loss of revenue at about £30,000 per annum, but assured the Treasury at the same time, that though "the Custom House officers on shore have strong inducements to do their duty," they are "really afraid of the rage of the people." This statement was doubtless true, since the Commissioners collected the first year only £295.

Under these circumstances Hutchinson could think of nothing better to advise than for Great Britain to accept the situation and undersell the Dutch; for it seemed to him certain that so long as Boston remained substantially a free port, the British East India Company could only hope to keep the market by inducements to buyers:—

"If the India Company had continued the sale of their teas at 2s. 2d. to 2s. 4d. . . . the Dutch trade would have been over by this time." But "I cannot help repeating to your Lordship that unless the East India Company bring the price of their teas so near to the price in Holland as to make the profit of importing teas from thence not equal to the risk, in a short time there will be scarce any teas imported from England."¹ "I am very sure not one in a hundred" smuggled chests "has been seized."

Meanwhile financiers in London saw that the congestion of trade must be relieved, or the India Company might go bankrupt. Townsend's Act, though nullified in the Colonies, had closed America as a vent to English exports of tea and much other Eastern merchandise, and had consequently dislocated exchanges. Upwards of 17,000,000 pounds of tea lay unsold in London, with the effect thus described by Franklin:—

"The [India] Company have accepted bills, which they find themselves unable to pay, though they have the value of two millions in tea and other India goods in their stores perishing under a want of demand; their credit thus suffering, and their stock falling one hundred and twenty per cent, whereby the government will lose the four hundred thousand pounds per annum, it having been stipulated that it should no longer be paid, if the dividend fell to that mark. And, although it is known that the American market is lost by continuing the duty on tea, and that we are supplied by the

¹ Letters of April and September, 1771, Mass. Hist. Soc. Proc. V, 19, pp. 134, 137.

Dutch, . . . yet the honour of government is supposed to forbid the repeal of the American tea duty; while the amount of all the duties goes on decreasing, so that the balance of this year does not . . . exceed eighty pounds, after paying the collection; not reckoning the immense expense of *guardacostas*, &c. ”¹

In this predicament the East India directors adopted Hutchinson’s recommendation, and proposed to Lord North to cut their price in the Colonies, if he would allow them to dispense with middle-men, and trade at first hand. By statute the corporation had been required to sell its teas at auction in London; the directors now asked for leave to suppress the auction, and forward cargoes to their own agents. Lastly the directors begged that the government would collect the duty in England before reëxport, and abolish the American tariff; under such conditions they assured Lord North that they could pay a larger impost than 3d. and still compete with the Dutch.

Here came the final parting of the ways, and once more the British Cabinet blundered. They undertook again to administer without the force to coerce. The Americans insisted that their ports should be free; North proposed to so consign what amounted to being government goods, that a duty would certainly be collected, and evasion would no longer be possible. No one had objected to his tax on tea so long as the payment remained optional, and the Dutch article could be purchased by those who preferred. Yet any capable minister would have recognized that a system under which the government itself should compete in the market, and collect its own revenue, would be trebly offensive; first, in indirectly aiming to suppress smuggling; second, in providing a revenue for the payment of officials; and third, in injuring native merchants, by official consignments.

¹ Franklin to Galloway, 2 Dec. 1772, Works, vol. viii. 24.

Oblivious of the fate of the Stamp Act, of the Commissioners, and of the soldiers, North accomplished his destiny. Every child knows the sequel. The India Company sent the tea to its own agents, among whom were Hutchinson’s sons. On its arrival Samuel Adams organized what would now be called a Committee of Safety, and thrust the royal government aside. He demanded the immediate return to London of the tea. Hutchinson then made his capital error and refused the ships the permit to pass the fort, without unloading; whereupon Adams’s men sacked the vessels.

Nothing further could be done, for the government could make no arrests. Hutchinson, therefore, gave notice to the Earl of Dartmouth that process could not be served, and that revolution had supervened:—

“There is no prospect of any notice of the late extravagances in the town of Boston, the Grand Jurors . . . being persons who were among the principal promoters of the meetings which occasioned the destruction of the tea, and were undoubtedly selected to prevent any prosecutions.” He added that no one would support him in enforcing the law, unless “they could be sure of protection. . . . Matters, they say, are now carried to such a length, that either order will be restored to the government by the interposition of the authority in England, or we shall take it for granted they intend to yield to the demands of the leaders of the people here, and suffer the independence they lay claim to.”²

For many years after the rupture of her empire England did not suffer, because she did not lose her vent. First, she was protected in her market by the imperfect cohesion of the United States which left them at her mercy; second, she long retained a considerable industrial advantage because of her compact territory and the advantageous position

² Diary and Letters of Thomas Hutchinson, vol. i. 114.

of her mines. By 1790, when the career of the United States as a consolidated power began, Great Britain had, substantially, finished her canal system, which enabled her to put her manufactures on the market at prices which defied competition.

Perhaps America reached her lowest point in the struggle for existence during the years immediately after the peace, before external pressure had overcome the repulsion among the parts. Then for a period England seemed likely to win by hostile tariffs a victory which she had lost in war. Even Washington, who was a good man of business, and no alarmist, thought us on the point of fulfilling the "predictions of our enemies," who said, "'Leave them to themselves, and their governments will soon dissolve.'"

As long as this method of attack promised success the English saw little merit in the doctrines of Adam Smith, although they were then, probably, in a position to dominate international exchanges as completely as at any subsequent epoch. On the contrary, the United Kingdom waged such an unrelenting war upon American commerce and industry that all men of practical good sense were convinced that the States must consolidate, so as to defend themselves, or perish. Washington lamented daily the binding power of tradition, which made us fear centralization; therefore "our brightest prospects, and that high expectation, which was entertained of us by the wondering world, are turned into astonishment; and, from the high ground on which we stood, we are descending into the vale of confusion and darkness."

In 1789 the instinct of self-preservation induced the revolted Colonies to do what Franklin had despaired of. In 1760 he thought, "their jealousy of each other" was too great for union. And he intimated that as they hated each other more than they hated the mother country, it was unlikely they would unite against her. In a general way, Frank-

lin was right. The cohesion of the United States has been the effect of the unsuccessful attack of England. The results of her policy can be traced from the outset. One of the first financial documents of importance issued under Washington was the celebrated Report on Manufactures by Hamilton, which began thus:—

"The expediency of encouraging manufactures in the United States, which was not long since deemed very questionable, appears at this time to be pretty generally admitted." "The restrictive regulations, which, in foreign markets, abridge the vent of the increasing surplus of our agricultural produce, serve to beget an earnest desire that a more extensive demand for that surplus may be created at home," and also a hope that by protection to manufactures there may be "an accession of resources, favorable to national independence and safety."

Yet infinite patience and self-denial are required of a people who would turn themselves voluntarily from an agricultural into an industrial community; and, not impossibly, America might still be the vent of the British economic system, buying manufactures and selling raw material to a dominant market, had not Great Britain, herself, stopped the possibility of importation. When trade restrictions failed of their effect, the United Kingdom once again tried war. Her policy toward Mr. Jefferson admits of no other interpretation. Jefferson had a passion for peace; to keep peace he would submit to any humiliation, undergo any insult or hardship; but he could not placate his adversary. The more he cringed, the more he disarmed, the more aggressive Great Britain grew. No outrage was ever more wanton than the capture of the Chesapeake by the Leopard, and though that outrage was in a manner disowned, it made war inevitable. Then the purpose for which the war was waged was avowedly for the dismemberment of the Union. Not only was this purpose

declared daily in the press, but the dismemberment of the Union was demanded as terms of peace at Ghent. Lord Castlereagh insisted on the cession of the larger part of the Mississippi Valley and the whole shore of the Lakes. Also there is reason to believe that in this, as in the Revolutionary war, Great Britain might have succeeded had the military staff been better educated.

As we contemplate Mr. Madison's administration we marvel how the United States survived; for the national life, at one moment, seemed flickering.

Franklin's premonition appeared to be verified; the States did hate one another more than they hated the common foe. Jefferson's embargo prostrated New England's commerce, therefore Massachusetts prepared for secession, and refusing to aid the government with militia or money, determined to renounce her allegiance. Madison was helpless; a population of 7,000,000 could not keep 30,000 men in the field, and the handful of national soldiers who defended the Northern frontier were abandoned in the face of a superior enemy. In 1814 Major General Brown of the regular army won the brilliant actions of Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie. At the crisis of the campaign, four days after the repulse of Drummond's assault at Erie, this officer wrote to the Secretary of War: "I very much doubt if a parallel can be found for the state of things existing on this frontier. A gallant little army struggling with the enemies of their country, and devoting their lives for its honor and its safety, left by that country to struggle alone, and that within sight and within hearing."

When we seek the cause of America's safety we find it disclosed in Wellington's letter to Castlereagh of November 9, 1814. Therein he gave his opinion that the king could not demand a cession of territory because his Northern army had not forced the American lines, and because his navy had not established a "superiority on the Lakes."

That the British invasion failed was not due therefore to the energy or to the patriotism of the civil population, for no historical fact is better established than that, in this emergency, the civil population was either apathetic or disaffected. It was due altogether to the national army and navy which Mr. Jefferson had not succeeded in destroying. Hence it would seem to be demonstrated that, up to 1815, the organization of a national armament had been the most important achievement of the people, since, but for that, the national functions would have collapsed. With the peace of 1815 an era closed. Great Britain admitted defeat, and thereafter abandoned the hostile policy which she had persisted in for forty years. Nevertheless, so far as her own interests were concerned, the mischief had been done. Between 1808 and 1815 America had no choice but to manufacture for herself. She then adopted Hamilton's system, which she never abandoned.

In the words of Professor Taussig: "During the war, intercourse with England was prohibited, and all import duties were doubled."¹ It is sufficient here to note that the restrictive legislation of 1808-1815 was, for the time being, equivalent to extreme protection. The consequent rise of a considerable class of manufacturers, whose success depended largely on the continuance of protection, formed the basis of a strong movement for more decided limitation of foreign competition.

By 1830 both the cotton and woolen industries were firmly rooted, and by 1840 anthracite had been utilized for smelting. In 1831 Massachusetts had 340,000 spindles, in 1845 over 800,000. In 1840 America produced 300,000 tons of pig, in 1846, 650,000.

If the free-trade movement in England be allowed to have set in with the reformed Parliament of 1833 which remodeled the East India Company and

¹ Tariff History of the United States, 17.

opened the Eastern trade, and to have culminated with the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, it appears that the rise of American industry corresponds precisely with the advent of Cobden, the peace party, and the Manchester school. In 1842 Cobden declared that cotton and "ironmongery" had fallen thirty per cent in less than ten years, and yet the "ironmonger is to take his goods and to exchange them" for food "at the present high price of corn." He clamored for cheap sugar and bread as the only means by which England could make head against competition. The vent having been partially closed by the American tariff, the margin of profit narrowed, and to make good the deficiency to the industrial community the agriculturists were deliberately sacrificed.

Another generation passed, and the effects had become plain to all save Englishmen. Steadily, as the United States became more self-sufficing, England's Food Bill rose, and the profit from her sales of manufactures relatively declined, until she has reached a position which Mr. Chamberlain thinks untenable. Also with the destruction of the rural population the well-known symptoms of physical decay began, which were observed as long ago as the age of Augustus. As Chatham said in his speech on the Port Bill: "Trade increases the wealth and glory of a country; but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivators of the land." The deduction from these premises is that the English Empire, like the Roman, failed to achieve its full development through defeat in war.

Experience, apparently, shows that economic systems grow automatically by adhesion, like other cohesive masses, until, in the process of absorption, they meet a resistance not to be overcome. Nothing in the universe is stationary, and when expansion ends disintegration begins. Ordinarily the check has come through insufficient military energy when

it has been necessary for the common welfare to extend the central administration over an outlying region. These inferences admit of application to the United States.

The United States has aimed, like all empires, at being self-sufficing. She has met with unusual success because, while steadily expanding, she has reduced the cost of manufactures to a parity with the cost elsewhere. She has succeeded, not by lowering the scale of living of her population, but by increasing their efficiency. She has accelerated the social movement, and has carried consolidation to unparalleled intensity. Perhaps the best measure of that intensity may be steel architecture. We concentrate in the steel cage of four-and-twenty stories the energy which a decade since was diffused over a short street; and through this concentration comes economy in space, in time, and in energy. By equivalent methods in railways, foundries, and farms, we cause labor to produce more here than abroad. If the scale of the modern building be applied it would be from four to six fold.

The result may suffice, but it has been attained by changing our building material from wood, brick, or stone, to steel, and by this change we have altered the conditions upon which competition has heretofore existed. Cheap steel in quantities equal to brick and stone is now the basis of Western civilization. We may smelt approximately 20,000,000 tons of pig annually; should our progress last we shall consume from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 tons within fifty years. No one can foretell how long our mines will yield such amounts without a rise in the price of ore; but, in any event, an alternative seems likely to be presented to us. Either our mines will fail and we shall, like the Romans, have to seek minerals beyond our borders, or our abundance will constrain Europeans to do the like. If they find cheaper beds than ours we shall be undersold, and mines which are

undersold are, practically, exhausted. Hence the control of the most advantageous raw material is likely, in the future, to assume the importance between nations which it now has between rival corporations in the United States. Nevertheless, as among nations, there is but one way in which the possession of prizes of this nature can be determined, and that is by force. Arbitration can only serve where strength is equally balanced, and the matter in dispute is not worth the price of the conflict. So far as we now know the district in which iron can be produced cheapest and in unlimited volume is Northern China. Russia is, at present, massing several hundred thousand men in Eastern Asia preparatory to an attempt to crush Japan and absorb this region. Each citizen can judge for himself what attitude befits the United States in this emergency.

Furthermore, as industries acquire momentum the necessity for a vent grows imperative; Germany feels this necessity. Germany and Russia form together an overland economic system stretching from the Pacific to the North Sea. In the main the interests of the two empires are identical. Meeting in Central Europe, the adjoining ends of these empires are fixed, but the extremities are free, and thus Russia expands toward Peking, and Germany seeks to enter South America. But South America is the last continent at once rich, vacant, in the path of exchanges, and accessible. Also South America is the only certain vent for our surplus in the future, as Asia is the only certain base from whence we can draw raw material. Should Russia absorb Northern China, and by means of German capital and talent establish an industrial centre there, and should Germany occupy South America and develop it with Chinese steel, the overland economic system would girdle the world, and the United States would suffocate. Both base and vent would be closed.

Dreams of peace have always allured

mankind to their undoing. Human destiny has been wrought out through war. The United States is an illustration. Little of the soil which now acknowledges the sovereignty of the Union has not been subdued by arms. The first settlers slew the Indians, or were themselves slain; next the Americans and English conquered the French; afterward the Americans turned on the English and, with the aid of France, ejected them. In 1812 we again fought the English to defend the national unity, and subsequently took California from Mexico by the sword. To consolidate an homogeneous empire we crushed the social system of the South, and lastly we cast forth Spain. The story is written in blood, and common sense teaches us that as the past has been, so will be the future. Nature has decreed that animals shall compete for life, or, in other words, destroy or be destroyed. We can hope for no exemption from the common lot.

As the economic system, of which the Union forms the heart, stretches across oceans toward other continents, in obedience to its law of being, it must encounter rivals also seeking treasure. At the points where the roads converge there will almost certainly be conflicts, as there was at Pittsburg between the French and English, and then he who recoils is lost. Victory in such cases usually means high fortune, and defeat signifies ruin. It is the lesson of Wolfe and Montcalm, or of Adams and Hutchinson.

In these crucial moments races either develop genius or sink into imbecility, and the time when the people of the United States may be again tried is uncertain. Now they can arm and be ready, or they can elect the placid life which leaves the future to chance. Inertia blasted Rome under Augustus, and an easy self-complacency fostered those delusions as to the power of England which bewildered Townsend and Lord North.

The tale of Rome is threadbare; that of England is still new. If our people would know the price which Great Britain is now paying for defeats a century

old, they may learn it in Mr. Chamberlain's manifestoes, or in the report of the Inspector General of Recruiting on the degeneracy of the British army.

Brooks Adams.

THE PROBLEM OF THE AMERICAN HISTORIAN.

THE essays on history are a confusing sort of literature. Whoever seeks in such writings a systematic philosophy of the past or a standard of values in human experience will be woefully disappointed. What is more surprising, if one inquire solely about the right method and the true purpose of historical studies, the enlightenment one gets is but slight and dubious. The treatises, while they all emphasize the difficulty of the historian's task, do not seem to agree at all concerning the nature of it, or its aim, or its scope, or the best way to go practically about it. Even on what is perhaps the oldest of all the questions that ever have been raised concerning it, the question, namely, whether it should be philosophical and interpretative or merely narrative and accurate, there is no agreement reached; some of the writers seeming to feel that the historian is bound to take upon himself the fairly godlike rôle of interpreter, that is to say, teleologist, of the past, while others seem to be equally firm that he ought to hold himself with a rigorous, impersonal modesty to his lesser function of investigator and chronicler of facts.

But it has been pointed out that his task, even in the least expanded acceptance of it, involves a daunting exercise of judgment. Through the obvious necessity to choose from the mass of his material he is driven upon a sort of interpretation. In the proportions of his work, in his allotments of space and emphasis, in countless unconscious manifestations of sympathy and repulsion, in his very restraints and forbearances, his at-

titude toward his subject is revealed. However he may strive to keep himself out of his work, he cannot do it. What he chooses to tell, and how he tells it, so much is his, is he. And yet, unavoidable as these questions of what and how are seen to be, quite apart from the whys and wherefores, there is no closer approach to a consensus on them than there is on the whole meaning and teaching of the past. In the entire field covered by the discussions of history there is scarcely to be found a single *res adjudicata*, a single universally accepted canon.

But the writers, differing as they do on all the specific points in controversy, seem to be agreed, nevertheless, that there are canons, if they could only be formulated, that there is a standard, if it could only be defined. Let any historian set to work attacking the contentions of another, or defending his own, and it is ten to one his language will imply that there is a way of dealing with the past which is "history," and that all other ways are wrong. The other historian's work is interesting, brilliant perhaps, he will say; or, on the other hand, he will pronounce it undeniably accurate, unimpeachably respectable, and consonantly dull. But in either case he is sure it is not "history." When, for example, Buckle announced that he had formulated a "science of history," Droysen was one of the first to explode his pretensions, and spared no ridicule in the refutation; but in that very same essay Droysen himself advanced many of the ideas which afterwards, when he had collected and

ordered them, he ventured to call *The Principles of History*.

Not long ago, it was because of inaccuracy in details that this true quality of history was most frequently denied to historical writings. Nowadays, one seems to hear more of insight, imagination, and sympathy; even of skill in presentation, and of literary style. But there is no agreement, probably there would be no way to phrase an agreement if it were reached, concerning the relative importance of these two parts or aspects of the historian's work. Perhaps we shall never get a better saying on the matter than a quiet remark of Parkman in his introduction to what is still, on the whole, the best performance any American has ever made in history. The utmost care and patience in the study of all sources of information is, he said, indispensable — and inadequate. The philosophers will, no doubt, continue to find fault with the story-tellers, and the "dry-as-dusts" to debate with the "romancers," so long as history shall continue to be written.

Three books¹ which have appeared within the year invite Americans who care about the history of their country to consider anew the question of the best way to write it. President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton has essayed to cover the entire field in a single narrative of moderate length. A number of English and American scholars have collaborated to the same end in a group of essays and narratives which make up the seventh volume of *The Cambridge Modern History*. With the posthumous publication of John Fiske's *Essays, Historical and Literary*, we have before us, it seems, all that we shall ever have from the pen of a very pleasing writer who has left

untouched scarcely a single period of our American past. It happens, also, that President Wilson, in an essay published several years ago, Lord Acton, who planned *The Cambridge Modern History*, in his inaugural discourse as Regius Professor at Cambridge, and Fiske, in one of the papers in these last two volumes of his, have all three set forth at some length their views of historical work.

It is scarcely to be believed, however, that the particular example of coöperation presented by this volume of the Cambridge series will help us in any positive way to a notion of what the best possible history of the United States will be like; for the best possible history will not, one feels sure, prove to be a coöperative enterprise.² Even the late Justin Winsor, though himself the editor of the most important coöperative work we have, freely admitted that no conceivable advantage of coöperation could ever compensate for the disappearance of the personal historian. After all, a coöperative history can be nothing more than a series of separate histories, or of separate essays, or of both. There is a great convenience in such a collection, so arranged as to make a complete survey of a subject or a period; but it is preposterous to suppose that the extremely difficult problem of historical presentation has been solved by so simple and mechanical a device. It was the individual contributors to the seventh volume of *The Cambridge Modern History* who had to face that problem, not the editors of the series. To compare the several styles and methods of these contributors would be a more practical approach to it than to attempt a judgment of the entire volume. The principle of *E pluribus unum*

¹ *A History of the American People*. By WOODROW WILSON. 5 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1903.

The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. VII. *The United States*. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Essays, Historical and Literary. By JOHN FISKE. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

² In the *Atlantic* for February, 1903, Professor Emerton pointed out, very simply and convincingly, some of the reasons why.

will not deliver even an American historian from his vexations.

But the method and style of the better known of these contributors is more fully exhibited in books which are wholly their own. When we have made every possible concession to the encyclopædical plan, it remains true that a man will ordinarily write his own book better than he will write a part of a book which is not to be all his own. To consider carefully President Wilson's narrative and the way he wrote it, to take account of that part of John Fiske's lifework which began with his *Old South Lectures* and which ended, "shorn and parceled," in the fragmentary essays now before us, is no doubt a better way to approach the particular problem of the American historian than any we can find through the labors of Lord Acton and his successors.

One need not be of the number of those who, joining to a tithe of Fiske's ability neither greater industry nor a higher purpose, have consistently decried his work in history, in order to perceive that these two volumes will not strengthen his claim to a high place among American historians. A sincere admirer may very well question the propriety of publishing in this form papers which were originally prepared for other uses and connections. One might even question the wisdom of publishing at all several which are apparently little more than working models. At least, however, their appearance may serve to assure us that nothing of Fiske's which ought to be given to the public is withheld. The essay on *New and Old Ways of Treating History* is one of those which seem unfinished; it can hardly be taken as a complete expression of Fiske's ideas about his work. To treat it controversially would be unfair. Its principal value is in the light it throws, particularly if we consider it with a constant reference in our minds to his actual performance, on his own method in history. Fortunately, perhaps, for himself and for his work,

Fiske, though much of his time was given to lecturing, did not at any time, I believe, conduct a seminary in history. We may well suppose, however, that if he ever had sat at the head of a seminary table and talked informally with the students gathered about him on the general aspects of their work and his, he would have talked as he has written in this paper.

It is significant, even though we take the discourse to be incomplete, that there is scarcely a word in it about the writing of history. So far, it confirms the strongest impression which the present writer got from Fiske's conversation. For my instant reflection on first hearing him was that I understood at last how he wrote the way he did. He talked the same way. It is entirely probable that he could neither have talked nor written any other way if he had tried. Once, when he and Justin Winsor spoke in public on the same occasion, — a meeting held in memory of Parkman, — the contrast between the two in the matter of naturalness was very marked.

The contrast in the same respect between Fiske's narrative style and President Wilson's is scarcely less marked. In the final sentence of his essay on *The Truth of the Matter*, in *Mere Literature*, President Wilson said: "There is an art of lying; there is equally an art — an infinitely more difficult art — of telling the truth." One feels concerning Fiske, however, that if he exercised any art at all in writing history, it was an extraordinarily unconscious sort of art. If there was any conscious art whatsoever, then it must have been profoundly subtle — far too subtle to be reconciled with one's impression of the man himself — to attain so completely the effect of artlessness. Several of these papers are, as I have said, mere rough sketches and outlines, based on incomplete investigation, which he would surely have amplified and changed in many details; but no one in the least familiar with his fin-

ished work could doubt for a moment that they are his. The style is as unmistakable as his voice or his handwriting. To have written in any other style would have been, for him, like disguising his handwriting or his voice. In the presentation of his thought he was as free from artifice, not to speak of affectation, as a peasant or a king. There is neither straining nor restraint. He is never dull, but one would scarcely use such a word as brilliant to describe his happiest effects.

"Brilliant" is, on the other hand, the very first word one applies to the work of President Wilson. That praise cannot be denied — or spared. And it is impossible to believe that the effect is unconsciously attained, as a sort of unearned increment of his labors in the searching out and setting forth of the truth. One feels that, however well he has builded, he builded no better than he knew. Perhaps the quickest and keenest mind now at play on our American past, confessedly regardful of all that can be accomplished in the way of impressionistic statement, he was, one would say, the best writer we had among us to try, with a narrative of the whole course of our development, an experiment of that particular theory of historical composition which he himself had so eloquently advanced. For in the days when the German influence was at its height in all our academic circles, when the document threatened to win here the same dominance which it had already at the German universities, when the historians of both continents seemed to be trying, as Lord Acton acquiescingly explained, "to develop learning at the expense of writing," and to elevate history by subduing the historian, President Wilson's work was to many of us a source of comfort and of hope. He continued steadfastly to treat scholarship as a means, not an end, and to regard history as a branch of literature rather than of science. But a great and successful attempt in the writing of history would have done

more to establish his position than any reasoning or eloquence could do. The attempt which he has made was certainly big enough. It was so big, in truth, that one might consider he was courting absolute success or failure when he set about it.

But history is no more the domain of the absolute than politics — or life. We need not use such a word as failure when we admit that the adherents of the document will possibly find in minor inaccuracies of the work more to confirm them in their loyalty than we can find in its larger merits to fortify us in our different faith. To contribute fresh details of knowledge was, apparently, no part of the design, nor can it have been a principal ambition of the author to keep his work immaculately free from little mistakes. But the book, fair as it is on points of controversy, spacious and catholic and guiltless of conscious partisanship, and everywhere of a lively intelligence, is nowhere profoundly philosophical and sagacious. Readable it is, also, particularly if one take it by episodes and topics, less so if one go on steadily to the end; but it does not stir, absorb, elevate, depress. It is welcome, for no other book at all comparable to it covers the whole great field; welcome even in the cheapening dress, garish with frippery, unedifying illustrations, in which the publishers have clothed it. But if we try it by the simplest test, the only test which the mass of readers ever employ, the test by which we all form our genuine opinions of books, however we may afterward elaborate and explain them, — the test of its hold on our own attention, the appeal it makes to our own intelligence and sympathies, — we shall not think of setting it beside the work say of Parkman in American, or of Green in English history.

If we go on to account for our feeling, we may very well reflect that these two, like other still more famous historians, gave themselves to their tasks with an extraordinarily complete devotion, pursu-

ing them through years of patient toil; and it is but fair to consider that in so singularly varied and active an academic career as President Wilson's — the academic career in America being what it is — such absorption in a single task may have been simply impossible. The fame of a historian is not to be won but by the longest of wooings. It is scarcely too much to say that no really great work in history was ever less than a lifework. Even a lifetime may be vainly devoted to this ambition, and the highest powers wasted upon it, unless either Fate vouchsafe the man his share of ordinary human incitements to do his best, and spare him the worst temptations to despair, or else there be in the man himself a singular tenacity and fixedness of purpose. So much of good fortune or of character being granted, it is not alone in the erudition of his work, but in the entire quality of it, that the sacrifice of his years will be found to have availed. Even for the uninstructed reader, careless of footnotes, it will not have been made in vain. It will be manifest not merely in the impregnable accuracy of the narrative, but in the tone and elevation of it, as in that "air of matured power, of grave and melancholy reflection," which Macaulay praised in Thucydides.

The mere fact that he cannot have been long about it goes far, no doubt, to account for our disappointment in President Wilson's performance. But when all has been said that can be said on that score, his manner and style in narrative, particularly if one contrast it with the manner and style of Fiske, is a matter of much interest. For it is not merely that these two, whom many of us would choose from the mass of our recent historians to compare with the historians of other countries who have written as men of letters, may have held differing views concerning the best way to write about the past. We should, no doubt, be very careful not to over-estimate the part which any theories of composition they

may have held actually played in this work; for we know too well that good writers very often break the rules they set themselves, and to the bettering of their books. Here, however, we have not merely two plans, two theories of historical composition, but two manners and styles, two ways of writing history, which differ quite plainly. It should not be entirely impracticable to take account of the difference with a reasonable sureness of one's ground, notwithstanding that there are many other things which should enter into a complete comparison of the two writers.

A comparison on that point alone must, I think, prove favorable to Fiske. Taken paragraph by paragraph, President Wilson's writing is more likely to impress one with the writer's skill than Fiske's is. That is why we call it brilliant. It shines. But the narrative, meanwhile, does not hold the reader as Fiske's does. The continuous flow of skillful sentences actually tends to draw one's attention away from the matter in them. They sometimes come between the reader and the story which they tell; and, after all, it is the story, not the English, which one means to read. One naturally asks, therefore, why it is that a writer of such gifts and sympathies as President Wilson has shown, certainly not unmindful that brilliancy may be a fault, and bent, no doubt, on suiting the manner to the matter, the tone to the occasions, the pace to the progress of the theme, — why he has not succeeded better in a thing which he had so carefully studied out the best way to do? To put the matter as simply as possible, why is it that his way of telling us the history of our country is not on the whole so good a way as Fiske's, whose way was, apparently, to tell it as he talked?

Of course, we are speaking now of two literary styles, and for the moment our consideration of them need not be affected by the circumstance that they are employed in history. All that we

can decide, perhaps, is what one so frequently decides when a similar question is raised, — that the simpler, the more natural style proves in the long run the more acceptable. We might, however, go a little further, and find in the present comparison another instance favorable to the definition of literary style as a gift, a characteristic; as a thing comparable to one's physical bearing, to the trick of one's gait. President Wilson, who could probably come nearer telling us why and how he writes as he does than Fiske could have told us the same things about himself, who is, perhaps, more of a stylist than Fiske was, has a less distinctive and habitual style of his own than Fiske had. What he writes to-day is not so sure to be like what he wrote yesterday or ten years ago.

But the point which is of most value seems to be this: one may indorse every dictum in President Wilson's essay on *The Truth of the Matter* that bears on style in history, and still conclude that the truth of that matter, like "the truth of history" itself, is — beyond our ken. Take, for example, his general proposition that what the historian as a matter of fact does is to convey impressions of the past. It can hardly be gainsaid. But when we go on to argue that his method should therefore be impressionistic, what we know of the method of great narrators, great story-tellers, makes us doubtful lest we be leaving something out of the reckoning; and that something, I should be inclined to say, is nature. Was Walter Scott an impressionist — with his "big bow-wow"? Or Macaulay, who was so lacking in subtlety? Or Froissart? Or Herodotus? If our reasoning were correct, should we not have to decide that even to the historian a marked style of his own must prove, in fact, an encumbrance, a thing to be got rid of altogether? Must not he also, like the dramatist, make use of all styles, but have none of his own?

Here, I think, the peculiar nature of

the historian's task, the distinctive characteristics of history as a branch of literature, come into the argument. For the historian's aim is not, after all, purely literary, purely artistic. Granted that to do his work the best way he must be an artist, there is always upon him the duty of loyalty to another sort of truth than the truth of art. He is bound to tell the plain truth also. His imagination must serve, not control. He must tell what actually happened in former times; it is not enough to show what might have happened. Committed thus to the known facts, he is also hedged about by ignorance. Granted that through the power of imagination he may see his subject as the artist does, that he may see the past as a sort of whole, he has not the freedom to deal with it as if he were entirely artist, and nothing more. The difference between his task and the tasks of his fellows, the novelists, the dramatists, the poets, consists chiefly in the obligation he is under to distinguish between so much of the whole as he knows in ordinary ways and so much as he can only imagine or divine. His conscience will be forever telling him so; and the effect will be to keep within comparatively narrow bounds whatever impressionism he may employ. Carlyle's observation concerning narrative as a means to represent the past — that it is only a line, and must go straight on, while life stretches out in all directions — is also of moment. Whatever impressionism is possible to the mere teller, the mere narrator, must be accomplished with little of reproduction, little of verisimilitude, since his representation of the past lacks two dimensions. In any attempt to define the sort of writing about the past which is history, we must, I think, begin by admitting that history can only represent the past by the use of facts which are known in ordinary ways. The narrative falls short of history if it fails to convey a real knowledge and sense of the past; but it goes beyond the privilege

and function of history if it displays for facts things that are not known in ordinary ways.

And the peculiar obligation and restraint of the historian affects the manner as well as the matter of his discourse. He is bound to be frank with his readers as the poet or novelist is not. He will find, or his readers will, that he serves them best, his limitations being what they are, by speaking with his own voice and in his natural manner; by giving to all his own impressions of the past a natural expression, and trusting them in turn to work, in a natural way, their right impression on other minds. He is at too great a disadvantage, as compared with other artists in literature, in respect of his rights with his subject, to take such liberties with his readers as they take with theirs.

And this, it appears, is the plan and method in narrative which the best examples likewise commend to us; this is the way and wont of the best story-tellers who try to tell the truth, whether with the pen or by word of mouth. Nor does it, as matter of fact, make so very great a difference that the historian writes his story instead of reciting it, as he once did. Let it be read aloud, and it will not seem so changed as to indicate that the art of writing it down is essentially different from the art of telling it. The possibilities of illusion, of impressionism, are scarcely greater in the written discourse than in the spoken. They are probably not so great. In either case, the historian remains simply a narrator, a teller. Such devices, for example, as President Wilson suggests when he says that one ought to set forth the events of a past age as if one were living in the midst of them, seem to me as false art in the one case as in the other. That would be more like acting. To be consistent, ought not one also, if one were reciting before an audience, to wear the costume of one's period, speak its language? Speaking or writing, ought one not to discard all

knowledge, and every habit of thought, which did not belong to the period? With all these things which characterized his period the historian ought, no doubt, to be familiar. It were well, if it were possible, that he should be so familiar with them that he could, in imagination, live the very life which he portrays. But for him they are none the less things to be told, not to be lived, just as the events are also to be told, and not to be acted. Surely, recent writers of history have not gained, in comparison with the great and simple masters, by resorting to the devices of the novelist and of the playwright; devices which in fiction and the drama are no doubt right and proper, but which in history are like darkening the room in the daytime and bringing in the candles. Impressionism in history is too suggestive of the use of stimulants to heighten our interest, or of hypnotism to get us over time and space; whereas the real masters move us profoundly without such artifice. They are entirely respectful to time and space. They spread no magic carpet for our feet, make no pretense of transporting us into other lands and ages. They stand frankly beside us in our own time, on our own ground, and look back with us "over the centuries and the seas."

I cannot help questioning, therefore, whether it ever is advisable or even permissible to employ any sort of illusion in history. Attempts in that way to heighten the reader's interest, or to vivify the representation of the past, or to convey subtly, by suggestion, what it may be hard to set forth plainly, will sometimes, and for a little while, seem to be successful. But in the repetition they are sure to grow tiresome. Effects so obtained fall short of the power and permanence which belong only to the natural. In so far as the discussions of history aim to increase the power of historical narrative by the discovery of new ways to tell the truth about the past, I am persuaded that they are vain.

The peculiar restraint which is im-

posed upon the historian as an artist, and which commends to him the frank and natural style in narrative, is scarcely less an ethical than an artistic restraint. To state what it is, clearly and precisely, is difficult; but the essence of it is, that he cannot exercise anything like authority over his subject. And that, certainly, is the feeling into which one comes after prolonged study of the past. No man can ever attain such a mastery of the past, or any part of it, as to justify him in departing entirely from that specific information concerning it, those facts and characteristics of it, through which he has arrived at his own understanding of it, in order to present it more convincingly to other minds. If he can only make his reader also aware of what happened, and from what reasonable causes, and after what fashion of occurrence, he will do well. Any such insight and hindsight and foresight as they attempt who would fain discover "the meaning of history" would be nothing less than a complete mastery of life. It would carry along with it all science and all theology. And he who pretends to understand completely any considerable part of the past, to see a clear plan and meaning in it, pretends no less than if he claimed to understand the whole. For where is he to stop if he begin to interpret in that omniscient way? Surely it is better, in any attempt at interpretation, to proceed after the modest, ever inquiring fashion of the real masters, not in history alone, but in science as well, neither assuming nor denying that there is a comprehensive plan. If the historian have a conviction, he will do better to state it as his conviction, and nothing more, than to work it so intimately into the narrative that it cannot be disentangled and considered by itself. To exercise so great an authority as that over his subject, to take so great a liberty with the mind of his reader, is not honest, even in a master: it matters not whether in that unfair way he seeks

to establish more firmly the basis of the moral order, or, like Macaulay, to justify a party, or merely to make his narrative more impressive. The reader, if he discover the practice, will not condone it, however he may seem to profit by it. To rest upon authority is, no doubt, pleasant; but the sense of security one gets after a while from the perfect honesty of one's guide is in the long run far better. It is the things that are told us in the simplest honesty, with whatever confessions of ignorance may be necessary, that help us most to understand the life about us; and I know not why the same thing should not be true of past life. A peculiar and extreme example of this sort of honesty in history is found in the career of the late Lord Acton. For he believed, it seems, in the deep moral significance of all history, and held the true goal of historical studies to be nothing less than a complete interpretation of the past, and the laying bare of the whole plan of human development. But though he himself spent his lifetime in all manner of diligent inquiry, in the investigation of countless sources, he never was satisfied, apparently, with his mastery of any subject or period, and never would publish a book. His modesty was no doubt excessive, but one cannot live long in this world without coming to associate a degree of humility with any high form of honesty or of competency. It is they who see the deepest into life who keep the most of wonder in their eyes.

And if frankness, straightforwardness, naturalness, do conduce to the value of historical narrative, and conduce also, on the whole, to the interest and the charm of it, they are not less conducive to another effect of it which is scarcely less important: an effect which it has in common with every other sort of work that is at all artistic. I mean, the effect of making life and humanity more impressive than we ordinarily find them: of enlarging and ennobling them. For

it is true that we take life and humanity in art otherwise than we take them in our daily experience. It is not our wont — unless we ourselves are artists — to invest the men and women about us with all that dignity and mystery and largeness which human figures wear in great pictures and statues and great books. Of course, the observation is far from new; but it deserves to be considered when one inquires how it is best to treat the past. For it can scarcely be questioned that in this respect the historian may and frequently does accomplish what artists of other sorts commonly accomplish.

Apart from the question of how he does it, the question of whether he ought to do it, the question of truthfulness, may not unreasonably be raised. Is it not incumbent on him, we might ask, to avoid this particular effect altogether, as he must avoid other delusions and illusions, and to keep humanity and life in that perspective in which we habitually see them, and to portray them in the light and on the scale of every day? Will not the duty of fairness, of impartiality which forbids him to champion particular men and causes, forbid him likewise even this partisanship, as one might say, of his whole subject?

If it were so judged, he might, indeed, together with the whole company of artists of every sort, of them that in any way reproduce life, plead, in excuse, a very high temptation. For it cannot be doubted that in this effect art plays to our nobleness and not to our vileness. To derive that sense of things from history is to be peculiarly fortified in all the worthier part of our natures. It is tonical to our bravest aspirations. And, conversely, there is no other way to weaken the high purposes of men half so effective as to induce in them the habit of seeing life as a mean affair of chance and physical reactions. Even to reason that there is no moral order whatsoever in the universe is not so hurtful to the moral

standards of individual men as to make them see themselves and all their fellows alike as but little things.

But perhaps a better defense for the historian who seems thus to enlarge his subject would be to point out that any serious study and careful record of the past of the race is absurd, and a waste of time, unless one has already a high conception of humanity, and finds, or at least wills to find, a great nobleness in life. For however considerable may be the practical uses of a knowledge of the past, I am persuaded that men do not, as a rule, give themselves to the study of it for any merely practical purpose whatsoever. It is rather from a grave curiosity that the historian sticks to his endless task. There are historical writers, it is true, but chiefly of the documentary and institutional school, whose work reflects no such feeling as this, and has no such effect as that we are considering. But these men are not historians in the sense that they reproduce the past, or portray mankind, at all. And this, perhaps, is also part of the distinction we may make between those writers on history who are, and those who are not, historians: that the one sort do, and the other sort do not, pursue their labors from the deep and natural concern they have about humanity and all that pertains to it, from that reverent and wondering curiosity about life which is the motive and inspiration of all art.

However that may be, the great narrative historians certainly do make us see life as tremendous and full of interest, and men, even in their follies and their weakness, as after all entirely noteworthy creatures. The effect is as clear after reading Thucydides or Gibbon as it is after reading Homer or Dante, or when one gazes upon great pictures. Perhaps a little reflection will enable us to see that, right or wrong, it is a natural, an inevitable effect of seeing life and humanity well portrayed. For what the portrayal, the reproduction, does for us is

to arrest for our completer observation what in ordinary experience we see but partially, or when we ourselves are so distracted that we cannot scrutinize and contemplate it. That in us which approves or disapproves the artist's work, so that, as has often been remarked, the artistic truth of it is a thing to be recognized, not proved, is probably memory. For memory does also enlarge and ennoble in the same way the artist does. The incidents of yesterday, of a year ago, of one's childhood, have not, in one's thought of them now, the pettiness and formlessness of what is happening before one's eyes to-day. In yesterday's meeting with my friend, nothing he said seemed notable, and there was little in his look and bearing even to suggest the immensity of his individual experience or the great mystery of his existence and of mine; but all that will be in my thought of him if memory bring him again before me, or if I look upon his portrait. Surely, then, we can ask no more of the narrative historian than that he deal with past life as faithfully as our memories do. We cannot blame him for magnifying his subject, since our minds, obedient to a law of their own, are constantly playing us the same trick — if, indeed, it is a trick. On the contrary, we ought to recognize in this very thing — a thing to be found in all accepted art, and most apparent in the highest — a sign of his membership in the brotherhood of artists.

It is a power which he has because he is an artist and a man of genius, a power not to be won by conformity to any rule of composition; but I think little question can be made that the effect is best accomplished by those historians who write of the past in that straightforward, natural way which on other grounds also we find to be the best. Honesty and simplicity are in themselves a sort of reverence for one's subject. He who builds in perfect sincerity will always build better than he knows. He will make his subject

seem larger that way than he can by any sort of authoritative manipulation of it, or any rhetorical parading to and fro before it. In these ways it may perhaps be magnified out of proportion to other parts of the past, but it is the simple, the natural, the entirely honest historian who invests it with the most of that magnitude and nobleness which life takes on in memory and in art. Compare the narratives of Homer, of Thucydides, of John Bunyan — to take three good examples of the manner I have in mind — with the best of the elaborative writing of our own time, and no one can fail to see how much more impressive incidents and characters are in the hands of these three than they are in the hands of our contemporaries. Of course, these three were great masters of narrative, and perhaps it is not fair to compare work which has come down to us only by reason of its extraordinary excellence with any but the work of other masters. But there is more in the matter than the disparity between genius and ordinary talents. Few would think of mentioning Fiske's *Discovery of America* in the same breath with these great narratives. But read his direct, simple, almost entirely circumstantial account of the first voyage of Columbus, and see if it does not surpass, in the largeness of the effect, as well as in the breathless interest of it, while one reads, any of the more elaborate and conscious attempts to impress one with the mighty issues committed to those little caravels. The manner and style of it is what is probably best described as natural; and in that respect, though not in the entire execution, it is not unlike the story of the Sicilian expedition in Thucydides.

It is from his constant use of this manner and style, scarcely less than from his extraordinary memory, his industry, and his considerable powers of imagination, that Fiske doubtless deserves a higher rank among the writers of history than any other American since Parkman, not-

withstanding that Mr. Henry Adams and Mr. James Ford Rhodes have both mastered their special periods as he probably never did master any period. Little that is not praise can be said of Mr. Rhodes's work on the score of honesty and diligence, nor is there any lack of feeling; but his reasoning is little helped by imagination, and his characteristic manner is not easy or graceful. Mr. Adams has a better gift of speech and much insight of a critical, intellectual sort, but he is lacking in sympathy and in warmth.

If, however, we compare Fiske's work with the work of such men as Parkman and Green, his achievement must be accounted less than theirs. He has not made any subject his own as Parkman did, nor is any part of his work wrought out with that unmeasured devotion of talents and of time which was so characteristic of Green. History, indeed, was not his lifework quite as it was the lifework of the other two. His gifts were not imperiously controlled and marshaled by any such deep, quiet passion as we find informing the serious literature that lasts. Right as he was to present the past as simply as he could, one sometimes feels that his vision was so clear and undisturbed because there were things — dark things of the human spirit, contrarieties and puzzles and mysteries in men's lives and natures, and things poetical and inspiring — which he did not see at all. He was right also to tell it all in his own natural way, but even that pleasing manner of his is not a particularly distinguished manner. There is a fine dignity which it lacks. And when one reflects on the whole view and notion of the past which he presents, one finds it too easy-going. The matter seems always a little too plain. Everything, apparently, is explained, or at least is explicable. The course of events is too regular, too processional, too like the course of nature undisturbed by human nature. When we consider

how constantly we are bewildered by what happens among our fellows, before our very eyes, we have difficulty in believing that there was so little of the marvelous, the inexplicable, in all this life which glides before us in his pages. He does not entirely convince us because he does not wonder. Perhaps he never found the limitations of that scientific impulse which took so strong a hold of our intellectual life about the time when he began to write. Herbert Spencer's influence was still upon him when he turned from science and philosophy to the history of his country.

But when we compare any American with any English or any Continental historian, we ought to keep in mind that the tasks are not altogether alike. It may not be entirely the fault of the story-teller if one story fall short of another in interest and charm. The truth is, that in many respects — in the atmosphere, in the variety of incidents and characters — the story which the Old World historian has to tell is a better story to tell than ours is. He is particularly fortunate in the ascendancy of the human and biographical over the economic and geographical motives; for the fortunes of these compact European states seem to have been continually turning on the fortunes of individual men, their heroisms, loves, ambitions; and this has not been true of our widespread commonwealth. He is fortunate, also, in the glamour which the centuries cast upon his pages. Moreover, the artists of other sorts have prepared the way for him to the sympathy of his readers. Poets and dramatists, painters and sculptors, have given to many of his themes an accessory charm. Spread over the entire surface of his continent and its islands are countless monuments and ruins which forever turn the thoughts of men backward.

Writing in a land where nothing is so rare as ruins, for a people whose faces are set toward the future, and telling a story in which the vastness of the field

of action and the play of great material forces tend to dwarf the human figures, in which it is seldom permissible to introduce the entire lives and portray the complete characters of individuals, the American historian has not so good an opportunity for many of the effects which have been as common in history as in other forms of literature. The range of motives is not so wide. Human nature is not, perhaps, so variously exhibited. The interest of it all is less intense and passionate. To many of our deepest individual experiences it scarcely relates itself at all. The springs of laughter and of tears are seldom reached. Now and then, as in Franklin, Washington, Hamilton, Lincoln, we encounter fascinating or impressive characters, but for the most part the men who come before us arouse our interest rather for their causes than for themselves. Women and children we hardly ever see at all. Our concern is less with incidents than with movements and conditions, less with individuals than with the mass. We feel ourselves to be studying races and mankind. The fact that hardly a single good play or poem, and until recent years hardly a single good statue or monument, has dealt with an episode of American history, may mean more than that the arts are backward in America. For one thing, it means to the American historian that he will not yet find the popular imagination quickened to his themes. Perhaps it means also that his material is not so good for any sort of artistic treatment as the history of older lands.

But until a master has dealt with it we cannot know that this is true. If there were a master, he might convince us that the interest and the charm of the story is only different. For indeed it does not seem altogether reasonable to suppose that in the discovery, peopling, and partitioning of a whole continent, in the founding of so many states, in our revolutions, wars, and swift upgrowth to

a colossal stature of nationality, there is any dearth of material for art. Perhaps, under wise tutelage, we shall come to see in the magnitude of the theme, the spaciousness of the field, the epical directness and simplicity of the action, full compensation for any lack of that dramatic intensity which belongs to the history of France, let us say, or of Greece. For the mystery which antiquity sheds upon the stories of these older lands we have, everywhere throughout the story of our own land, prophetic intimations of things to come in our future which shall be greater than any in their past. It is through a fixed habit of thought, but a habit which we in America may conceivably change, that human affairs seem to derive a greater dignity from the dimness of their origins than from the equal twilight of their ends and outcomes. There is no sufficient reason why memorials should impress us more deeply than harbingers and portents. Life is but life, nor does it greatly matter with which of the two eternities it is shadowed.

But whatever difference of values there may be in his themes as compared with others, the American historian is unwise if he attempts to set them forth with any new method and manner. For him, as for all historians of comparatively recent times, it is necessary, no doubt, to take account of many things which the historians of other stages of civilization, when science had made but little progress, did not need to consider. He will be drawn to generalize as they, with their scanter means of information, could not. He will also have to treat of material forces, of institutions, and of races, far more extensively than the historians of smaller and more homogeneous states. For these reasons, he may very likely find Gibbon a better model, on the whole, than Thucydides. But that he will need any new art, or any way of telling about the past essentially different from the way of the earliest and best narrators, I cannot be-

lieve. Though he will have more to tell than they had, the addition will be of little moment as compared with those great permanent elements of all history with which they also dealt. His story, like theirs, will be of the men that lived before our time; of what manner of men they were, and what they did; and of what sort of world they lived in, and how

they changed it into the world we live in now. He will do best, he will do supremely well, if he tell his story as they told theirs: simply, so that we may understand; honestly and truthfully, so that we may profit by it; naturally, because we shall like it best if he tell it in his own way; seriously and reverently, because he will be speaking of the dead.

William Garrott Brown.

A CRIME AGAINST BEAUTY.

THAT beauty of appearance may be linked with moral worthlessness or crime is perhaps the most painful discovery which comes to a sensitive child in the gradual enlightenment of life. We begin by assuming that appearance is a sure and safe guide, and extravagant as such a notion seems to an adult, children are made aware of its falsity only by the rudest of shocks. How keen and how painful these shocks may be is shown by the persistence of the impression which they leave. Out of my youth comes to me a remembrance which illustrates this. It is connected with the most beautiful woman I ever saw, the wife of a fisherman, who lived on the coast of Maine the better part of half a century ago. I was a lad of ten when I had my one sight of her, and with that sight is connected one of the most vivid memories of my life.

My father was a country doctor, and I, his youngest son, drove much with him about the country on the innumerable rides made necessary by the conditions of a country practice. On this October morning he had driven to a settlement called the Rim, where lived in a poverty which must have been often pinching — but which was never, so far as I have seen, without dignity and self-respect — a score of farmers and fisher-folk. I knew the region well, and I can recall now the gray, dull landscape,

the untidy fields where the dead corn-stalks and pumpkin vines strewed the ploughed land in a coarser pattern over the fine network of faded weeds, the leafless poplars leaning away from the shore, the scattered heaps of bleached eel-grass and kelp bordering the slate-colored flats on which lay on their sides the dories, tied by long out-hauls to the trees, and the low, unpainted house about which a few ruffled hens scratched fatuously. Nothing could be less æsthetic, and no spot less likely to be the hiding-place of beauty; yet as we drove slowly down the rough lane to the house my father looked at me with the quiet smile which used just to touch the corners of his mouth, and said: —

“You like pretty things, my son. You are going to see something that ought to please you.”

With the eagerness of a child I asked what it was, and into my head came visions of shells and Chinese idols or trinkets which the sailors sometimes brought from lands afar, and which I had seen in houses alongshore. I got no other answer than that I should see; but the mystery, trifling as it was, gave at once an air of interest to the surroundings. I remember looking at that low, unpainted house, with its weather-stained shingles, the window in the attic where a broken pane was stuffed with a

ragged mass of red-and-yellow flannel, the row of frost-scorched hollyhock and sunflower stalks ranged along the remains of last year's banking, the squat red chimney from which the smoke eddied up slowly. Some association of ideas suggested that the coming revelation of beauty might be connected with peacock feathers; but father smiled and shook his head at my question. I fell back upon the remembrance of a great brown owl that the son of a farmer had shown with pride as the spoils of the chase, one day when we had driven a dozen miles inland; and with this thought I followed now into the house. The door was low, and father was tall, so that I remember looking up to see how much he had to stoop. That and the change from the sunlight to the dusk of the narrow entry-way prevented me from seeing anything else clearly until we were fairly in the kitchen. Then I saw, and boy as I was I knew.

A woman in a slatternly calico gown was frying fish at the stove. She turned toward us, one hand holding the handle of the frying-pan and the other a steel fork; and her beauty was like the flash of a flame. I remember that I tried afterward, being an introspective child and over-given to self-analysis, to determine why this woman should so have affected me. I am not sure that I put it to myself quite so definitely as this, but I tried in some vague way to account for my sensations. I prided myself, as any boy at that age normally and healthily does, on being superior to spooniness, and I regarded with consuming scorn the admiration with which older lads singled out one girl or another who appeared to me the most ordinary of mortals. I could not then, and I am not sure that I can now, account for the thrill which went through me. I can only say that I was born a beauty-lover, and that here was beauty incarnate.

She was, as I know now, a wonderful creature, with the head and the hair of

a Titian beauty. Her skin was white, and her lips glowingly red; she carried herself with a sort of insolent indifference amazing in one of her station. When I have made this inventory, however, and see that gorgeous creature in memory, though I am almost transported back to my boyish breathlessness of admiration, I cannot but realize how utterly words fall short of presenting her. I should seem absurd, I fear, if I declared that the beauty of this woman in a fisherman's cottage down on the coast of Maine might have come out of a canvas by Paris Bordone or Paolo Veronese, and yet this is literally true.

Certain rare things in this world are so beautiful that it is impossible to speak of them without exciting suspicion. The trail of the serpent of "fine writing" is over so many affected attempts at description that one is discredited at the start when he has to speak of a woman like this slatternly Mrs. Pewit, goddess of the frying-pan. The reader remembers too many florid "purple passages" wherein have been set forth the perfections of heroines of novels not by the masters, and he smiles in untouched superiority, even though, as in this case, only simple facts be set down. It is of little matter here, however, since the only point is that I as a boy regarded this woman as supremely beautiful. I stood in a perfect passion of admiration, so completely absorbed that I forgot to take off my cap until my father spoke.

"This is my son, Mrs. Pewit," he said. "He seems to have left his manners at home this morning."

I realized with a sort of dazed double-consciousness that he was quietly smiling at me. I whipped off my cap to the best of my bewildered ability, and stammered an answer to Mrs. Pewit's greeting. Then I sank into a chair while father asked professional questions about the husband of the goddess, a man of more than double her age, to whom she had been married, I knew afterward, only a

short time, and who was now ill in the next room.

Presently father went to his patient, leaving me with Mrs. Pewit. She paid no attention to me at first, but began to lay the table. That she laid it for two I noticed because I feared she intended to invite us to have dinner, as the country folk frequently did if the doctor chanced to call late in the forenoon. I did not care for fried fish, and hoped that father would not accept the invitation, although with precocious calculation I reflected that if we did stay I should have a longer time in which to look my fill at our hostess. Suddenly Mrs. Pewit surprised me by going hastily on tiptoe to the door of the bedroom and listening intently. It is probable that my looks betrayed my surprise, for on glancing up and meeting my eyes she came back to the table she had been laying.

"I just wanted to hear what he's telling the doctor," she said rather mutteringly. "He's awful notional."

It is easy to understand that the words were meant as an excuse, but had she realized it she needed none. I was so completely subjugated by her loveliness that I had no question of what she did. I accepted her as the embodiment of essential rightness. No pagan ever more completely surrendered himself to beauty than I in my childhood, and now I could only worship. I did not reason about it, and I think that at that time I had never heard Keats's identification of truth and beauty; but that which was so wonderful to the eye and to the sense appealed to some inner conviction that a woman so fair must be of no less perfection in goodness.

Father came out of the sickroom after a time, and I thought his face stern. I knew the look of anxiety or of pleasure with which he usually left the bed of a patient, and I could generally tell pretty accurately without his saying anything how it was going with the sick. The expression he wore now, however, was one

associated with the times when he was indignant or flamed up in anger over some flagrant violation of right.

"Go and wait outside," he said to me with unusual abruptness.

I was conscious that as I gave one last regretful look at the woman she glanced quickly and sharply at him; and in reconstructing the scene afterward I very likely put into it a significance of which at the time I could not have been aware. I went out and pulled handfuls of grass for Jenny Lind, the somewhat shrewish mare who seemed to have a vicious pleasure in rewarding my kindness by energetic attempts to snap off my fingers. By the time Jenny Lind and I had got the bit and the breastplate well soiled with the slobbered remains of half-chewed grass father appeared, graver than ever. His silence did not encourage questions, and we were half a mile toward home before I spoke.

"Father," I said at last, perhaps partly with a view of exhibiting my poetic perception, but chiefly, I believe, from genuine feeling, "don't you think she's like one of the women in Shakespeare?"

His grave face relaxed a little, as he turned and looked at me.

"Which one?" he asked.

I had no answer ready, because I had spoken from a general feeling that a creature so lovely could belong nowhere but in the highest possible world of poetry. I cast about to discover what character she might best be, but nothing seemed entirely appropriate.

"I don't know which one," I answered after a moment; "but she's so different from other folks that" —

I had gone as far in the exposition of my feelings as I was able, and stopped with a confused sensation of having brought rather more of my emotions to the light of day than I had intended. Father flicked the shoulder of Jenny Lind, who resented the hint with an angry flirt of her parsimonious tail.

"She is a very beautiful woman, my son," he said. "She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen or ever expect to see; but I am afraid she is not a good one. How do you think she would do for Lady Macbeth?"

It was years before I learned that while I waited outside with Jenny Lind father had told Mrs. Pewit that he suspected her of tampering with her husband's medicines if not of actually administering small doses of poison, and that he had left her with the threat that if he did not on the morrow find Mr. Pewit's sister installed as a nurse he should take legal measures for the old man's protection. At the time the idea of associating any thought of wrong-doing or crime with that transcendent creature seemed to me unbearable.

"But, father," I protested, with the logic of youth, "she's too good-looking for Lady Macbeth."

He smiled, but did not answer beyond a queer look. Whether he was amused at the hopeless inadequacy of my phrase, or whether he reflected that it was a pity to destroy my illusions, I cannot tell; but at least he did not speak, and we drove home in silence.

All the rest of the day I wandered about in an exalted, and very likely rather moony frame of mind. I had been bred on poetry, and with my temperament it was natural that the vision of the morning should affect me strongly. I dare say I dreamed that night of the woman who in her slatternly frock and sordid surroundings might have smiled down a goddess in proud superiority of beauty; but if I did my slumber was too healthily sound to allow me to remember the fact. I only know that the next day I was smitten to the heart by the news which came, crudely announced by a rough fisherman who stopped on his way to the sheriff's to tell father: Mrs. Pewit and her lover had smothered the old fisherman in his bed, and had then set sail in the lover's fishing-smack, it

was supposed for the Provinces. The killing of the husband, which at first seemed an entirely gratuitous crime if the guilty couple were to leave the country, was explained by the fact that old Pewit had a pitiful sum of money which he carried in a belt about his body. He had been only too well aware of his wife's infidelity, and had complained to father of lying helpless in bed and hearing the voice of the lover as the wife entertained him in the kitchen. The tragedy was humble, but it was sufficiently complete.

I do not especially remember the details of what followed. The fugitives were never, so far as I know, brought to justice, and Mrs. Pewit may be still alive in an unholy old age. She would be between seventy and eighty, I suppose; and if she is still in this world I should like to talk with her, but not to see her.

The tragic circumstances naturally fixed the woman's beauty in my remembrance, but the impression of loveliness was not what remained most poignantly and indelibly in my mind. To this day I feel the pain of the outrage which was done to my boyish faith by the fact that the most beautiful creature I had ever encountered, the woman who seemed the embodiment of whatever was most exquisite in romance, in poetry, in life, could be so wicked. I can understand now that the sense of æsthetic wrong was what most deeply touched me, although I was of course horrified by the moral crime. In the murder itself, however, was a certain ghastly joy, a tingling sense that in our quiet village real crimes might happen, crimes such as are dealt with in great tragedies. I experienced a delightful elation that the Rim was in our township and not in the next; and that I should always be able to boast that I had seen Mrs. Pewit the very day she killed her husband. I dwelt upon this fact to the boys at school, all of whom regarded me with burning envy,

and speculated whether, in case the criminals should be captured, I might not be called upon to go to court as a witness. I gave myself airs, and made the most of my advantages; but deep down in my heart I was conscious of a dull ache. The proprieties of life had been outraged. I could not argue the matter out, and I only knew that something had gone wrong. I even came in a few days to be so sore over the indefinable ill which I could not name that even the

pleasure of boasting of being almost connected with the murder was an insufficient compensation for the pain of keeping the incident in mind. I could not ask any one what was the matter with me, and it was not until my years had been much increased that I understood something of that sorrow of my boyhood. I appreciated that secretly I had mourned over the bitter knowledge that it was possible for sin to make false and vain the divine promise of beauty.

Arlo Bates.

A GREAT MUNICIPAL REFORM.

In the last two years the City of New York has effected one of the most notable social and governmental reforms in its history. It has done so in the face of powerful opposition from vested interests, unscrupulously resourceful, and antagonized only by a unanimous and well-directed public sentiment. The question at issue has been the betterment of the people's housing, — a cause which, at irregular intervals, has been militant for the last half century. When we remember that the wealthy Trinity Church corporation itself has fought sanitary tenement laws in the highest courts of the state, we have a slight appreciation of the difficulties with which every effort to improve the condition of the thickly populated districts has been beset.

The fact, therefore, that the work of tenement reform is now proceeding under enlightened municipal management is a cause for general gratification. For the last twenty years the island of Manhattan has suffered the evil reputation of having the most deplorable housing conditions in the world. Social investigators from the great European capitals who have made a study of certain congested sections of the East and West Sides have pronounced them worse than

anything in London, Glasgow, Paris, or Berlin. All foreign capitals have their tenement evils; the improvement of English conditions has been a political question for years; but, in every case, the difficulty is unlike that which is the bad eminence of the American metropolis. The European capitals have their closely packed slums, reeking with filth and disease. The chief life-battle of their wretched populations, nevertheless, is with poverty, improvidence, and crime. The main disadvantage to the life of our metropolitan poor, however, is more elemental. Here it is a struggle, not so much for food, for clothing, for shelter, as for light and air. Under the remarkable conditions which have grown up in Manhattan Island in one hundred years, it is these two foremost gifts of nature of which, above all, the poorer classes have been deprived. By a steady process, accelerated in the last ten years, the congested tenement districts of New York have become one great aggregation of sunless and airless rooms. Immense buildings have gone up by the thousands, five, six, and seven stories high, in which practically no provision for ventilation has been made; and in which the occupants are undergoing a slow process

of asphyxiation. Nor are these disadvantages confined to the submerged proletariat. The New York tenement system is pervasive. It reaches the industrious and well-paid workingman as well as his less worthy brother. It affects the fair-salaried clerk; the struggling professional man; a good proportion, indeed, of the so-called middle classes. The lack of light and air is almost as great an evil on the West Side, inhabited by a public well advanced in civilization, as in the section south of Fourteenth Street, tenanted chiefly from the immigration ships. In other words, two thirds of the total population of New York, or 2,500,000 out of 3,500,000, live in tenement houses; a proportion which is increasing every day.

This remarkable situation is not without interest to the historian and to the social observer. The tenement problem as seen in New York is the result largely of the rapidity with which the city has been constructed. Probably building laws are one of the final expressions of civilization. They exist in bewildering complexity in such ancient capitals as London and Paris; they exist only in their infancy in American cities. We have well-defined building laws as a protection against fire. We have begun also to exert the same state police power as a protection against disease. The ultimate expression of this same authority, exercised to excellent purpose in Paris, is in the interest of art; and to this some time we shall probably attain. The present picturesque street tangle in lower Manhattan is explained by the haphazard fashion in which each early Dutchman planted his house wherever he pleased, absolutely oblivious of any street plan. His successors have been almost as unrestrained in the construction of the present city.

The explanation of the tenement difficulty of Manhattan Island, therefore, is not especially complex. From time to time many picturesque reasons are assigned for it. It is caused, according to

one theory, by the shape of the island itself, — a narrow tongue of land between two rivers, restraining all development east and west, and confining the city within a few square miles. The first agitation for better tenements, however, took place as far back as 1834, when the city did not extend above Fourteenth Street, and when there was plenty of room for expansion. Moreover, the multiple dwelling flourishes almost as much in the outlying boroughs as in Manhattan; it is even not unknown in suburban towns. Nor is the tenement to be attributed to the lack of transit facilities; for the extension of the transit system merely pushes outward the edge of the tenement zone, and establishes such tenement centres as Harlem and the larger part of the Bronx. The high level of land values is no explanation of existing conditions; this is the effect and not the cause. The one sufficient reason for the appalling evil is simply unchecked human greed. The great profits in establishing ten or twenty families upon the same amount of land usually occupied by one is apparent; and, there being no municipal laws to prevent such abnormal growths, the land-owners have eagerly seized their opportunity. In a few years they have transformed the island of Manhattan from a city peopled almost entirely by families, each with a separate dwelling, into a city of tenement and apartment houses.

Though tenement evils were the subject of special investigation in 1834, it was not until the great immigration movement of the forties that the present conditions, in embryo, developed. There were no laws against crowding, against cellar occupation, and all available space was utilized for the accommodation of the multitudinous filth and misery from Europe. It is not the purpose here, however, to trace in detail the city's retrogression in the matter of housing; but merely to sketch the growth of the tenement as the all but exclusive habita-

tion of the metropolitan population, and the present peculiar phases of the evil. The tenement's first appearance was as the metamorphosed dwelling-house. In order to convert the old private house into the abiding-place of several families it was usually necessary to leave several rooms absolutely windowless. As these houses were not deep, however, the evil was not especially flagrant, though emphasized by indiscriminate herding. This was followed by the erection of *bona fide* tenant houses, usually four stories high and four rooms deep, accommodating four families to a floor in two-room apartments. The only rooms in these cases directly lighted were those in the front and rear, the intermediate rooms always being without ventilation. Conditions were made worse by the grotesque city plan of New York, the work of the Commission of 1807. This commission laid out the city in rectangular blocks, six hundred feet long and two hundred feet wide, which, in their turn, were divided into lots twenty-five feet wide or less. In the erection of the tenement house, therefore, the twenty-five foot lot was taken as the unit. No space was sacrificed; nothing was given up for purposes of ventilation, except a yard in the rear. The houses were built flat up against one another, windows being absolutely unprovided for. The sudden discovery of the fact that a single city lot, formerly used for a one-family dwelling, could be made to house from twelve to sixteen had its natural effect in stimulating land values. As population grew, and the price of land went up, the houses were gradually increased in height and depth. Instead of being only four rooms deep, they became five, six, seven, and sometimes eight; and five, six, and occasionally seven stories high. The rooms thus became sunless cells. The municipality was asleep; the idea that it had any responsibility for providing its people with a proper supply of air and sunlight had occurred only to a few mis-

guided social reformers. The first important attempt made to ventilate tenement houses was in 1879. From that time dates the so-called "dumb-bell" tenement. It differed from the prevailing type only in that it provided a thin airshaft, for the ostensible purpose of lighting and ventilating interior rooms. Nothing worse could have been devised. The shaft, usually about twenty-eight inches wide, was closed at the bottom and at the end, and thus permitted no free circulation of air. The house was six and seven stories high, twenty-five feet wide, and accommodated four families to a floor, or twenty-four and twenty-eight in all. Until 1901 this was the favorite commercial tenement plan in New York. In the last twenty years houses of this type have been built by thousands. In whole sections of the city dwellings, which were formerly the habitation of fashion and wealth, have been destroyed and replaced with tenement houses of this kind. They have been the receptacles into which have disappeared the eager hordes of the Old World. The Italian peasant, fresh from his own land of sunshine and blue sky, has found his New World promised land in two or three dark rooms of a dumb-bell tenement. The Eastern Jew, persecuted, overtaxed, deprived of all earthly pleasures as he has been by the Russian government, has found, on his arrival in New York, that there was one privilege of which even the Czar had forgotten to rob him. For the first time, and in free America, has he been deprived of light and air.

But it is not the wretchedly poor alone who have found their habitations in the tenement house. About 1878 the landlords discovered that other classes could be prevailed upon to live in multiple dwellings; and it was in that year that the apartment house made its first appearance. It appealed to the hitherto private-house public because of its economy, and because of the numerous ways in which it simplified the details of

housekeeping. An interesting phase of the question is the way in which the apartment idea has been extended, until it now comprises the richest as well as the poorest elements in the population. In some of the most luxurious apartment houses of recent construction the annual rentals for suites reach \$5000, \$8000, \$10,000, and even more; and yet the construction and management of these homes of luxury are regulated by the same laws that govern an East Side tenement. The process of what may be called the "tenementization" of the city has now been under way for some thirty years; with the result that the private dwelling, except as the abiding-place of the very wealthy, is all but unknown. As new districts are developed, the tenement, or the flat, or the apartment, is the almost invariable form of housing; and the process of rebuilding old dwelling-house sections along these modern lines is proceeding rapidly. The private dwelling, as a form of new construction, is found now only in Fifth Avenue and in other preserves of fashion and wealth. Less than one hundred private houses are built in Manhattan Island every year, the cost, including the land, averaging about \$100,000 each. In other words, an annual income of at least \$25,000 is required by the occupants. At the present rate of progress, therefore, in less than a generation only the millionaire will be able to afford a house of his own. And that same lack of ventilation which has been described in the more congested districts applies, in varying degrees, at least to the middle class of these buildings. Narrow airshafts, small, dark, and ill-ventilated rooms, restricted passages, inadequate protection against fire, — all these are evils as common to the "flat," the middle-class "apartment," as to the East Side tenement.¹ In these so-

called better sections, the builders have had everything practically their own way, and, in the course of twenty years, have rushed up a mass of the flimsiest and most unsanitary buildings, for which, in the main, they have exacted exorbitant rents. The highest class apartment houses, suites in which rent, say, from \$1000 up, necessarily are built with more regard for the comfort and health of their tenants; but even these, especially in the fire precautions, are far from ideal.

This herding of more than 2,500,000 people in a conglomeration of poorly constructed and poorly ventilated rooms naturally has a most important bearing upon the physical and moral character of the metropolitan population. If not checked, it must necessarily produce a new type of men and women. The apartment and tenement mode of life at its best, in its essential disregard of home life, in its substitution of a mechanical mode of existence for the domesticity of a previous generation, is a deplorable evil; but in its present manifestation its results are something appalling. These appear, naturally, most offensively in the closely packed districts, — in the Jewish, the Italian, and the negro quarters. The effects, physical and moral, of crowding a single family, consisting perhaps of five or six members, usually reinforced by two or three more in the shape of "boarders," in an apartment comprising from two to four rooms, only one of them directly ventilated, in most instances not more than eight feet long and seven feet wide, can be readily imagined. We find, as a result, all kinds of physical and moral degeneration. We find the deaths from consumption — whose most successful foes are air and sunlight — reaching a startling total. We find the rate of infant mortality in some sections as high as 204.54² to the 1000. We find the lowest

¹ The word tenement in this article is used in its legal sense, — that is, as a house occupied by three or more families, each doing its own cooking on the premises (law of 1887).

² Report of the Tenement Commission of 1895. These, of course, are extreme cases.

standards of personal cleanliness, not necessarily because of the natural tendencies of the tenement public, but because dark rooms and dark halls, to say nothing of the lack of ordinary household conveniences, are not conducive to the most exemplary habits. More unfortunate than these physical ills, however, is the moral degradation which is the direct outcome of the New York tenement system. The tenement house has become the breeding place of the most revolting immorality. All standards of family life and family relations frequently give way in the loathsome conditions in which life is spent. The predominance of the tenement house as the all but exclusive housing form exaggerates the metropolitan evil of prostitution. The respectable and the disreputable live side by side in the same house, frequently on the same floor. The industrious workingman, in his efforts to educate his children in the ways of virtue, finds himself surrounded on every hand by the most debasing influences. To those who remember how extensively this evil figured in the municipal election of 1901, and how greatly it contributed to Tammany's defeat, further details on this point are unnecessary.

It is evident, therefore, that the reformation of the tenement house evil in New York is not likely to be a simple task. The great result to be sought for, however, is at once apparent. The main thing is the lighting of these darkened rooms. The reform wrought in London by illuminating the streets with gas finds a parallel in the progress in municipal regeneration that might be made in New York by giving the poor a little fresh air and sunlight. It was not until Governor Roosevelt's appointment of the De Forest Tenement House Commission in 1900 that the necessary remedial legislation took practical shape. This act itself was the result of many years' struggle against corrupt politicians, — Tammany Hall, the self-appointed guardian of the poorer

classes, has been a bitter enemy of tenement reform, — and against vested interests. Its long delay had greatly exaggerated the problem; for meanwhile the conditions described had accumulated in appalling volume. The commission, however, was of high civic character, and was composed of men, several of whom had made an exhaustive study of the tenement problem. The law which was passed as a result of their investigation was the first sweeping and effective tenement measure since the enactment in 1867 of the first tenement house act. The newly elected Low administration found the enforcement of this statute one of its most important responsibilities. The law created a new branch of municipal service, — the tenement house department; and gave the tenement commission, in the shape of an elaborate code of housing laws, important supervision over the building of new tenements and the maintenance of old. The creation of this department marked a new sense of municipal responsibility. It was official recognition of the fact that municipal oversight of the physical surroundings of the people is an important governmental function. The conduct of this department during the last two years is one of the great successes of the Low administration. It has approached nearer than any other department the reformer's high ideal of effective non-partisan administration.

The tenement department was the most available branch of the city government to test the non-partisan idea, simply because it was new, without traditions and abuses made venerable by time. It was also a department calling particularly for expert service; for the evils to be combated were complicated and deep-seated. Mr. Low showed an appreciation of the situation by selecting, as the head of the new department, Mr. Robert W. de Forest; and, as his deputy commissioner, Mr. Lawrence Veiller. Neither of these gentlemen had strong political qualifications; their only claim to office was that,

simply on the merits of the case, they were the two men in the greater city pre-eminently qualified for the place. Mr. De Forest had given a considerable part of his time, through many years, to charitable and philanthropic work, and had been especially identified with the cause of housing reform. To Mr. Veiller, probably more than to any one man, is due the credit for the technical details of the present tenement law. The organization of the whole department was in keeping with the non-partisan character of the heads. All the subordinates were selected simply for fitness; and they have been held to a strict accounting for the performance of their work without fear or favor. The utmost care was taken in the selection of inspectors, — varying from 150 to 200 in number, — who are to the tenement department what the patrolmen are to the department of police. In the same way that it is the duty of the rank-and-file policemen to protect the community against crime, it is the duty of the tenement inspectors to protect it against the encroachments of filth and disease. They are also subject to similar temptations. Improperly administered the tenement department could be made an abundant source of blackmail and oppression; and should Tammany return to power, unquestionably it would be made to yield a rich harvest. That men drawn from the great mass of the people — a tenement inspectorship pays not more than \$1200 a year — can be made honest and efficient, under honest and efficient leadership, is shown by the experience of the present department. Mr. De Forest has kept a most rigid watch upon his inspectors, but, up to the present time, not one has been dismissed for bribe-taking.

The whole work of the department is practically centred upon this inspector. His work begins as soon as excavations are made for a new tenement house; his supervision over that house does not end until it is torn down or destroyed. He

watches it, brick by brick, and floor by floor, to see that it is built in strict conformity with the law. Through his superiors, he can make the builder, who has infringed the slightest provision of that measure, remove the offending part and start anew. After the building is entirely up, he can insist upon its reconstruction, in case the statute has not been complied with. No house can be occupied until the owner has received a written certificate that all is in keeping with law. It is after it is filled with tenants, however, that the inspector's most important duties begin. Then he steps in as the protector of the people against dishonest or careless landlords, even against themselves. A multiplicity of sanitary provisions must be complied with; it is his duty to see that they are enforced. Every tenement house in Greater New York in which the yearly rentals are less than \$300 must be inspected at least once a month; oftener, if complaint is made. It is a significant evidence of the readiness of the poorest citizen to seize all opportunities to better his condition that the work of the inspector has been taken up chiefly in investigating complaints. Until the organization of this branch of the city government the tenement classes had practically no recourse against the dangers that lurk in defective drain pipes, filthy halls, cellars, and yards. Nominally complaints could be made to the Board of Health, but that department was usually too busy or too corrupt to attend to them. The health inspectors were in league with the property owners. They had no scruples in betraying the complainant to his landlord, with the result that a note to the Board of Health frequently caused the writer's eviction. When the tenement classes realized that a special city department existed entirely for them, and that it was honestly administered, the response was almost overwhelming. Badly scrawled notes, wonderful in their orthography and dialect, began to pour in upon the commissioner. The department

is given detailed information of "whare" an epidemic of "smal poakes" is likely to break out; of where "5 femlis du leiv tuggeder an thare iss siknez;" of where the inspectors will "be up tu you neas in wateh," and of where, "the ofer from the sinkes is in a feareh condision an must be seet to." In the first five months of its existence the department received, investigated, and acted upon 10,000 of these complaints, affecting as many houses; and they are now coming in at the rate of 600 a week. It is all a most notable evidence of coöperative government, — of the association of the citizen and his chosen representatives in municipal administration. Never have the submerged classes and the city officials been brought into such close and effective relations. Perhaps the most practical result of that new understanding is the elimination of prostitution in tenement houses. This abuse has been rampant in New York for the last forty years; and has always been regarded as an inevitable incident of life in a great metropolis. The new law, however, gave the tenement commissioner unusual power in protecting the homes of the poor from this constant menace. As a result, prostitution in tenement houses is now practically unknown. It was only through the coöperation of the afflicted tenement dwellers themselves that the evil has been checked; and in this single achievement, had the department nothing else to show for its eighteen months' work, it is justified.

What has chiefly attracted public attention, however, is the actual production of new and sanitary tenements under the supervision of the present department. This success has been won in the teeth of the bitterest opposition. The new statute runs counter to property interests at many points, and these have stopped at practically no form of corruption to negative it. As soon as the present measure became effective the builders, architects, property owners, dealers in building materials, and large corporations

financially interested in tenement houses, joined hands to howl it down. A powerful property owners' association was formed, with a large membership, to fight it in the legislature and in the courts. That a large corruption fund was formed has been frequently charged. Dire prophecies were made concerning the practical workings of the law. It was asserted that building must stop; that thousands of mechanics would be thrown out of work, and general misery follow. It was said that houses built according to the De Forest statute could not be constructed on a commercial basis, and that higher rents must inevitably follow its enforcement. Happily these malcontents found few supporters in the press; the metropolitan newspapers, almost without an exception, taking up with enthusiasm the cause of the tenement dwellers. The social and political organizations and the church, which represent the best public sentiment, have devoted their energies to the preservation of the law. Twice its opponents have appeared in the legislature to secure its repeal or modification; and each time they have been met by these assembled forces. The practical success of the law, even under these adverse conditions, has been remarkable. For the first year, owing mainly to the fact that the city was overbuilt when the new law became effective, few new buildings were erected. Last fall, however, construction started in on a large scale, and is now in full progress. In all, about 600 tenement houses have been erected under the new measure. These buildings are the curiosity and admiration of the metropolis.

The most obvious change is the size of the new tenements. The old twenty-five-foot unit has been discarded, the builders, in view of the land situation in Manhattan, showing commendable skill in adapting themselves to the new conditions. Tenement houses now built have a width of thirty-seven or of forty feet. The old dumb-bell type has been given up for all time. There are to be no more houses

with dark rooms, with insufficient fire protection, with inadequate plumbing, and without the ordinary sanitary conveniences. There are no more narrow airshafts, the minimum court provided in the new law having a width of six feet, — and this only when it is open either toward the street or the yard. The inner court, corresponding to the twenty-eight inch airshaft of the old dumb-bell, is now twelve feet wide; and that, unlike the dumb-bell “slit,” has a large tunnel at the ground, connecting with the street or yard, and thus furnishing a free circulation of air. In new tenements there are no rooms that do not have windows opening either on the street or yard or upon a court of the above generous proportions. Equally important are certain interior arrangements. Most apartments are provided with private halls, — the absence of private halls in the old type of building was one of its greatest evils, — all staircases and halls are fireproof, and, if the building is more than six stories, it is of fireproof construction throughout. Other technical improvements need not be elaborated here; the great point to be borne in mind is that all tenement and apartment houses must hereafter be supplied with abundant light and air. The law went further than this, in that it aimed not only to safeguard the future, but to undo the mistakes of the past. It required radical changes in old tenement houses to make them more habitable. It provided for the abolition of certain unsanitary nuisances, and for the ventilation of all dark interior rooms. In addition to its other duties the department is now letting light and air into some 300,000 of these vitiated chambers, — in some instances a considerable part of the houses being reconstructed for this purpose. The tenement commissioner’s probe is reaching into the deepest recesses of the underworld.

The response of the people themselves to these new buildings is the most encouraging feature of the reform. It has

always been the cry of the landlords that the tenants got as good as they deserved; that they preferred to live in filth, and that they would abuse whatever quarters were given them. Their stock argument has been certain venerable bath-tubs installed in model tenements by misguided philanthropists and utilized by the occupants as coal bins. The popularity of the new houses with the poorer classes, however, was sufficiently shown last winter, when a determined effort was made for its repeal. The whole East Side was aroused, largely attended meetings of tenement dwellers protested against the proposed legislation, and at the hearing in Albany a procession of more than 500 East Side citizens filed up to the capitol and made a personal appeal to governor and legislature in behalf of the existing law. There is no apathy on the East Side on the question of tenement improvement. As the new houses are built there is little less than a stampede to secure quarters in them. They are well cared for by the tenants; even the bath-tubs are frequently put to their intended use. As a matter of fact one of the chief reasons for accumulated filth in the old tenement houses was their darkness. It could not be seen. Practically all the halls and rooms, however, are now as bright as daylight; and the educational value of this illumination is evident in the neatness and domesticity of the new apartments. The popularity of the new houses has given them a great commercial value. As a result, the De Forest law is now as much appreciated by the builders as by the general public. The most reputable now declare that they would be the last to favor any retrogression in tenement legislation.

Nor have the better houses resulted in any great increase in rents. In this matter, too, the former opponents of the law have been proved false prophets. House rents have no intimate bearing upon the cost of production; it is purely a question of demand and supply. The new

tenements bring slightly higher rents, — perhaps thirty cents per room per month ; but that is because they are new and scarce. New houses under the old law always brought higher rents than old. The question is confused at the present time because there has been a great increase in rents in all the tenement sections, owing to an increased demand and lessened supply ; and this has affected the old as well as the new houses. It will be readily admitted, however, that the De Forest houses are occupied by those highest in the tenement scale ; but it is not necessary to conclude that the new law is doing nothing for the most wretched classes. In the first place, this view omits the work now being done under this law in other ways than the mere construction of new houses, — in the ventilation of old rookeries, sometimes at the expense of their reconstruction, and in their supervision by a special city department. Again, as far as the building of new houses is concerned, this is a reform which necessarily begins at the top. Progress is made only by furnishing the more thrifty with improved housing. There are numerous castes in the tenement quarter, and a constant

moving up in the tenement scale. In five or ten years there will be thousands of the new tenements now so admired. The poorer classes, year by year, will find their habitations in them. Thirty and forty years hence our new law tenements will be among the rookeries of the East Side. Had the law been passed a generation ago, the present homes of the East Side poor would be wonderfully superior to the black holes in which they now live. Thus the new law, in the course of time, improves the houses of the more wretched as well as of the more prosperous in the tenement districts. Nor will the process necessarily be slow. The greater financial qualities of the new houses will accelerate the destruction of old to furnish sites for them. The East Side is undergoing rapid reconstruction ; the new law will stimulate it. Already, in the most popular districts are four and five story flats removed to make way for the De Forest type of building.

The new tenement law is the greatest forward step in civilization the City of New York has taken in years. Its influence is widespread, as its success has inspired other municipalities to improvement along similar lines.

Burton J. Hendrick.

A MEMORY.

BETWEEN the feet of the summer hours
 I see the love-fire in the flowers ;
 I see the cloud-boat round to the breeze,
 And sail and sail the azure seas.
 I see the sunlight dull and die,
 I see the long broad shadows lie
 On a level where sheep and heifers graze,
 And the little wind at the wood's edge plays.
 Again I hear the thrush wind round
 The dusk with far-off, fading sound ;
 Once more, like the song in the twilight tree,
 A dream-bliss dies in the heart of me.

John Vance Cheney.

THE BOY WHO LIVED AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL.

OF course, it was not a real well sunk into the earth, but it could not have been much deeper and darker had that been the case. It was simply a square shaft which had been left open when they reared the tenements and stables that walled it in on all sides, its purpose being to admit a little of heaven's free light and fresh air. That purpose the well served but poorly. Even at noontide on the clearest day the bottom of it was steeped in dusk. No sunbeam ever fathomed the full depth of that hole.

What interested the little boy most about the well was its cover. To his inexperienced mind it seemed that the vaulted sky was merely the ceiling of the room formed by the damp walls that hemmed him in. Every time he wished to have a good look at it, he had to lie down flat on his back unless he wanted to break his neck. Thus he could stay for hours in rapt contemplation of the ever shifting aspects of that cover. Sometimes it had a gray and dreary color, and fitted so closely that a mouse could not have squeezed past the top of the well. Then the narrow world of the little boy grew more gloomy and cold than usual, and he huddled in a corner, fearing he knew not what.

At other times the cover would be raised so high that the boy wondered if it were going to be taken off entirely. The further it receded the more brightly it shone and sparkled, and the boy gazed into the luminous blue depth until dark spots began to float past his vision, and he thought he was catching glimpses of things on the other side of the cover. On such occasions the upper parts of the walls, now on this side and now on that, used to give out a warm lustre which sent a rare sense of comfort and contentment to his heart. He was ever waiting eagerly for it. When it

remained absent very long, he cried softly to himself, saddened to the very roots of his being. And again, when it met his charmed gaze in the fullness of its glory, he would laugh and talk to it as to a playmate.

"You, you, you," was all he said as he stretched his hands lovingly and longingly up toward the golden sheen. But this was a good deal for him.

That it was merely sunshine he knew not. Nor would he have been wiser, had he been told so. He knew as little, that, God granting life, small will grow big by and by. If he ever dreamt of a change, his untrained fancy could not carry him beyond a hope that his stepmother might let him stay with her alone every night in the room that opened on the well.

Oh, the black nights when he was torn out of his sleep and bundled into the well, with only a few rags to protect him against the chill and the dampness, and with nothing but darkness about him. Nothing to keep him company but darkness and the rats that came out of their holes and ran over his legs in search of food among the refuse that littered the bottom of the well and furnished his only toys in the daytime, — tin cans, bottles, worn-out brooms, bleached bones, sticks of wood, and such scraps. On very black and very cold nights it happened that he wept, but never loudly. He knew too well that his lamentation, if overheard, would only render him a beating for solace.

His exilement followed generally the arrival of visitors, men or women or both. They were uncouth and ugly and scowling, and although the boy had seen no other kind of people, he feared them instinctively, drawing back from their nearness as from something that might harm him. Their noisy, wandering talk was wholly meaningless to him, and

jarred on his ears like blows. Often they fell to quarreling among themselves with so many angry words and such violent gestures that the little fellow found an actual relief in the gloomy lonesomeness of the well.

Therefore, much as he disliked to be turned out at night, he dreaded still more to stay in the room as soon as his stepmother was no longer alone. Once in a while he had to do so when she happened to be in a sentimental mood. Vainly he folded his arms above his head and rolled himself up like a hedgehog among the rags that formed his bed, trying to sleep. The tumult about him as well as the fright in his heart kept him awake. On more than one occasion had his stepmother's friends kicked him in their drunken heedlessness, or even stepped on him inadvertently.

Those troubles might have been borne, however, had there not been added to them the ever present dread of a tin pail which regularly disappeared on the arrival of strangers and turned up again in a few minutes filled with some frothing, noisome, strong-smelling fluid. He came gradually to regard that pail as an incarnation of all that made him unhappy, a kind of personal enemy that sneaked out and in like a human being, actuated only by desire to cause him pain; and he hated it with the bitter hatred of a grown-up heart. He used to spend hours in a corner of the well, with his back propped against the wall, brooding in a half-conscious way on what he should do to it if he had a chance. But the chance never came.

Sometimes strangers wanted him to taste the contents of the pail, and dragged him for that purpose from his nest where he pretended to be asleep. Their manner and their words seemed to indicate that they wanted to confer a favor on him. His kicks and writhings to get away from the pungent stuff, against which his entire being revolted, were regarded as highly amusing features of a

fine piece of dissimulation. The more desperate his resistance, the more hearty was his tormentors' enjoyment of the game,—and his stepmother got more fun out of it than anybody else. When they had tired of their sport at last and permitted him to crawl back into his lair, and when he had recovered from the coughing spell caused by the few drops they had succeeded in making him swallow, then, but not until then, would he give free vent to his tears, for he was in his way a brave little boy, made so by sad experience. Not a sound came from the nook where he crouched, but had anybody thought of watching it, the heap of rags that hid him could have been seen to heave and shake. Indeed, there were things worse than the gloom and chill of the well.

The room was scantily illuminated at night by a smoking, globeless lamp, so that when the window had been covered up with a shawl on the inside, only a few faint rays of light leaked out into the well through holes and worn spots. Holding up his hands between his face and the window, the boy could barely make them out. All around him hovered impenetrable darkness. It gathered so close and thick above his head that it appeared tangible to the touch. But still higher up, beyond those almost solid shadows, where the cover used to be in the daytime, he noticed sometimes trembling spots of marvelous brilliancy. Viewed from the bottom of that shaft, the stars scintillated with a radiance unknown to those who have only watched them from sidewalks and housetops, where light from a thousand earthly sources rivals and outshines theirs. The boy knew nothing more about those sparkling specks of light than that they inspired in him a feeling of pleasure akin to that produced by the brightness on the wall at day, and he yearned to climb up to where they were in order to touch and handle and caress them. Perhaps they were loose so that he might pick one and bring

it back with him. If that were possible, he would never more have to be in the dark. But then his stepmother would probably take it away from him as she did once when he had been given a shining piece of metal that tickled him when he drew his finger along the edge of it.

That gift, by the bye, did not come from an ordinary visitor. The boy had singled him out from all others for several reasons, and thought of him in a wholly distinct way. He was a short-set, dark-skinned man, with a bushy black beard and large rings hanging from his ear laps. A peculiar, pungent odor, the mark of the man before the mast, surrounded him at all times. It was not quite agreeable to the boy, and yet not void of a pleasing piquancy. He had become accustomed to it, and rather liked it, because in his mind it was inseparably associated with the one person who had displayed real kindness toward him. When that little man visited them, he stayed for several days, and then the boy did not have to leave the room at all, and there were no outsiders to disturb him.

The little man used to play with the boy and make much of him, chattering to him for hours at a time in an excited, incoherent way, and interspersing his tirades with frequent volleys of boisterous laughter. Seated on his friend's knee, or standing in front of him, the boy would listen with equal gravity of aspect to speech and merriment. Now and then the little man pronounced a word which the boy had to repeat after him. It was "papa," and the sound of it from the boy's lips never failed to throw the little man into a state of irrational hilarity. Once, but only once, the stepmother used hard words to him in the presence of that man, and even lifted her hand to beat him. Her words were hardly spoken when such a dreadful change came over the man's face that the awe-stricken boy sought cover under the rags of his bed. The storm that followed was fierce but of brief duration. It ended when the wo-

man pulled the boy from his hiding-place with a profusion of caresses and endearing words that puzzled him as much as the preceding scene had scared him.

One fine afternoon the boy was lying on his back, staring with sleep-laden, blinking eyes up at the sungilt edge of the eastern wall, when there came a knocking at the door so sharp and insistent that he could hear it out in the well although the window was closed. In a moment he was wide awake and quivering with excitement, for the little man, whom he had not seen in a very long time, used to announce his arrival in that authoritative way. Crouching close to the window, he pressed his face against the pane so that the inside of the room became visible to him. The pail was there. Three cronies had dropped in on his stepmother for a sociable chat. The four women were putting their heads together in council, while somebody on the outside kept hammering on the door as if he meant to break it down. Finally the stepmother walked across the room to the door. The instant she turned the key in the lock, the door was pushed in with such force that she barely saved herself from being knocked over. In the doorway appeared two men who had nothing in common with the kind of visitors the boy was wont to behold. Their entrance caused the strange women to huddle in separate corners as if in search of a refuge. His stepmother, on the other hand, placed herself in the middle of the floor, with her arms akimbo, her face aglow, and a stream of words flowing from her mouth. A few commanding syllables uttered by one of the intruders brought her harangue to an abrupt close, and made her throw herself at full length across the bed. There she lay, face downward, kicking convulsively and wailing aloud.

A wild fear seized the boy at the sight of such extraordinary behavior, and he scrambled like a scared animal on all fours over to the other side of the well. Surely they must have hurt his

stepmother in some dreadful manner, he thought, and he feared that the turn would come to himself next. With fingers plucking nervously at his dress, and big tears coursing down his cheeks, he squatted in a corner in frightened suspense. Soon the window was opened, and one of the strangers put out his head. Spreading both arms invitingly, the man called out a few words in a tone that certainly had nothing of threat in it. Their effect on the boy was to make him press a dirty little fist against either eye as if in blindness he could find safety. Then the man crawled through the window. The boy heard him coming, and his fright rose to such a pitch that he was on the point of choking. He could not scream, nor could he move, — trembling and gasping like a captured bird, he felt himself lifted up in the man's arms and carried back into the room. During the brief moment of passing through his ear caught the moanings of his stepmother. Suddenly they rose into a piercing shriek. Then a door was slammed and all was silent about him again. A little dry sob escaped the boy, for the stepmother was, after all, the one who had given him such scant care as had fallen to his part, and now he was taken away from her.

Still lying in the man's arms, he was carried up a step or two into what seemed to be a very small room. There the man sat down with the boy on his lap. Immediately the whole room began to move. It pitched and rocked and jolted until the boy's heart was in his mouth. From beneath his feet rose a clatter and a rattle that almost drowned the subdued, kindly voice which had begun to mutter soothing words into his ear. By degrees his fears subsided, the tumult in his heart quieted down, and his natural curiosity asserted itself. He was just ready to take his fists out of his eyes in order to discover the meaning of it all, when the motion and the noise ceased as abruptly as they had started. Once

more he was lifted up and carried some distance in the arms of the man. Other voices were heard about him. One of these belonged to a woman, but it was not at all like the voices of his stepmother and her companions. There was something in the sound of it which made him think of the sunshine on the wall.

He was dropped down on some soft and yielding surface. Two hands took hold of his own and pulled them away from his face with gentle force. His eyes remained closed, but he could feel another face very near to his own, and the same caressing womanly voice murmured close to his ear in tones so alluring that his little heart straightway wanted to jump out of his breast to meet it. The impulse to look up could no longer be resisted. At first he saw nothing but a pair of dark tender eyes that met his own questioning and timid glance with one of inexpressible compassion. The charm of those eyes was the same as that of the voice which continued to murmur sweet, reassuring words. The eyes and the voice together drove the last vestige of fear out of his heart.

After that he was like wax in the hands of the nurse. While she undressed him, his eyes roved around the room, the simple neatness of which made on him an impression of incredible splendor. After a warm bath, he was dressed in clothes much nicer than his own, and then treated to a meal of milk and bread. It seemed to the boy that he had never tasted anything more delicious in his life, and he ate eagerly as if fearing that it might be taken away again before he had had enough.

Still he remained mute and serious whatever was said or done to him. The nurse picked him up in her arms after a while and carried him through many rooms and up stairways while he was pressing his face close to her shoulder. A door was opened finally, and he was put down on the floor of a large room. At the other end of that room he saw a

number of very small men and women run around with much shouting and laughter. All stopped suddenly still and turned their faces toward him.

For a moment the boy stood immovable, staring ahead of him with a horror-stricken look in his wide-open eyes. Then he wheeled about quick as a flash, and a scream of anguish broke from his lips. Flinging his arms around the knees of the nurse, he buried his face in her skirts and sobbed so violently that she could feel his whole body shake and tremble. Nothing that was said or done to calm him had the least effect.

"Merciful God!" the nurse exclaimed, hot tears rising into her eyes. "It's the children, — he has never seen other children before."

They put him to bed at last. He was then so tired out by all the exciting experiences of the day that he failed to notice the luxury of the bed in which he was placed. No sooner had his head sunk down on the pillow than his eyelids closed themselves.

When he woke up in the morning, he lay quite still to begin with, trying to understand the unaccustomed comfort he was enjoying. Vague memories of the preceding day's events stirred in his mind and gradually shaped themselves into a kind of knowledge of what had happened. Then he raised his head just a little so that he could look around the room. He saw many beds like his own, and on the pillow of each one a little head with closed eyes and ruffled hair. Suddenly he sat bolt upright. The fear aroused in him the night before was about to take hold of him again. To escape the sight of the children he turned his face toward the only window.

This looked upon the east and the rising sun. The blind was almost down, but at the bottom of it remained an opening large enough to let in a broad

strip of sunshine which painted a rectangle of glistening gold on the floor. The same wonderful brightness that he had been in the habit of admiring and longing for when he lay in the well with his face turned skyward was right there on the floor. But it had now come much nearer to him, almost within reach of his hand. He rose to his feet very slowly and carefully in order to get a better look at it without scaring it away.

Slight as the sound was that he made in rising, it reached the ear of the nurse and she hastened to his side.

"Good-morning, sweetheart mine," she said, smiling at him.

The boy looked earnestly up into her face. Without a word he pointed at the sunshine on the floor. She lifted him out of the bed and set him down close to the patch of light. The boy stretched out a timid hand to touch it. When the color of the pale little hand brightened into a rosy pink, and the heat of the sunshine pervaded it, he drew it quickly back. His protruding lower lip signaled a scare. Soon, however, his face resumed its serene, slightly melancholy aspect, so characteristic of the sensitive child, and he reached out the hand again. This time he let it stay in the sunshine and moved it back and forth.

The nurse, who had been watching him with breathless interest, tiptoed over to the window and released the blind, which shot upward, letting in a whole flood of glorious sunlight. It fell like a deluge over the boy. The nurse could hear him swallow his breath as if he had been struck by a cold douch. Simultaneously he threw up his arms for protection.

But the arms sank back to his sides again, and there he sat with blinking eyes and the sunshine playing on his up-turned face. His lips parted, and a clucking sound came from his throat.

The little boy was laughing.

Edwin Biorkman.

WALT WHITMAN AS AN EDITOR.

SOME years ago there was in the library of the Brooklyn Times a thin quarto entitled *Leaves of Grass*. It was a commonplace piece of book-making, save that the type was large, and to many of the reporters it was a source of mirth, of puzzle, of disgust, or of admiration, according to temperament and understanding, and they tried to imitate its style for the funny column; yet they had a certain pride in this particular volume, because Walt Whitman, its author, had been the editor of the paper, and again, this was not merely of that first edition for which he had set the type, in Rome Brothers' shop, on Fulton Street, Brooklyn, but it had been his own copy, bearing his autograph on the flyleaf, and in the back he had pasted letters and criticisms on his work by Emerson and others. A scamp stole it. In the office of the same paper was a piece of shabby, battered furniture with small drawers, pigeon-holes, and a drop front, which was known as Walt Whitman's desk. It has ere this gone to that limbo where old pianos are, and all the pins.

In that office Whitman is but a tradition. It is remembered only that he was a tall, sturdy fellow, who had a habit of pacing the floor for a long time without speaking, though he could talk enough when he had provocation. His dress was heavy, coarse, but clean, and seemed to belong to a farmer or a miner rather than to an editor. Fancy the director of a daily paper in an American city of to-day dressed for his work in flannel trousers, belted and tucked into boots that reached to the knee, a pea jacket never buttoned, a blue shirt open at the throat, a red kerchief at the neck, and a broad-brimmed hat! Even Horace Greeley, who affected a rustic make-up, was more conventional in his costume. Whitman's tenure of office

on the Times was not long. It is said that certain orthodox deacons of what was then a smug, conventional town, objected to articles that got into the paper, somehow, and that he resigned in consequence of their objections, yet he never showed the least impatience toward his critics, carrying himself with a large, bland dignity to the last.

In a letter written to me in 1885, Whitman says that his connection with the journal was "along in 1856 or just before." He adds: "I recollect (doubtless I am now going to be egotistical about it) the question of the new Water Works (Magnificently outlined by McAlpine and duly carried out and improved by Kirkwood, first class engineers both.) was still pending, and the works, though well under way, continued to be strongly opposed by many. With the consent of the proprietor I bent the whole weight of the paper steadily in favor of the McAlpine plan, as against a flimsy, cheap and temporary series of works that would long since have broken down and disgraced the city." Here he begins another sentence with a paragraph mark, as if he were writing for the printers: ¶ "This, with my course in another matter, the securing to public use of Washington Park (old Fort Greene,) stoutly championed by me some thirty five years ago, against heavy odds, during an editorship of the Brooklyn Eagle, are 'feathers in my wings' that I would wish to preserve."

These are ancient records, but they throw an unwonted side light on the character of Whitman, revealing him as a citizen of public spirit. We have known him as the dreamer, the rambler, the helper, but not as a man of affairs. In truth, he cared little about these last, as political manifestations, and it was always more important to him to

ride on the Broadway stages, or saunter along the wharves, looking up at the noses of ships poked inquiringly into the highway, and into the brown faces of the sailors, than to be urging the election of this, that, or the other patriot in the tumultuous privacy of the editorial room. Yet, it is more than likely that his work for the daily press, and for our simple, early magazines, confirmed him in his frank, ungilded style, his homely figures, his avoidance of buncombe and fustian. Whatever else may be charged against newspaper work, it cannot be accused of literary Nancyism. Those who follow it have to deal as quickly, straitly, sternly, with facts as does a policeman. Without this experience Whitman might possibly have become a maker of the then popular elegancies, a polisher of periods, a literarian without egotism, independence, or Americanism; in a word, a nonentity. He was not much of a journalist. He had too much repose. His employers called it laziness. He was concerned with permanences. The nearer to nature, the more repose. Trees and hills do not dance, except for urging. Whitman, elemental, strong, placid, bovine, did not urge them.

In the Brooklyn Eagle office Whitman is a clearer memory than in the office of its contemporary. Yet it is oddly hard to secure facts. There is a general and joking reference to his serenity as idleness. He was not a typical newspaper man, for he was not to be pressed or hurried, and in our day of precision and speed he would have been impossible. He never felt that stress from which the veriest Bohemian suffers. He did not want money enough to work hard for it. One of the coterie of writers and actors which used to squander its much wit and little wealth at Pfaff's tells me that of the whole party, Whitman was the only one who was never tipsy and never "broke." He always had a market, somewhere, for fugitive writings. Editors were

friendly to him. He drank his beer, with the rest, but its effect was to make him thoughtful, even sad, while the others were merry. According to that narrator he was an easy borrower, though it does not appear that he asked for large amounts or made needless delays in his repayments.

Apropos, here is an incident which, if not true, is good enough to be. The scene was Fowler & Wells' office, in New York, where believers in phrenology went to have their bumps examined. Whitman had derided bumps in the Eagle, yet in his poems he shows a half belief in the so-called science, and he familiarly haunted the little shop with its charts, its busts, and its cranks. One day a friend found Whitman there in his slouch hat, corduroy trousers, black silk tie and flannel shirt, leaning against one of the book counters, and looking with a sort of infantile surprise and perplexity after a figure that had just stamped out in a tempest of wrath. "What's the matter, Whitman?" asked the newcomer.

Walt replied, "Did you notice that fellow who passed you at the door? Well, he was fool enough to lend me \$500, and now he is darned fool enough to think I can pay it."

Whitman had run a paper in Huntington, Long Island, for a little while, — had run it into the ground, in fact, — and, so far as is known, that was his only training for the editorship of the Brooklyn Eagle, albeit that post involved slight labor and responsibility in his day. The last-named journal was then a sheet of four small pages, lean of news and advertising, for Brooklyn, though a town of 100,000 people, was overshadowed by its neighbor, New York, and showed little municipal character and enterprise of its own. Henry Ward Beecher, Greenwood Cemetery, and the navy yard were all that made it known. Whitman lived in a humble house on Myrtle Avenue, a street since grown cheap and noisy, and daily show-

ered with coal dust by elevated trains. His old home, now a butcher shop, was a mile and a half from the Eagle office at Fulton Ferry, and one may believe that he preferred to be at that distance that he might enjoy the contemplations and observations incident to a daily walk between the two points. Not only did he walk, or saunter, to and from the office, but almost daily he left his desk and took a swim and a stroll, leaving the nations to get on as they might without his comment and advice, and often taking one of the printers from his case for company. He enjoyed the society of young, strong men who worked with their hands and put on no airs, — drivers, mechanics, laborers, soldiers, sailors. I met him once, and for a moment only, but I recall his patriarchal picturesqueness, his gentle dignity, his friendly hand, and his look of interest when his old papers were mentioned.

Walt Whitman's education was of experience, insight, sympathy; not of books. In running over his editorials one feels not only the lack of special training, but of common schooling. Even his grammar is slippery. But that was while his mind was growing, while he was guessing his vocation, and some years before he — ought one to allow that good and bad old phrase — "burst on the world"? with the *Leaves of Grass*. One thing you find, and it is that when he really has anything to say, his idea is broad, generous, democratic. Rarely is there a poetic turn to his phrase, but invariably when he writes with feeling there are honesty and courage.

Here is one of the first editorials that he wrote for the *Eagle*. Does n't it sound amiable, leisurely, and is it the least bit like the leader in any modern paper?

"An Hour Among the Shipping. We spent an hour or two yesterday afternoon [this, being on Monday, proclaims him Sabbath breaker,] saunter-

ing along South street in New York and boarding some of the lately arrived packet ships. . . . The Massachusetts we found in apparently fine order notwithstanding her long passage of 44 days and her battles with the ice and wind. She is a handsome, staunch looking vessel, and seems as though she might stand an even stouter tug with old Neptune in his rage. The Roscius was really a pitiful sight. Just before her last voyage we had noticed and admired this beautiful and favorite packet — and the contrast presented by her present appearance with her appearance then, is enough to excite feeling even in the bosom of a cold hearted landsman. She reminds one of a dripping, half drowned Chanticleer. Her spars, sails and rigging are actually drooping — and everything about her has a kind of bob-tailed look. . . . At 1 o'clock the *Franconia* from Liverpool and the *Sartelle*, N. O., came up the bay in handsome style. We went on board both of them; and though each had evidently seen blows and hard knocks, they looked like new bonnets compared to the Roscius and Sea. It is a source of gratitude to Him who rules the storm, that so little loss of life and property, after all, has resulted from the late tempests at sea. The most really deplorable thing seems to be the wrecking of the *Minturn* — that ill fated craft! after she had come quite in sight of her destination. It only needs a half hour's walk along South street, to convince anyone of the almost miraculous preservation, through the deepest dangers, which has been vouchsafed of late to those who trust themselves on the bosom of the ficklest of the elements."

In another issue appear two advertisements, one informing the public that some malicious person had broken a pictured window in a church, and offering \$200 for his arrest, and the second, containing an offer of \$50 for the arrest of a man who had robbed another sanctuary. So it appears that some people

were as practically opposed to ecclesiastical splendors as Whitman was in theory, for in his column he says: —

“Grace church, in New York, was consecrated on Saturday last, according to announcement. The ceremonies are said to have been very imposing. The crowd was fashionable and in numbers sufficient to resemble a rout among the very choicest of the city elegants. We are impelled to say that we do not look with a favorable eye on these splendid churches — on a christianity which chooses for the method of its development a style that Christ invariably condemned, and the spirit which he must have meant when he told an inquirer that he could not enter the kingdom of heaven. Grace church, inside and out, is a showy piece of architecture, and the furnishing of the pews, the covering of the luxurious cushions, &c., appear to be unexceptionable, viewed with the eye of an upholsterer. The stainless marble, the columns, and the curiously carved tracery are so attractive that the unsophisticated ones of the congregation may well be pardoned if they pay more attention to the workmanship than to the preaching. Is this good? Is the vulgar ambition that seeks for show, in such matters, to be spoken of with other terms than censure? Ah, who does not remember some little, old, quaint, brown church in the country, surrounded by great trees and plentiful verdure — a church which a property speculator would not own, as an investment, if he had to pay the taxes on it? Is that to be compared for a moment with the tall spired temples of our great cities, where the pride that apes humility is far more frequent than the genuine spirit of Christ? And we must say that for such reasons we regret to see every putting up of a gorgeous church. The famous religious buildings of Europe, built without our modern pews, and on a scale of massive simplicity and grandeur, crush in their silent largeness the souls of the supplicants who kneel

there, and are no doubt conducive to make one realize a little of his own nothingness compared to God and the universe. But the comfortable pews, the exquisite arrangements, and the very character of the architecture of our modern churches (it may be that Trinity in New York will be an exception,) lift a man into a complacent kind of self satisfaction with himself and his doings. We hope our remarks will be taken with the same feeling of sincerity in which they are written.”

Whitman wrote on anything and everything, after the fashion of editors, sometimes with earnestness, sometimes with undisguised indifference. Here is a sample of an occasional sort: “To cure the tooth ache, plunge your feet in cold water. Strange, but true.” For *but* most people would read *if*. The man who must supply a column at a given hour every day cannot make the quality uniform. Whitman discusses public and personal questions; asks if it is right to dance, and answers himself that it is, if one goes to bed in decent season; rates the ferry company for allowing men to smoke and spit on the decks; and while the United States army is fighting in Mexico, he turns out a restful screed entitled *Some Afternoon Gossip*, devoted to a rainfall and the lamentations of ice-cream makers on account of the cool weather. Some happenings always drew a lecture from him. He could not abide harshness, unfairness, tyranny, or cruelty. Not an execution of the death sentence occurred anywhere in the Union that he did not inveigh against capital punishment. Indeed, the severities of law seemed to irritate him more than the severities of the criminal. He courts orthodox enmity by caring not a rap for scripture reasons for hanging, and he reprehends lynchings, whippings, and all revenges. His rebellious tone caused one clergyman to break out against him as “a scurrilous infidel.” Life imprisonment, in Whitman’s mind, was the

only punishment for murder, if for no other reason, because it was more painful than hanging. He is a bit inconsistent here, but none can doubt him genuine when he exclaims, "Good God! we are almost shocked at our own cruelty when we argue for such a punishment to any man! Looking only at the criminal in connection with the great outrage through which we know him, we forget that he is still a duplicate of the humanity that stays in us all. He may be seared in vice, but if we could stand invisible by him in prison and look into his soul, how often during those terrible nights might we not see agony compared to which the pains of the slain are but a passing sigh!"

A duel he denounces as "honorable nonsense," and even hard words pain him if they reflect on our people or institutions. He expresses, not anger, but a hurt astonishment that Dickens should have spoken of America as he did in his Notes. There were no societies in those days for preventing cruelty to animals, but he helped to make a way for them by appeals like this: "Go to the desert! ye goaders and overworkers of the most human and gentle of animals! Learn from the brown skinned savage a lesson in your trade. Look at the obedient fleet courser — herding with his children when they sleep at night — receiving food as choice as he gives his wife — with a step like the wind and elevated almost into a rational being, by such treatment as he sees fit to give him. We confess to a real affection for a fine horse! So strong — so harmonious in limb, shape and sinew — so graceful in movement — with an eye of such thoughtful and almost speaking brightness — the horse is above all other animals in those qualities which demand of civilized nations to do it kindness and fairness. No man with a man's heart can be brutal to such a creature."

And here is his task of "Polishing the Common People:" "We love all

that ameliorates or softens the feelings and customs. We have often thought, and indeed, it is undeniable, that the great difference in the impressions which various communities make on foreigners traveling among them, is altogether caused by the possession or deficiency of these little graces of action and appearance. It must be confessed that we in America among the general population, have very, very few of these graces. Yet the average intellect and education of the American people is ahead of all other parts of the world. We suggest whether we were not much in fault for entertaining such a contempt toward these 'little things' as many will call them. Let every family have some flowers, some choice prints and some sculpture casts. And as it is the peculiar province of woman to achieve those graceful and polished adornments of life we submit our remarks and suggestions especially to them."

In a few contributions to the *Eagle* of that day one finds an old-fashioned rhetoric and sentiment that are obviously not Whitman's, for he has his fling at a literary fashion of the time in this: "The Crushed Heart is the name of a silly sentimental little poem going the rounds of the papers which we particularize, in order to denounce its class. It is full of 'wounded hopes,' of 'deep despair,' of 'withered affections' and all that sort of thing. We have an aversion to stuff of such a sort. It begets a morbid and most unhappy general result on its readers — opposite as it [is] to all wholesome and manly kind of writing."

Political editorials of an earlier time sound dry and perfunctory; at least, they seem so because they traverse dead issues; but it is pleasant to discover Whitman's attitude on slavery, and in a Democratic paper, too, for boldness of speech on that subject was rare in those days: "Public attention, within the last few days has been naturally

turned to the slave trade — that most abominable of all man's schemes for making money, without regard to the character of the means used for the purpose. Four vessels have, in about as many days, been brought to the American territory for being engaged in this monstrous business. It is a disgrace and blot on the character of our republic, and on our boasted humanity. The slave ship! How few of our readers know the beginning of the horrors involved in that term! Imagine a vessel of the fourth or fifth class built more for speed than space, and therefore with narrow accommodations even for a few passengers; a space between decks divided into two compartments three feet three inches from floor to ceiling — one of these compartments sixteen feet by eighteen, the other forty by twenty one — the first holding 226 children and youths of both sexes — the second 336 men and women — and all this in a latitude where the thermometer is eighty degrees in the shade! Are you sick of the description? O, this is not all by a good sight. Imagine neither food nor water given these hapless prisoners — except a little of the latter at long intervals, which they spill in their mad eagerness to get it; the motion of the sea sickening those who have never before felt it — dozens of the poor wretches dying, and others already dead (and they are most to be envied!) — the very air so thick that the lungs can not perform their office — and all this for filthy lucre! Pah! we are almost a misanthrope to our kind when we think they will do such things!"

But while he would enforce all laws against this horror, and suppress it by cannon, if need be, he declares in the next column that "you can't legislate men into virtue." "Why," he says, "we would n't give a snap for the aid of the legislature in forwarding a purely moral revolution! It must work its way through individual minds. It must

spread from its own beauty, and melt into the hearts of men — not to be forced upon them at the point of the sword, or by the stave of the officer."

And the aldermen! Were they always the same hapless, misprized patriots that we affect to find them in our day? There is an air of yesterday in this: "That body of honest, intelligent and virtuous men, the Aldermen of New York, held a meeting on Monday evening. They of course went through their tea-room duties first; after which they solemnly resolved that the establishment of such ferries as the public convenience demands is an infraction of their chartered rights. To hear these aldermen talk one would suppose there were no rights in the world but such as are written on parchment. If we mistake not, the citizens of the State in general have some rights."

He girds at these statesmen also for idling time and for scurrile talk, closing his article with these words: "We want this shoe to fit any foot whose size corresponds to it. And we shall shortly recur to the same theme — hinting at some objects of public usefulness which call loudly for municipal action; but which are left asleep, while 'words, mere words,' and those not of the choicest kind, fill up the time and attention of the potent corporation signors."

Though in the following the matter discussed is merely politics, it will not be alleged that the broad view is lacking: "In what we may call the personal of politics there is not any material difference between democracy and the opposition. Both have demagogues — both have office seekers whose first object is loaves and fishes — both contain ignorant, ill bred, passionate men that cause regret among the discreet and refined — both have many good qualities — both have many faults. But if the inquirer after truth will reflect a moment and observe carefully, he will see in this as in all civilized

countries, two great currents running counter to one another; or, perhaps we might preferably call it, running side by side, but the one disposed to stagnate, rolling languidly, and rather holding back in permanence — and the other advancing with a quick life-breathing and life-giving rapidity, fertilizing the soil on its banks, overwhelming every dangerous obstacle, and washing away all the corruption which the monotonous putridity of the other tide leaves in its neighborhood. In each modern nation there is a class who wish to deal liberally with humanity, to treat it in confidence, and give it a chance of expanding through the measured freedom of its own nature and impulses. Also, there is a class who look upon all men as things to be governed — as having evil ways which can not be checked better than by law; a class who point to the past and hate innovation, and think that the nineteenth century may learn from the ninth, and a generation of light can be taught by a generation of darkness."

In a rebuke to one who derided the alleged aspiration of the Long Islanders for statehood, Whitman takes the opportunity to urge that people simplify their living and eat Long Island fare of "poggies, eels, hell divers, coots, thin shelled crabs, old wives, cohaughs, wild geese, periwinkles, and last though not least clams (that queen of the shelly tribe!) Moral. — Let the citizens of New York renounce the highly seasoned soup, and spiced meat of foreign birth — and eat more native clams and poggies."

It will be noticed that Whitman's phrasing is occasionally at odds with latter-day usage, that his punctuation is his own, and that, as in the foregoing paragraph, his spelling is not orthodox. The personal point of view is to be expected, when one commands the editorial columns of a paper, but in this bit, in which his fondness for bathing is suggested, he uses the *I* for the more

customary editorial *we*: "Everybody knows, or ought to know that the skin is a breathing apparatus — and when the legion of its pores are blocked up the lungs must do double duty. I verily believe that consumption would not be, certainly, one quarter part so prevalent as it is now, did people pay more attention to bathing. You weakly, pining young men and women, whom a little cold air sets shivering, shaking and coughing, don't meddle with the vile quack nostrums of the day; but rouse, rouse 'ere it is too late; go in for the bath — it will wake up your dormant spirits — it will send the blood coursing quickly through the highways, byways, streets, and lanes of your dull carcass, and mantle the cheek with a roseate hue, not to be imitated by carmine or rouge."

In reverting to this subject later he brings up memories of an obsolete medical practice: "At the opening of the spring a very large number of persons are in the habit of getting bled, or taking physic to prepare for approaching warm weather as it were. Either of these practises is bad. Indeed, the taking of medicine at all, except under the most urgent necessity, never seemed to us advisable. Nature has provided better, safer and more pleasant alternatives. The causes of illness, too, are generally such as those so called remedies can not reach." He would cure by eating less, exercising more in the air, and bathing oftener, while as to clothing he maintains that a man may accustom himself to almost anything.

There is an outspoken dislike of trades unions, "the most fallacious things in the world," and their interference with free labor; but there is a championship of the cause of some dock laborers in Brooklyn who were paid only sixty-four and a half cents for a long day's work and fined a quarter of that sum if they were three minutes late.

Among public men who come under

his reprobation is Daniel Webster, whose excited oratory in the Senate about the Eastern boundary business was more than Whitman could endure. Behold his reproof: "So as the steam waxed hotter on Tuesday, the excitement of the noble son of Massachusetts burst all bounds. Such names as 'thing,' 'caricature' and 'creature' with the application of the verb 'to lie' in the imperative mood, second person — and that a hundred times repeated — thundered through the Senate and frightened the very curtains from their propriety. O, Mr. Webster, Mr. Webster! you shouldn't have done so! It was in very bad taste indeed. It might have answered for a low bred whig common councilman — but for a man who has been on 'thee and thou' terms with English lords — O we quite blush for you."

Here is a strain of cheerful resignation that is found in the *Eagle* on the day after a city election: "The whigs 'chawed' us up pretty handsomely yesterday! As there isn't any use in crying for spilt milk — and as the pleasant sunshine and fresh dry air this morning, and a fine night's rest, and a delightful breakfast, have begotten a blissful state of philosophy in our mind — we have concluded to give the devil his due, and acknowledge that our opponents played their cards with adroitness and spirit, very rarely equalled. Their majority is an emphatic one. We don't feel any disposition in the world to deny that it is a decided expression of Brooklyn in their favor, and that our leading candidates are 'exflunctified' men. (There! we think we are doing the thing neatly — and next year we hope our forbearance will be reciprocated by the vanquished then — that's all.) It is customary among beaten parties, after the election, to discover a variety of causes why they were beaten. We ourselves have been notified of divers good and sufficient

reasons — but we beg to be excused from announcing all and any except the first and largest one — and that is that we didn't get enough votes by a long shot!"

Trouble with Mexico lowering in the South, he writes, almost prophetically, yet with the sturdy country love that came out in his later poems: "Will not the first taste of conquest — the first sweet stimulating draught of imperious ability to crush — be too much for the young head of America? Ah, when we bethink us of the mighty incalculable energies, the unmatched strength of this nation — how there is in its invisible veins and sinews a surpassing potency which we ourselves do not dream of — how we may be led into those excesses which young and impetuous blood, and an eager heart, are apt to beget — and how the very greatness of our state's nature will create the difficulty out of which it will be hard to extricate us — we are filled with apprehension for the honor of America, and her honest action. There is something so seductive about a career of conquest, and about the extension of territory so dazzling to the popular mind, that it is hard for the masses of men to exercise that greatest of virtues the virtue of forbearance. Not that we have any apprehension about the mere increase (to an indefinite extent) of the circle of the United States; because we think that were our limits thrice as large, or larger still, the simple harmony of our political system would keep everything in proper play. But we fear our unmatched strength may make us insolent. We fear that we shall be too willing (holding the game in our own hands) to revenge our injuries by war — the greatest curse that can befall a people, and the bitterest obstacle to the progress of all those high and true reforms that make the glory of this age above the darkness of ages past and gone."

Charles M. Skinner.

THE LAST TENANT.

GONE are the tenants of that lonely hall.
Blithe Youth and lovely Hope, of yesterday,
And careless Joy went caroling away:
And Silence hung its banner on the wall.
From lagging morn till eve the slow hours crawl,
And sink, reluctant, to the tomb of Night.
The stars diffuse a faint, uncertain light,
And the moon flames out — Night's mournful seneschal!
Deserted, dim, are all the casements lone;
Unheeded springs the rank and spreading grass;
There comes no sound without of sigh or groan;
There goes no sound within of feet that pass . . .
Yet, in a chamber lone, where ivies cling,
Sits one within, named Love, remembering!

Evelyn Phinney.

ON GROWING OLD.

ALTHOUGH age takes from us agility and hair, the wise have praised it, because they love wisdom more than women. In the supreme civilization that the world has seen, Nestor was esteemed as highly as the warrior. Those of us who enjoy and honor most the man heavy with years and ripe in thought wish he held an equal place to-day. A romantic civilization will never be the nearest to perfection. It is romance that gives exclusive value to "the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty." To the man whose diet is woman's heart, whose soul at sixty still basks in the female eye, youth is glory. Shakespeare wrote *The Tempest*, calm and beautiful, shortly before he died, a fitting close to such a life, — the wisest of dramas thus springing from the brain which had followed the master love play with the unrivaled tragedies of stormy intellect. Happy always, with the bright and shadowy happiness of genius, Shakespeare must have rejoiced in the still sunlight of maturity, when his understanding

gave birth to Ariel the Spirit, to wise Prospero, to the candid Miranda, and the incipient mind of Caliban. When he turned his back upon the town, forsook his pen, and departed to conclude his years amid the scenes of his early country life, what did his spirit feel? He was the poet of philosophy and of passion. Reflection is the more friendly to our later years. The philosopher is happy at threescore and ten, the romancer's heart sinks with the streaks of gray. Age may be less like autumn than like a peaceful, lazy afternoon. A friend of mine, designing for a golden wedding, carved three compassionate women, Spring, Summer, Autumn, — there was no fourth. Wordsworth can think of

"old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,"

for Wordsworth was the poet of Nature, and Nature is faithful to the end.

"When I was a child." That distant phantom, now half a century dead, is "I," the man of sober mind and altered heart.

The "I" connects the cradle and the grave, the suckling with the latest age. When is this transient creature most himself? Toward the end, perhaps, when change is past, and he is ready for the curtain's fall. As the final act declares the meaning of the play, the manner of our growing old is the measure of our life.

Wisdom holds counters in her hand; she is grave, therefore, in her "autumnal felicity" as at her birth. The pleasures of sense are dimmed by time; in eating and kissing the common man is the peer of genius. Sympathy and understanding, the blessing of the larger mind, increase with years. Says Seneca, "If it were so great a comfort to us to pass from the subjection of our childhood into a state of liberty and business, how much greater will it be when we cast off boyish levity, and range ourselves among the philosophers?" Not losing color in the hair, smoothness in the skin, or the curiosity of sex, impairs the integrity of life. By the mirror and the Calendar the wise man is undaunted. For him, knowing and loving all, even "the best is yet to be," that white light so valued by the ancients.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

"They do," replies the jester, "for an ordinary bird." The jester, in his way, is right, and the best hope of age lies in not being an ordinary bird.

Not always is age even grave. There is a frivolity particular to fifty, a lighter side to this world's philosophy, a gayety of the moment, a seizure of the cash, "solid pudding against empty praise," drinking and merriment in the face of uncertain life.

"Come fill the Cup and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:

The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter: and the bird is on the wing."

"You are becoming frivolous already," says the worldling to his friend. "What will you be at fifty?" Storm

and stress, transcendent guessing, melt before the impact of experience. What remains is solemn black; or mayhap deft satire, enjoying life; or silly and senile farce, for the aged rake is the butt of all. Recluse or epicure, anchorite or saint, age should have its wisdom, whether satirical or holy. Romance for youth, tragedy for stern maturity, high comedy for life's afternoon, when all is charming and all a dream. Prospero, his garnered knowledge helpful for the young, reflecting that our little life is rounded with a sleep, is the type of respected age. When Browning, with silver locks, finds all the wonder and wealth of the world in the kiss of one girl, there is something vulgar in the thought, and even his "breast-forward" farewell is a little warlike for his years. Not sex or war is the natural interest of the old, but understanding, best if it be grave, like Prospero, but suitable if light irony is its form, the irony of Omar mirrored in the English poet:—

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint and heard great argument

About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went."

I once planned three brief essays: "The Friends of my Wife," "The Wives of my Friends," and "Babies." "Write them while you are a bachelor," said the cynic, "or you will not write them at all." And they were never written. Knowing little of children, I yet knew too much to move comfortably through this paragraph, which would fain describe their influence on the old. Bachelors age earlier than married men, the childless earlier than parents reasonably prolific. Valid interests keep us young. He who lives solidly lives long. Care for others is more nourishing than thought about one's self. Isolation is premature decay, and so is emptiness of mind or heart. Guilty Macbeth, facing a seared and yellow age, thinking what years should have, included in his list love and troops of friends. Farmers grow old be-

fore inhabitants of the town. I have seen a jockey at a village fair drive a race at the age of ninety-five; but he traveled, following his exciting occupation, from town to town.

"The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul."

Love, says the same poem, seldom haunts the heart where learning lies; but Pope meant Aphrodite. Love diffused, love of action, art, thought, natural obligation, woman, the young, all together, is a very part of wisdom; and the love of children is the love of life.

If age could not wither Cleopatra, the talisman was her infinite variety. Thought lines the forehead, but happy thought preserves the heart. Women remain young longer in America, of recent years, not only because they have followed the English into the open air, but because the girl has been dethroned in society, and the married woman reigns, plans, and flirts. If any word here spoken has seemed averse to flirting, I have said it ill. The interest of sex imprisons only when it stands alone. "Every woman is at heart a rake" was said before Democracy increased each woman's scope. Her tastes still narrower than those of man, she grows old earlier than he, but later than a century ago: not half as early as her slavish sisters of the East. Actresses last better than average women, having a profession and a separate soul. "An actor," says some French moralist, quoted by Mr. Walkley, "is less than a man, an actress more than a woman." We should be the most of what we are. At three my daughter, told that she might wear her new hat, turned scarlet with pleasure. It is like the spread of the male turkey's tail. In her new freedom woman remains herself, but becomes more. I have maligned, perhaps, our modern poets for their treatment of age. I will praise our writers in prose, who are beginning to feel that a heroine is not forever eighteen. Mr. Barrie has spoken

his poetic word for the woman of fifty, Sudermann's most attractive heroine has temples of gray, Pinero's princess is forty, Ibsen's plays begin in middle life. It was vanity that drew the line so young. The one male thinker of my acquaintance who habitually shrank before the thought of age was as sensitive about his beauty as a woman. But here are Mr. Barrie's words: "Oh, you mysterious girls, when you are fifty-two we shall find you out; you must come into the open then. If the mouth has fallen sourly yours the blame: all the meanesses your youth concealed have been gathering in your face. But the pretty thoughts and sweet ways and dear, forgotten kindnesses linger there also, to bloom in your twilight like evening primroses."

Art is young, because it is longer than life, and the pursuit keeps us eager. Titian at one hundred, Voltaire at eighty-four, lend honor to longevity. Art and science gain advantage over action toward the end of life. Daily we hear that the old, having lived, should make way for the young, but it is only in the world of action, of money, place, and rule, that interests conflict. In thought and feeling, understanding and knowledge, there is room for all. Age should not need charity. To him that hath shall be given. The animals kill their feeble. Age must observe the course of youth and beware of becoming helpless. Favored with experience, it will be safe if it keep one eye on progress. Of the possible amends I know not who has spoken with the nobility of Wordsworth:—

"Other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

Ponce de Leon sought with the wrong

compass the fountain of eternal youth.
Not of water is this fountain, and on no
mariner's chart. Not eternal, but still a
fountain of youth, it springs from the
heart, and is replenished by the mind.

Norman Hapgood.

"JUVENILE LITERATURE (SO CALLED)."

SOMEWHERE deep in the heart of Clark Russell lies the germ of a grudge against the British naval man; not the navy, but its representative. And whenever he has occasion to introduce one into his stories, he never loses the chance to administer a delicate rapier thrust calculated to sting deeply that navy man's condescension and conceit. In *An Ocean Free Lance* it happens that he brings together on neutral ground (at a ball) some naval officers and the gallant captain of a successful privateer; and after the collision the latter quietly explains to his subordinate and friend, "'Give privateersmen the stem!' is the cry among those fellows." Which, in landsman's English, means, — the big ship runs down the little ship if it gets in the way.

It matters not that the privateer might be a remarkably valiant vessel, going close in where the deep-draught frigate could not, and winning more honor and striking more terror in the vital part of the enemy — his commerce — than a score of deep-water battleships which have been vainly seeking an engagement, and which are too slow to chase a clipper. It matters not that in just such a craft, perhaps taken from the enemy by that very privateer, some young naval officer enjoys his first independent command which shall result in giving him his post-rank later on. He is still of the navy, and even in those days haughtily scorns the privateer. But he fails not to pocket his own prize-money.

It is perfectly true that there have

been privateers which were simply pirates, although not flaunting the Jolly Roger. It is equally true that there have been privateers filled with men who swarmed into them simply because no ship of the navy was available, and who wrought deeds of hearty patriotism, and fought like devils for country alone, — for country and the love of liberty.

"Yes," says the navy man, with a shrug, "it is a pity that they are not on the quarterdeck. As it is, they are only privateersmen."

Now, there is a spirit abroad in literature which is twin-brother to this. We meet it everywhere, from the *Atlantic Monthly* down to the veriest penny-paper that deigns to have a column of "reviews." And the line is just as sharply drawn. It is the sneer of the essayist, the critic, the novelist, in the rôle of the navy, against the juvenilist as the privateersman. It utterly ignores the fact that the work may be as much of a masterpiece, measured by the age and capacity of its intended reader, as is the best of Henry James when measured by his audience.

No later than in the February number of the *Atlantic* an essayist takes the trouble to claim that a boy "would read Scott" *et al.* instead of "the juvenile literature (so called) of the day" if he had the chance. During the last season a Boston daily gave in each case a prodigious amount of space to the reviews of some historical novels, covering nearly a score of them, although apparently

finding little in them really to commend, either in subject or in style. It remarked of a juvenile book in a surprised sort of way — as one who would ask, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" — that it was much better written than the average boy's book, and more interesting to adults than nine tenths of the historical novels of the year. And how much space did the reviewer devote to this literary discovery? Just one inch. Why more? The writer was a "privateersman." It cannot, of course, be literature.

To take an author now dead, — Elijah Kellogg, and his Elm Island stories. Living pictures, were they, of the sturdy life on our New England coast in early days when the village smithy was the hardware shop, and the loom was heard in the land. Your essayist looks them coldly over. They are not psychological. They wear no sign of "vivisection done here." They are not even scandalous. They are only rugged bits of the life of rugged boys, what they did and, casually, what they thought in their own shy, boyish way. But those thoughts were uplifting in their force. The thud of the broad-axe is heard more often than the clash of the battle-axe; so the critic sneers at them, ignoring the keen interest with which *the boy for whom they were written* follows the fortunes of the young fishermen-farmers in their ready adaptability to turn their hands, in the honest manual training of that day, to whatever might be needed. The books intentionally are outline sketches, unburdened by unboyish non-essentials. "It is not literature!" It is nothing but bald record of what they did. Yet we read in another book that is still called literature, how —

"Jacob went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the east. And he looked, and behold a well in the field; and, lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it, for out of that well they watered the flocks; and a great

stone was upon the well's mouth. And thither were all the flocks gathered; and they rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the sheep, and put the stone again upon the well's mouth."

Bald though the critic claims they are, nevertheless after a boy for whom Kellogg wrote had surreptitiously read on the haymow one of the real "pirates" (a Beadle), and the glamour of stolen fruit was gone, the adventures of Heavy-Hatchet, the Bold Scout seemed flat and stale, not to be compared in the same breath with the time when Lion Ben drove his heavy canoe homeward through the storm into which he had plunged by compass to the rescue of Charlie Bell, surprised by that storm while fishing out at sea. Of course it cannot be literature. Why, I believe Kellogg never wrote a novel in his life! He does not have ten lines allotted to him in any school manual known to me. Nevertheless, I have yet to hear of a boy whom those books failed to help upward by their subtle moral force. By their fruits ye shall know them; and men do not gather figs from thistles.

We sing Hawthorne's praises to an organ accompaniment, grand, sombre, depressing, as though *The Scarlet Letter* was his one great gift to the world in payment for his birth. Yet countless girls and boys have as yet never heard of him save as the teller of those wondrous stories which have enabled them to live in delightful fancy with the gods and demigods of dear, sunny Greece; and surely this deserves as great a space when summing up his value to the world. It does not get it. Is it because the critics dare not call it literature, but must speak of it under their breath if inclined to sneer, since it is not the freight of a privateer this time, but of the frigate — Hawthorne? Scantly indeed do they dwell upon it in their hand-books and biographies; and by this scantiness judge what would be granted had Kellogg been the author.

But, you may say, Hawthorne is not a fair example. He is Hawthorne, long dead, and aged into a classic. Very well. Here and there in the manuals we find listed as a work of literature for careful study a book written for boys by a novelist but lately dead, namely, *Treasure Island*. The world was not content to leave it, where, I am told, the author placed it, among the juveniles. A novelist wrote it. If our navy man saw fit to take a schooner voyage he still is one of us as a navy man, you know, and not captain of a scurvy privateer. So we are able to recognize it at once for what it is — literature. But had it been instead the "best book" by some able juvenilist, say Charles W. Whistler, to name a British one (how many of you have read as yet his *Havelok the Dane* ?), what honorable mention would you have allotted to it, messieurs, then? Dare you say that you would have given it space or thought? Would you not have said to your boy, instead, "Why do you waste your time on trash like that when you might be reading Scott or" — some other frigate-bred's production? And then, once more, when as sometimes happens your novelist finds that, after all, it is not really so easy a task as he had thought to write a juvenile that will appeal to the instincts of his intended audience, and that in his particular case he can no more make a success of it than the born juvenilist can write a world-famous novel, do you then comment on the result as "Not quite up to the average of a good boys' book"? Dare you frankly say in cold type, "This is bogus coin"? Perhaps you do; but in the course of a somewhat wide reading, to the best of my recollection I have never found such criticism. But I have found the failures.

You buy your own books, messieurs, as you come across them; at sight, for your own immediate pleasure. You talk

them over at your clubs and gatherings, and A tells B that if he has n't read C's latest he ought to; and D, standing near, thinks likewise, and hence buys it. So the noble guild of the quarterdeck is enabled to live to some extent on copyrights, and to rejoice, now and then, on the half-million strike of some confrère. But you buy for your boy, not what he wants, but what you think he ought to want. Sometimes you hit the mark. Quite as often, perhaps, some of you do not. But you can all ignore good things too near for your eyesight; and, at best, it is only at Christmas or on birthdays that you think to buy for him at all. It does not come as a part of your own weekly pleasure. So there is no half-million success to be looked for here.

A juvenile may be possibly a masterpiece of literature in its way; "as nearly a little classic as we may hope to receive from a modern writer," to quote from one report. Yet if the author has discovered that his special gift is as a juvenilist, and by devoting his whole strength to that, instead of to second-rate novels, is giving back to the world of his birth the very best that is in him — well, you care a great deal for the welfare of your girl or boy; you take much thought for their reading; but you do not give space in your reviews to such books that do not bear the frigate-mark; you do not give the world at large a chance to read about them by your free discussion, nor their authors the opportunity to learn their faults and how to make their next book better. And when you deign to speak of them at all, you sneer. Why not? These authors are but privateersmen. They never walked a frigate's quarterdeck. "Let the children read the classics! *We* know what is best for them."

Then the critic takes up his pen and laments in print the dearth of real literature for children in the land.

John Preston True.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

"EFFUSIONS OF FANCY."

"LET us leave it to the Reviewers," wrote Miss Austen something like a century ago, "to abuse such effusions of fancy at their leisure, and over every new novel to talk in threadbare strains of the trash with which the press now groans. . . . From pride, ignorance, or fashion, our foes are almost as many as our readers, and while the abilities of the nine-hundredth abridger of the History of England, or of the man who collects and publishes in a volume some dozen lines of Milton, Pope, and Prior, with a paper from the Spectator, and a chapter from Sterne, are eulogized by a thousand pens, there seems a general wish of decrying the capacity and undervaluing the labour of the novelist, and of slighting the performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them. 'I am no novel-reader; I seldom look into novels; do not imagine that I often read novels; it is really very well for a novel.' Such is the common cant."

If Miss Austen had been born a century later, she would have had less cause for her spirited sally. There are still people who extend the left hand to fiction, and give it, somewhat ostentatiously, a seat below salt; but they are few, and it is noticed that their attention to the high discourse of the upper table is subject to lapses. The present tendency is, indeed, toward the other extreme. A frank arrogance is manifested by the universal guest; he takes the head of the board as by right, and if there is anything which under-placed preachers, historians, politicians, or philosophers can tell him, he would be charmed to know the reason why. No? Then he will himself make shift to expound the world and the fullness thereof. He is at

least sure of an audience; and this is the beginning of wisdom.

I.

It may be surmised that there would be a whimsical twist to Miss Austen's smiling approbation of this development. Her own work, yes, it had "genius, wit, and taste" to recommend it; but it was not founded upon a theory, it did not aim to supplant the pulpit, the platform, the laboratory, or the easy-chair; it aimed simply to give delight by interpreting human life as one person saw it. Luckily there are still persons who attempt to do just this, and of the many more who never dream of it, not a few build better than they know. Nevertheless, the groaning of the press must still be echoed at times by the patient reader. It is so hard to determine what is best in this astonishing output of new fiction. It is hard even to determine what "the general public" considers best. A story may be marketed by the hundred thousand copies, and yet be unknown to most intelligent readers. A great number of persons are helplessly exposed to any book which is pertinaciously advertised or conspicuously placed in shop-windows, or which happens to have been recommended by a neighbor or a second cousin.

Gordon Keith¹ stands on record as one of the "best-selling books" of the year, but an analysis of the "public" which has bought and enjoyed it is still to be made. There is, to be sure, a good name on the title-page, but recent experience has sufficiently warned us not to be over-hasty in imputing excellence to fiction which happens to be attractively

¹ *Gordon Keith*. By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

labeled. The latest books of Mr. Stockton¹ and Mr. Harris² have been not a little disappointing, though less disappointing than this story of Mr. Page's. In his own vein of stately and gentle sentiment, the vein, for example, of *The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock*, Mr. Page has had few equals. Gordon Keith is labored, sensational, and dull, and can hardly hope for more than the momentary attention due an experiment in a new field by a master in an old one. It cannot be said that the experiment has been successful, unless from the commercial point of view.

Several other new books by Southern writers are likely to achieve something more than a success of commercialism or of curiosity. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*³ has been made familiar to many readers through its serial publication. According to the prevailing fashion, and a good old fashion it is, the tale begins with the boyhood of the hero. The first half of it, indeed, constitutes an excellent boy's story. The boy himself is worth knowing, and the account of his adventures is given simply and directly, with sympathy, yet without sentimentalism. There is much description in the early chapters, as is natural, for the boy is at that time only a part of the wilderness. These passages do not impress one as having been composed for their own sake, but seem really essential to the story. Here, for example, is a picture of daybreak in the mountains: "Meanwhile, the lake of dull red behind the jagged lines of rose and crimson that streaked the east began to glow and look angry. A sheen of fiery vapor shot upward and spread swiftly over the miracle of mist that had been wrought in the night. An ocean of it, and white and

thick as snow-dust, it filled valley, chasm, and ravine with mystery and silence up to the dark jutting points and dark waving lines of range after range that looked like breakers, surged up by some strange new law from an under-sea of foam; motionless, it swept down the valleys, poured swift torrents through high gaps in the hills, and one long noiseless cataract over a lesser range — all silent, all motionless, like a great white sea stilled in the fury of a storm."

The story of the boy's birth and childhood, of his budding ambitions, of his sturdy growth and steady rise in the face of great difficulties, is the oldest story in the world, but Mr. Fox has made it new again. With his arrival at the threshold of manhood comes the outbreak of the Rebellion, and the comparative abeyance of the personal motive. The war episodes are less carefully subordinated to the human theme than they were, not long ago, in Mr. Cable's *Cavalier*, or in Miss Roseboro's *Joyous Heart*. There are moments when the reader misgives that he has been betrayed once more into perusing a mere historical novel. Fortunately General Grant and the others do eventually retreat into the background, leaving the hero to emerge once more into private life and significance. There is no cause for wonder in the fact that most Southern stories seem fated to deal, directly or indirectly, with the civil war. Only when, as in the recent case of *The Vagabond*,⁴ the thing is done feebly and sensationally, is one tempted to wish that the old tune of the Blue and the Gray might cease to reverberate under the quiet porticoes of fiction.

Among Southern novelists Mr. Allen is of the few who have not based their

¹ *The Captain's Toll-Gate*. By FRANK R. STOCKTON. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1903.

² *Gabriel Tolliver*. By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

³ *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. By JOHN FOX, JR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

⁴ *The Vagabond*. By FREDERICK PALMER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

work upon the memory of past belligerence. His new story,¹ like its predecessors, is laid in modern Kentucky. The present commentator is embarrassed in giving his opinion of it by the fact that with regard to a former product of the author's craft he stood in a perhaps calculably trifling minority. For *A Kentucky Cardinal* he had sincere admiration, but he must confess frankly that *The Choir Invisible* seemed to him not only artificial, but unwholesome. There is a literature of immorality which we know how to take; it bears its character upon its forehead. Not seldom it is able to command, at least, the respect due to outspoken virility. But a literature of strained idealism tinctured with subtle prurience of the imagination is not even virile; it is certainly not of our race. *Tom Jones* is immoral, let us say, but it is rather among the fine sentiments and boasted pruderies of *Paul et Virginie* that one finds the imagination grown corrupt and emasculate.

The quality here suggested is less prominent in the present story than it was in *The Choir Invisible*; but it is not absent. In other respects we find little or no advance made over the earlier work. The heroine of *The Mettle of the Pasture* is an unqualified prig. The adventuress, who happens to be the grandmother of the heroine, enjoys the distinction, not uncommon among her kind, of being a leoparress. She coils, she glides, she "sits up with lithe grace." When she looked out of a window, "she sat down and raised the blind a few inches in order to peep out." When she was angry "she sat perfectly still; and in the parlor there might have been heard at intervals the sharp scratching of her finger-nails against the wood of her chair." Nothing is to be said against the hero except that he fails to be interesting; perhaps our attitude toward him is compromised by

his devotion to the heroine. Most of the minor characters are of considerable interest; and it is remarkable that, with a main theme so incapable of arousing our concern, there should be much spirited and easy by-play. The Judge, Barbee, Marguerite, the Hardages, are all excellent material for romantic comedy. We are depressed by the duty of holding our faces firm and grave for the sake of a principal motive which we take to be half-tragic in intention. We should have so thoroughly enjoyed meeting these good people if their creator had not seen fit to keep certain buskined puppets in the foreground. We cannot fairly demand that every novelist shall be hearty and forthright in matter or manner. To certain tastes there is a charm in the heavy perfume of housed orchids; most of us prefer the growth of the breeze open.

There is no doubt that Mr. Allen possesses, what is by no means common among novelists of this day, a keen sense of the dignity of his art; but, by a natural paradox, this very seriousness of purpose may lead him to attempt work of a kind which is beyond his powers. It is a pity that an assured success in a pure style should be sacrificed for a dreamed-of achievement in the grand style. We may hope that the writer in question will yet produce more in that form of prose idyl which won him an audience.

II.

*The Call of the Wild*² is a story altogether untouched by bookishness. A bookish writer might, beginning with the title, have called it *An Instance of Atavism*, or *A Reversion to Type*. A bookish reader might conceivably read it as a sort of allegory with a broad human application; but its face value as a single-minded study of animal nature really seems to be sufficiently considerable. The author, too, must be allowed to stand

¹ *The Mettle of the Pasture*. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

² *The Call of the Wild*. By JACK LONDON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

upon his own feet, though one understands why he should have been called the American Kipling. His work has dealt hitherto with primitive human nature; this is a study of primitive dog nature. No modern writer of fiction, unless it be Kipling, has preserved so clearly the distinction between animal virtue and human virtue. The farther Buck reverts from the artificial status of a man-bounded domestic creature to the natural condition of the "dominant primordial beast," the more strongly (if unwillingly) we admire him. There is something magnificent in the spectacle of his gradual detachment from the tame, beaten-in virtues of uncounted forefathers, his increasing ability to hold his own among unwonted conditions, and his final triumph over the most dreaded powers of the wilderness: "He was a Killer, a thing that preyed, living on the things that lived, unaided, alone, by virtue of his own strength and prowess, surviving triumphantly in a hostile environment where only the strong survived. Because of all this he became possessed of a great pride in himself, which communicated itself like a contagion to his physical being. . . . But for the stray brown on his muzzle and above his eyes, and for the splash of white hair that ran midmost down his chest, he might well have been mistaken for a gigantic wolf, larger than the largest of the breed. . . . His cunning was wolf cunning and wild cunning; his intelligence, shepherd intelligence and St. Bernard intelligence; and all this, plus an experience gained in the fiercest of schools, made him as formidable a creature as any that roamed the wild. A carnivorous animal, living on a straight meat diet, he was in full flower, at the high tide of his life, overspilling with vigor and virility. . . . Every part, brain and body, nerve tissue and fibre, was keyed to the most exquisite pitch; and between all the parts there was a perfect equilibrium or adjustment. To sights and sounds and events which required action,

he responded with lightning-like rapidity. He saw the movement, or heard the sound, and responded in less time than another dog required to compass the mere seeing or hearing. He perceived and determined and responded in the same instant. His muscles were surcharged with vitality, and snapped into play sharply, like steel springs. Life streamed through him in splendid flood, glad and rampant, until it seemed that it would burst him asunder in sheer ecstasy, and pour forth generously over the world." The making and the achievement of such a hero constitute, not a pretty story at all, but a very powerful one.

Here entereth a new figure in an ancient habit. It is a tale not guiltless of historical import, and rendered in a style of bookish origin, yet essentially what it professes to be, a romance.¹ Long Will is, it seems, the poet Langland: appears also a short stout person called Chaucer; a young King; one Wat Tyler; a mayor, an archbishop, priests, soldiers, conspirators, peasants, etc.; and, more noteworthy, fair Calote, daughter to Long Will, and young Stephen Fitzwarine, courtier, peddler, lover, and member of The Brotherhood. The romancer has chosen a precarious means of expression, and has made very successful use of it. There have been many unhappy experiments in the archaic style of late, and a few happy ones, such as, for instance, William Morris's *Story of the Glittering Plain*, and Mr. Hewlett's best work. Miss Converse has contrived a manner suggestive of the ancient English speech, yet not obscure or crabbed to the modern ear. Its key and its cadences, once determined, are consistently maintained throughout. One may give a taste of its quality in the opening sentences of the Prologue:—

"There were a many singers on the

¹ *Long Will*. By FLORENCE CONVERSE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

hill-top. They twittered in the gorse; they whistled from the old hawthorn tree, amid the white may; they sprang to heaven, shaking off melody in their flight; and one, russet-clad, lay at his length against the green slope, murmuring English in his throat.

"'T was in a May morning,' he said, 'T was in a May morning,'—and he loitered over the words and drew out the 'morwenig' very long and sweet. Then, because there was a singing mote of a lark in the misty blue above him, his own song dropped back into his breast, and he waited."

Both in form and in substance the narrative is distinguished by purity and grace. It is likely to be read with pleasure by persons to whom contact with the cut-and-thrust romance is calamity.

III.

Miss Austen, whose own work was so subtly penetrated with humor, might have wondered at the distinction which we are inclined to draw between fiction which is serious and fiction which is humorous. To her mind humor was doubtless a quality rather than a feat, a characteristic of comedy rather than a mainspring of farce. Several volumes of short stories are now before us which represent, in varying degrees, both the quality and the craft of humor. The reviewer may be allowed to express his pleasure in them, though beyond this expression he can in this place offer only a few brief notes upon them. Miss Daskam's latest volume¹ contains a series of sketches in pure romantic comedy. They are free from the stigma of excessive cleverness, and from the tendency to gird and fling which this department had fancied to be growing upon the author. There is, indeed, much sweetness

in them, as well as much power, and greater repose of manner than this writer has attained heretofore.

Until very recently Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl was known mainly as a writer of witty verses. He now proves himself to be a humorist in the better sense of the word. Several of the stories in the present collection² bear a superficial resemblance to certain Parisian tales of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith; but many of them are beyond the range of that genial chronicler. Several times, indeed, a distinctly sombre note is struck, and once, in the tale called *Papa Labesse*, even tragedy is attained. Why is it that there is such inexhaustible interest for us in pictures of the cafés, the boulevards, the Bohemian haunts, of Paris? Who can imagine a group of Anglo-American pens busied in a similar way with Berlin life? To his interpretation of the French temperament, Mr. Carryl could bring little new light. But this is a limitation of theme; the stories are delightfully told, and they are full of human interest.

The humor of *Cheerful Americans*³ belongs plainly to the lesser order, though it is a farce which does not always roar. Many of these stories have to do with a somewhat conventional type of American tourist, but they are undeniably amusing, and that is what they evidently wish to be. *The Lightning Conductor*⁴ might, according to the modern mode, be classified as "farce-comedy." The general situation is farcical, but its treatment is not so broad as to destroy one's interest in the development of the tale. It is altogether the best automobile story of which we have knowledge, and might (herein its weakness lies for the hasty reader) serve almost as a guide-book for highway travel from Paris to Sicily. It is, in short, a spirited story of love, mo-

¹ *Middle-Aged Love Stories*. By JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

² *Zut*. By GUY WETMORE CARRYL. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

³ *Cheerful Americans*. By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1903.

⁴ *The Lightning Conductor*. By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1903.

tors, and sight-seeing, and ought, consequently, to appeal to at least three classes of people. Moreover, one may fairly say that it has wit and taste, though not genius, to recommend it.

Two other books of pleasant humor¹ have chanced to come to hand recently through unofficial channels. They were, in fact, like *The Lightning Conductor*, privately recommended by persons who do not pretend to weigh what they enjoy. We hasten to pass on the knowledge of them to others who may not have chanced to come upon them in the course of the day's journey. They are Irish tales of the old-fashioned, rollicking sort, and comfortingly assure us that there is still a cheerful aspect of Hibernian life. It may be a sign of callousness, but we are glad to know that the Ireland of Miss Barlow and Mr. Moore is, after all, not the only Ireland extant. We have listened with proper sympathy to the somewhat lugubrious chronicles of life among the dwellers in the bog, and we need not now feel guilty at sharing in the merriment which still exists among the squires and the gentry, as it did in the palmy days of Charles Lever and Samuel Lover. Even the peasants, who here figure mainly in the background, appear to be a fairly cheerful, though not pampered class. Most of the stories manage to be horsy, and at the same time to treat profitably of the loves of certain attractive young persons. There is abundance of amusing description and dialogue, and with much that is too subtly humorous to be profitably detached from the context, an occasional scene of broad fun which reminds one of the good old horse-play of Humphry Clinker or Handy Andy:—

“There is probably not in the United

Kingdom a worse-planned entrance gate than Robert Trinder's. You come at it obliquely on the side of a crooked hill, squeeze between its low pillars with an inch to spare each side, and immediately drop down a yet steeper hill, which lasts for the best part of a quarter of a mile. The jingle went swooping and jerking down into the unknown, till, through the portholes on either side of the driver's legs, I saw Lisangle House. It had looked decidedly better in large red letters at the top of old Robert's note paper than it did at the top of his lawn, being no more than a square yellow box of a house, that had been made a fool of by being promiscuously trimmed with battlements. Just as my jingle tilted me in backwards against the flight of steps, I heard through the open door a loud and piercing yell; following on it came the thunder of many feet, and the next instant a hound bolted down the steps with a large plucked turkey in its mouth. Close in its wake fled a brace of puppies, and behind them, variously armed, pursued what appeared to be the staff of Lisangle House. They went past me in full cry, leaving a general impression of dirty aprons, flying hair, and onions, and I feel sure that there were bare feet somewhere in it. My carman leaped from his perch and joined in the chase, and the whole party swept from my astonished gaze around or into a clump of bushes. At this juncture I was not sorry to hear Robert Trinder's voice greeting me as if nothing unusual were coming.”

Miss Austen would very likely have discovered neither wit nor taste in this description. Perhaps there is nothing of the sort to be discovered there; one person, at least, must cheerfully confess that he rejoices in it all.

H. W. Boynton.

¹ *Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.* By E. CE. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

All on the Irish Shore. By E. CE. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

BRYCE'S BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.

IN one of his recently collected *Studies in Contemporary Biography*,¹ the Right Honorable James Bryce remarks of that eminent scholar, the late Lord Acton, that "his mastery of the so-called human subjects was unequalled;" and now that Lord Acton is no more, the same thing might fairly be said of Mr. Bryce himself.

If the human subjects be taken to mean the story of man and his doings in the world, — of man, that is, in his personal, social, and civic relations, leaving out of sight, on the one hand, his kinship with the dumb animals, and his purely religious instincts and aspirations on the other, there is, I think, no living English writer whose temper is finer or his equipment for such discussion more complete. Certainly there is none whose judgment upon the human subjects we Americans are more bound to respect than the author of the *American Commonwealth*. No transatlantic observer — not even De Tocqueville, who, for the rest, was more swayed by preconceived ideas and theories, and who wrote of us when we were, nationally speaking, far greener, and less formed than now — has made of our vaunted institutions a study so searching and at the same time so sympathetic; and that the last word upon our baffling case of this great expert should have been a hopeful one is a circumstance that steadies and consoles the simple patriot like the favorable verdict of a great physician at an alarming crisis. "A hundred times in writing this book," says Mr. Bryce in his introductory chapter to the *American Commonwealth*, "have I been disheartened by the facts I was stating; a hundred times has the recollection of

the abounding strength and vitality of the nation chased away these tremors." Is not the whole of what the best of us feel, in our most worthy moments, here truly and temperately expressed? —

"... our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,"

as the academic poet of the young republic sang, in one of his own rare moments of strong emotion. Nor does Mr. Bryce appeal to the political theorist only, and to the serene élite of the study. Having had occasion at one time to consult the sole copy of the *American Commonwealth* in a provincial public library, I found, and was rejoiced to find, upon every page, up to the seven hundredth of the second volume, indisputable proof that the book had been held long and lovingly in the hands of the reading masses.

The twenty odd character-studies brought together in the new volume afford fresh evidence of Mr. Bryce's breadth and acumen as well as of his unusually wide acquaintance among the leading minds of his day. The larger number are likenesses, drawn in strong outline, of men recently living, most of whom were known personally to the writer, and some very intimately known. They were all men of British birth and all but one of English careers. They include statesmen, historians, ecclesiastics, Anglican and Roman, great lights of insular law, like Sir George Jessel and Lord Chancellor Cairnes, one novelist, Anthony Trollope, one philosopher, — the "modern stoic" Henry Sidgwick, one purely ethical teacher, Thomas Hill Green, one editor, E. L. Godkin of the *New York Nation*, one schoolmaster, — the singularly loved and lamented Edward Bowen.

Every one of these men might be described in general terms as a humanist.

¹ *Studies in Contemporary Biography*. By JAMES BRYCE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

There is no poet among them, no soldier, no man of science, and no mystic, unless Professor Sidgwick were one. The fact that most of the shorter studies were formal obituaries, first published in some literary weekly, may help, no doubt, to invest the entire volume with a slightly solemn and ceremonial air. Gravity, urbanity, detachment, and a kind of studied catholicity are its prevailing notes. It is as if Mr. Bryce were perpetually reminding himself of the *nihil nisi bonum* convention; and his very wit, though it cannot be wholly suppressed, is subdued to that tone of suave and almost stealthy irony which befits the "third coach after the hearse." It is thus, for example, that he characterizes Lord Sherbrooke's (Robert Lowe's) assumed gift of prophecy: "People who disliked his lugubrious forecasts used to call him a Cassandra; perhaps forgetting that beside the distinctive feature of Cassandra's prophecies,—that nobody believed them,—there was another distinctive feature, namely, that they came true." He illustrates one of the capital qualifications for writing sound history of his own great favorite, John Richard Green, by an allusion to Froude which is unsurpassed for decorum: "A master of style may be a worthless historian. We have instances." And in the course of his exceedingly brilliant analysis of the character and career of Lord Beaconsfield he touches the question of the great Hebrew's veracity with a tenderness which recalls the euphemistic definition evolved by Professor Royce in his work on the World and the Individual; of—"one who deliberately misplaces his ontological predicates."

There are no italics in any of these deprecatory passages, nor do they require any. And I cannot help thinking that there is, after all, a great deal to be said in favor of Mr. Bryce's discreet, reserved, and comparatively ceremonious treatment of illustrious careers lately ended. He cares more for the essence of character than for the accidents of life; and

is it not matter of common and pathetic experience that, in the very first moments after the essence has been detached from its accidents, the proportions of the former are apt to be more clearly seen, than afterward for a long time? So Tennyson, in his great elegy:—

" . . . dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old."

Only too soon after the orb is down a mist inevitably arises which may be long in clearing away.

It is not that the author—I might say the artist—of these concise notices ever assumes to anticipate and even less to supersede the accredited biographer. Sometimes indeed, thanks to the astonishingly rapid and efficient working of our improved literary machinery, the regulation memoir in two ponderous volumes may already have come out; and if so, or if such a work is known to be in preparation, Mr. Bryce is punctilious about referring his readers to it in a footnote. But for once that the beauty of his outline sketch makes us impatient for the more elaborate portrait, we are many times made thankful for a dispensation from the duty of immediately attacking the bigger book. For the fashionable and formidable twelve-hundred-page memoir is in very many cases too soon issued, and in almost all it is twice too long. It is prolix precisely because it is premature; for Time is a wonderful instructor in that art of knowing what to leave out, which Mr. Bryce himself somewhere characterizes as an indispensable requirement of the latter-day historian. Either the incontinent narrative will be delayed by strange episodes, and laden with irrelevant asides, or it will be crammed with trivial details which do but confuse the contours of the principal figure, while admitting the kind of reader who studies the personal items in a Sunday newspaper to a degree of familiarity which would never have been tolerated in the lifetime

of the subject. No man needs a regiment of *valets-de-chambre*, or would be well served by such a retinue; and if Mr. Bryce's method occasionally recalls the high Roman fashion of carrying, in the funeral train, a wax image of the deceased colored from life and arrayed in his robes of state, it is better, at all events, than filling a row of glass cases in a museum with his old coats, combs, and umbrellas, — as has been done for the repentant and munificent founder of one of our younger universities.

Four only of Mr. Bryce's Biographical Studies attain even the proportions of the great quarterly article. They are those of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, — appropriately placed at the beginning and end of the volume, — and those of Edward Freeman and John Richard Green, with whom the author's intellectual sympathies were so strong, and his affiliations, when Regius Professor of History at Oxford, peculiarly close.

We are accustomed to think and speak of England's two foremost statesmen in the latter half of the nineteenth century as the great Liberal and Conservative leaders. Both, however, boxed the compass of English policy, the Tory beginning his public life as a Radical and the Radical as a Tory. No doubt this adds to the difficulty of making a complete, consistent, and wholly unprejudiced estimate of either career. But the difficulty is by no means equally great in these two cases; and the final effect upon the reader's mind of Mr. Bryce's valedictory and salutatory essays is to emphasize this fact. Mr. Gladstone was his own chosen and greatly revered leader; the man who embodied, or sought to embody in legislation, most of his own well-weighed and reasoned political creed. For many years, indeed, before the close of a preternaturally long public life, Mr. Gladstone's name was the accepted symbol, on both sides of the Atlantic, for all that is commonly con-

sidered most enlightened and generous in the tuition and government of men. The very currency on two continents of the tiresome appellation "grand old man" shows how extensively that name stood for certain of the beliefs which a vast number of our race hold with extreme tenacity, without knowing exactly what they are. In the essay which concludes the present volume, Mr. Bryce does his able and impressive best, both to justify his own loyalty, and to furnish reasons and sanctions for the popular faith in Mr. Gladstone. Admiring the man, as a man, immensely, — his endless capacity and versatility, the stately scheme of his character, and the undoubted purity of his aims, having felt also, to an unwonted degree, the power of his personal spell, — he touches and retouches this portrait with an anxious assiduity quite foreign to his usual method, and which partially defeats its own purpose.

The beautiful end that Mr. Gladstone made, the matchless dignity and serenity with which — *a la fin des fins* — the aged statesman received his death-warrant, and laid aside his well-worn insignia, lift Mr. Bryce, in his peroration, to a higher pitch of figurative eloquence than is touched elsewhere throughout the book: —

"Whoever follows the annals of England during the memorable years from 1843 to 1894 will meet his name on almost every page, will feel how great must have been the force of an intellect that could so interpenetrate the story of his time, and will seek to know something of the dauntless figure that rose always conspicuous above the struggling throng. . . . There is a passage in the Odyssey where the seer Theoclymenus says in describing a vision of death, 'The sun has perished out of heaven.' To Englishmen Mr. Gladstone had been like a sun, which, sinking slowly, had grown larger as he sank, and filled the sky with radiance, even while he trembled on the

verge of the horizon. There were men of ability and men of renown, but there was no one comparable to him in fame and power and honor. When he departed the light seemed to have died out of the sky."

This is very fine; but still, and for all, the figure which walks behind the great Liberal "transparency" in Mr. Bryce's procession is not quite clearly seen. No one has yet furnished a completely satisfactory reading of the Gladstonian riddle, and Mr. Bryce does not do so. Of Lord Beaconsfield, whose moral calibre and civic ideals he distrusts and disapproves, he has produced a speaking likeness, — a clear, consistent, conclusive, and, upon the whole, decidedly fascinating portrait. The man is there as well as the statesman; and the life-long *poseur*, whose foible was inscrutability, seems open as the day beside his theoretically candid, obviously impulsive, magnificently incalculable rival. It is easy enough to understand why the name of Gordon should still have power to bring an angry flush to honest English brows. It is not yet quite clear, to the average American mind, why the words Home Rule should so often do the same. There must, after all, have been some deep and not wholly unworthy reason for the invincible suspicion which could affect equally a man of Dean Stanley's large heart and ancient Whig traditions, and the genial seigneur — very much of the type of Lord Iddesleigh, as depicted by Mr. Bryce — whom I once heard apply the closure to a heated discussion of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy by the ring of a nervous fist upon the board and the naïf remark, "I am not what you call a hot Tory, but I do not, as a rule, allow that scoundrel's name mentioned at my table!"

Neither of these was a man to have obeyed that mere instinct of blind resistance, which is natural, as Mr. Bryce says, to the privileged, against whatever threatens, in the long run, to undermine their

privileges. Were they not rather moved by the conviction — which later time may show to have been mistaken, but which was curiously obstinate among the moral and intellectual élite of England a dozen years ago — that England's honor and prestige among the nations were actually dearer to the mocking Jew than to the Briton of pure blood, and by an ardent adherence to the most orthodox of Protestant Christian dogma?

Somewhere in the course of the Beaconsfield essay, Mr. Bryce enumerates four qualifications which he finds indispensable to an English statesman of the highest order. "He must be a debater. He must be a parliamentary tactician. He must understand the country. He must understand Europe." Of these four, he credits Lord Beaconsfield with the two first only. He will not allow either that he knew his England well, or that he had any large grasp of Continental affairs. But though Mr. Gladstone be his epitome of civic virtue, he has to admit that even he made some grave mistakes in foreign policy. And we of the States, despite our heedlessness of the past, our impatience for the future, and the almost fatuous facility with which we forget and forgive, can still remember, if we try, that in the harsh crisis of our civil war it was Mr. Gladstone who cheered on the Rebel, while Mr. Disraeli, as he then was, unswervingly supported the Union cause, and prophesied its triumph.

By comparing the four statesmanly qualities enumerated above with the four which Mr. Bryce names elsewhere as essential to a first-rate historian, namely, accuracy, keen observation, a sound and calm judgment, and a moderate allowance of creative imagination, we shall begin to get some notion of the assemblage of human characteristics which he most heartily admires. One more attribute there is, on which he sets an extraordinary value, — which he makes a kind of touchstone, and plainly regards

as an essential complement of all the rest, — and that is *intensity*. He applauds it both in Gladstone and in Disraeli; he discovers it in beings as diverse in their genius, and as widely separated in their spheres of action, as Arthur Penrhyn Stanley and Charles Stewart Parnell, Edward Freeman, and the great Orientalist, William Robertson Smith, — and he does homage to it in all. Though a man speak with the tongue of angels and understand all mysteries and all knowledge and have not intensity it shall, according to Mr. Bryce, profit him nothing. Intensity is the quality which vitalizes and gives effect to all others. It is determination, concentration, pluck, and patience. Etymologically, and morally as well, it will be recognized as the exact reverse of what our New England grandfathers used to sum up under that term of all opprobrium, *slackness*, and which Robert Browning denounced in statelier phrase as the one irremediable failing of “the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin.” And where Mr. Bryce, Mr. Browning, and the Pilgrim Fathers agree there is hardly room for dissent.

But the most admirable feature of these twenty-one studies taken as a whole is their impartiality of appreciation. There is not a word in the whole book either of fulsome eulogy or of malignant criticism. The only one of his characters for whom Mr. Bryce betrays anything approaching a personal antipathy is

Cardinal Manning, — and that is conceivable. It was a veritable saint who said that the heaviest recent misfortune of the Catholic Church in England had been the death of Mrs. Manning; and the best bonmot quoted in the present volume is Mr. Gladstone’s on Purcell’s life of the Cardinal Archbishop, — that it left nothing to be done upon the Day of Judgment!

If Mr. Bryce does Anthony Trollope one grain less than justice, — especially as regards the rare purity of his English style, he does the founder of the New York Nation a little more, — and the balance remains level in his hands. The whole effect of the *Studies in Contemporary Biography* is to exalt one’s conception of the dignity of human kind. That one nation in one generation should have produced so many and varied types of signal excellence is indeed wonderful. That all these great and mainly good men are of our own race and kindred is a rightful source to ourselves of essentially proper pride. It is a list of shining names, but those whom Mr. Bryce mentions in the preface to the *American Commonwealth* as having helped him in that great work — beginning with President Eliot’s, to whom it is dedicated, and including President Roosevelt’s — constitute a roll of honor also, not all unworthy, it may be hoped, of the traditions which we hold in common with our grand relations across the sea.

Harriet Waters Preston.

LETTERS FROM TWO EMBASSIES.

To a generation of readers, many of whom perhaps recalled somewhat vaguely the name of the Princess Lieven only as that of the close friend, in her declining years, of M. Guizot, the publication of the *Greville Journals*, and the Correspondence of Madame de Lieven with

Earl Grey, — not to mention other Memoirs in which letters of hers have appeared, — has revealed in some sort the personality of one of the most remarkable women in the social and political life of the first half of the nineteenth century. Only two years ago, M. Ernest Daudet

first gave us glimpses of her correspondence with Metternich and Guizot, his exceedingly interesting essay being fortunately but the preface to a completer publication. And now Mr. Lionel G. Robinson has translated, and on the whole very well translated, the letters of Madame de Lieven written during her long residence in England to her brother, General Alexander Benckendorff,¹ annotating them with sufficient fullness, and connecting them by "historical threads" which give in brief a lucid history of the time. None of the later revelations, not even the intimate correspondence printed in this book, will in any marked degree change or modify the vivid portrait which Greville drew of his long-time friend in the closing volume of the Journals. Those few pages contain the most lively presentment of Madame de Lieven yet given to the world. It is likely to be a text to which her letters in various measure will serve as illustrations and commentaries to a not insignificant number of readers.

Though she was, as she declared with truth, "Russian to the core," Dorothea Benckendorff belonged to a German family which had settled in Esthonia and entered the Russian service. Her mother too was a German, who had followed her dearest friend, the Princess Marie of Würtemberg to her new home, on her marriage with the Emperor Paul. After Madame Benckendorff's death her children were the objects of the Empress's constant kindness, and this may help account for the extraordinary adoration with which Madame de Lieven regarded the sons of her benefactress. Married at the age of sixteen to Count (later Prince) Lieven, she accompanied him to England when he was appointed Ambassador to that country in 1812, and very soon achieved a brilliant social success. She was, says Greville, "*a très grande dame*, with abilities of a very fine order,

great tact and *finesse*, taking a boundless pleasure in the society of the great world and in political affairs of every sort." Judging from these letters, in her earlier English years society was her chief interest rather than politics. Soon after her coming she introduced the waltz to London, and was the first to dance it at Almack's; Lord Palmerston, who years afterward was to be indebted largely to her influence for his appointment to the Foreign Office, being her partner. In those days she wrote, "I am literally fought for; it is not fashionable where I am not." But year by year public affairs become more and more her absorbing interest. She seems to be, in all but name and routine duties, the Ambassador. Leaders of either party are her confidential friends, even her ardent admirers, and are usually valued by her in exact proportion to their policy Russia-ward. Russia is her sentiment, perhaps in these days her passion; but she loves England to live in, — "this beautiful England, an endless chain of perfections," — and the news of Prince Lieven's recall is received by her with something very like (carefully suppressed) dismay. And it may be said that the forebodings which are hinted at in the last letters from London were destined to be more than fulfilled. Her year's sojourn in Russia — the only year spent there after her early youth — was "odious to her," and full of calamities. Her younger children (not the *elder* as misprinted here), the boys English born and bred, from whom she had never been separated, both died, her own health was broken, and the Autocrat who had been to her as a god, probably taking offense at her departure, showed a very human spitefulness to her in later days.

These confidential letters cover the happiest and most triumphant years of the writer's life. Though they come nearer to a family correspondence than

by LIONEL G. ROBINSON. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

¹ *Letters of Dorothea, Princess Lieven, during her Residence in London, 1812-1834.* Edited

anything of Madame de Lieven's yet published, domestic touches are infrequent, nor is there, after the first, much social gossip. They reflect certain aspects of the history of the time, from the days of Napoleon's waning power to those of the Revolution of 1830 and the Reform Bill, as recorded by one who was a wonderfully keen, if by no means a dispassionate or unprejudiced observer, — participant would be the truer word, — and who had a charm found very potent by some of the greatest statesmen of her time. We are indebted to this volume for exceedingly interesting portraits of the Princess in youth and age, after pictures by Lawrence and Watts. But the inscription on the first, "the age of twenty," makes it too youthful. Sir Thomas painted the brilliant young Ambassadress in England, which she never saw till she was twenty-seven. As in so many valuable English works of this class, we must deplore the absence of an adequate index.

Waiving more fundamental differences, the letters written by the Ambassadress of Russia when George IV. was Regent and King, and those from the mistress of the French Embassy in the later Victorian years,¹ could only be compared in their unlikeness; — the one is a political, the other a social chronicler. It is a little difficult for the reader to think of M. Waddington, English in name, blood, education, and even — as why should he not be — in person and temperament, and his American wife, as French. It is easier to regard them as cosmopolitan, not a usual French quality. Faithful lovers of memoirs will be likely to recall earlier glimpses of the Waddington family history as obtained in the lives of Mrs. Delany and the Baroness Bunsen. Madame Waddington's letters, written to her sisters, are easy, informal, vivacious, showing a

lively interest in persons and events, quick observation, and unfailing good humor, and good taste and good feeling as well. In 1883, her husband was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to represent France at the coronation of the Emperor Alexander III., and the letters of the Ambassadress not only vividly depict the almost oppressive splendor of the ceremonies, but give a moving history of the pleasures, pains, and penalties of organizing a special embassy and performing the leading parts therein. Gala carriages, one superlatively gorgeous, unwieldy, and uncomfortable, in charge of an English coachman, "a magnificent person," who will drive no lesser vehicle; the gigantic horses appertaining thereto; four enormous footmen, and "one ordinary sized one for every-day use;" the high-bred major-domo with his crowd of underlings of every degree; the hairdresser, ready to make a *coiffure de circonstance* for all occasions, even a night journey; the ever present detectives who know all the Nihilist leaders, — these are a few of the adjuncts of such a mission. The graphic sketches of one dazzling function following close upon another, involving an appalling amount of fatigue to those most concerned, show that the pure pleasure in such ceremonies must largely rest with the irresponsible spectator, — if any one can be quite irresponsible in Russian court rites and festivities.

Soon afterward M. Waddington was appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and though the frequent Ministerial changes in France seem to have made the duration of his stay always uncertain, he remained in England ten years, — "perfectly happy years," the Ambassadress found them. The new environment recalls those early days which appear to have receded to a rather distant background in her memory: "It is not only the language, but the education, the way of living. We have read the same books, and sung the same

¹ *Letters of a Diplomat's Wife*, 1883-1900. By MARY KING WADDINGTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

hymns, and understand things in the same way." She does not find political talk greatly different from that she hears in Paris, save that it is quieter. But she also finds there is no great gulf between parties as in France, and that political differences do not affect private friendships. The stately simplicity of the Queen's Court contrasts strikingly with her remembrance of the half-barbaric pomp at Moscow. The impression made by the Queen at the first interview remains to the last, — "a great air of dignity and self-possession," always the same ready welcome with "a beautiful smile which lights up her whole face, always inclined to talk about anything, and to understand and smooth over any difficulty or misunderstanding." The usual testimony is borne to the courtesy, kindness, and tact of the Prince, whether

as host or guest; and to the unequaled grace and distinction of the Princess; and we see a little of the always interesting, and, in the end, tragic figure of the Empress Frederick. Various important personages in the political and social world — the two are not dissevered in London — pass and repass, and invariably the writer, whether in the crush of the season or as a guest at a great country house, or taking part in some state function, is well entertained and well entertains her readers. The publishers have given us this agreeable volume in an attractive guise, and the illustrations deserve a word of commendation. There are some inaccuracies in names and dates, plainly the mistakes of a copyist, but Madame Waddington writes as a Frenchwoman when she confounds George Herbert with "Bishop Keble."

S. M. F.

SOME RECENT BOOKS ON THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA.¹

THE publishers of the new "Elizabethan Shakspeare" give three reasons for its inception: —

"1. Shakspeare is in many passages an unintelligible author to those who read him without a knowledge of the word-forms and word-meanings, the pronunciation, the syntax, and the idioms of Elizabethan English.

"2. The advance in the knowledge of Shakspeare and of Elizabethan English that scholarship has made during the last thirty years is greater than the advance made during the whole preceding century.

"3. The last preceding text of the plays published is the 'Cambridge' text,

which was begun fifty years ago. There is, therefore, no previous edition of Shakspeare that contains the accumulated wealth of modern scholarship."

The first premise of this syllogism is unquestionable; the second is probably unexceptionable; but the third statement involves something very like a quibble, and uses "accumulated wealth of modern scholarship" in a very limited sense. May the ten invaluable volumes of the Variorum Edition of Dr. Furness be counted out in this way simply because all of Shakespeare's plays have not yet appeared in them? Is it not true that, though the Cambridge Edition was begun forty years ago, it

¹ *The Elizabethan Shakspeare*. Vol. I. *Macbeth*. Edited by MARK HARVEY LIDDELL. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903.

Representative English Comedies. Vol. I. *From the Beginnings to Shakspeare*. Edited

by C. M. GAYLEY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

The Complete Works of John Lyly. 3 vols. Edited by R. WARWICK BOND. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1902.

has been reëdited by Dr. Wright within fifteen years? If the Elizabethan Shakspeare is to justify itself, then, it should either provide what neither the Cambridge Edition, in its latest form, nor the Variorum volumes supply, or its editor must be able to issue, more rapidly than Dr. Furness, volumes at least equally good.

Recent editions of Shakespeare have led students to expect variorum volumes to provide, with a scholarly text, an elaborate critical apparatus, — material as to the sources of the play, the verse, the dramatic methods, and even the different interpretations of the characters given by critics and by a class too often neglected by Shakespearean critics, but in many cases best fitted to interpret, — the actors. Much of this the Elizabethan Shakspeare omits, or merely touches. In treating the characterization of Macbeth, its editor gives, somewhat dogmatically, a personal interpretation. The emphasis in the volume is upon the language of Shakespeare: indeed, study of Shakespeare's English seems to be the limited use of "scholarship" in the prospectus.

Professor Liddell has prepared himself widely on Elizabethan English, and his attitude on the First Folio text is a relief: when its phrasing, however strange to our ears to-day, can be justified by Elizabethan usage, it must stand untouched. He has sought carefully, too, for Elizabethan illustrations to explain words and phrases which have been troublesome in the past. But it is not clear for just what readers he intends this edition. The forty volumes, of which only one, Macbeth, has as yet appeared, cost \$12.50 apiece, a price which means a market only among libraries, wealthy bibliophiles, and students who may be compelled to afford the book because it has proved itself indispensable. Yet, the glossing suggests readers who are approaching not merely Shakespeare, but Elizabethan English for the first time, and there-

fore know nothing of its simplest idioms and commonest uses. Surely persons not of this class will hardly need to be told that *prythee* is Elizabethan for *pray thee*, and that, *all in all is but toys* means, *the sum of things, everything*. One wonders, too, whether a reader who speaks present-day English with any sense of the meaning of his words needs to be told that *serious* in *There's nothing serious in mortalitie* means *important, of value*. Yet these examples are from one page, chosen at random. The fact is, this edition is, in the matter of language, so over-annotated, that it well-nigh negatives thought by a reader, — surely not the desideratum in opening up our older literature. If, resenting the amount of annotation, a reader tries to lose himself in the play itself, he finds it broken up into such small patches by the enframing notes that an absorbed reading of it is almost impossible.

The publishers evidently feel considerable pride in returning to the custom among early printers of setting the text of annotated editions in a framework of notes, and declare this Elizabethan Shakspeare "the most beautiful set of books ever issued from an American press." On that declaration only an expert in printing is competent to pass final judgment. Certainly the type is handsome and clear. Has it been shown, however, that our admiration of the old editions depends at all upon this arrangement of the notes as a framework to the text? The writer has supposed that it was given to what rightly claims praise in this edition, the clearness and beauty of the type. Far too often these pages suggest a volume entitled *Illustrations of Elizabethan English, with Interlineations* by Wm. Shakspeare. Certainly a sequential reading of these patches of text is difficult and unattractive.

Because of the large amount of unnecessary annotation it is hard to decide just what is the real addition made by

the Elizabethan Shakspeare to the knowledge of Elizabethan English already easily accessible. To the writer it does not seem large. Certainly any student must miss in this edition much, provided by the Variorum of Dr. Furness, which he has found invaluable in his study of Shakespearean plays — as plays.

The long-promised first volume of Representative English Comedies has appeared. Its purpose is, by selected plays and by monographs covering periods from which no play is given, to represent the development of English comedy from the beginnings of the English drama to Shakespeare. John Heywood's *Play of the Wether* and his delightful *Johan Johan, the Husband, Tyb, the Wyfe, and Syr Jhan, the Preest, Udall's Ralph Roister Doister, Gammer Gurton's Nedle* (W. Stevenson?), *Lyly's Alexander and Campaspe, Peele's Old Wives' Tale, Greene's Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, and Henry Porter's Two Angry Women of Abingdon* are the plays given. Their editors are, in order, Mr. A. W. Pollard, Professor Flügel, Mr. Henry Bradley, Professor Baker, Professor Gummere, and, for the last two plays, the editor-in-chief, Professor Gayley. He contributes, also, the opening monograph, an *Historical View of the Beginnings of English Comedy*. Professor Woodberry writes of *Greene's Place in Comedy*, and Professor Dowden of *Shakespeare as a Comic Dramatist*.

Readiness to break with conventional, but groundless, or over-cautious statements of past students of our drama is, perhaps, the most striking characteristic of the book. Even Professor Gayley's opening monograph so adjusts the old facts to the newer theories that a well-worn subject is made interesting. It is, for instance, a pleasure to see the probability of French influence on John Heywood and the interludes of his time squarely faced, not minimized or dodged. In this volume, not only is

Heywood's *Johan Johan* made, for the first time, really accessible, but Heywood himself is given the prominent place he deserves among the predecessors of Shakespeare. Professor Flügel contributes some new light on *Nicholas Udall*, and Professor Woodberry for the first time individualizes *Greene* among the dramatists of 1585-92. Incidentally he makes quite clear why *Greene's* plays are not the "imperfectly drawn tea" with which J. R. Lowell waved them aside in his *Elizabethan Dramatists*.

In one instance, however, it seems to the writer that the receptiveness to new ideas is carried too far. It has long been clear that the case for *Bishop John Still* as the author of *Gammer Gurton's Nedle* was not conclusive, and that the case for *John Bridges* was unconvincing; in this volume Mr. Bradley advances a new claimant, *William Stevenson, Fellow of Christ Church, Cambridge*. It must be granted, from the title-page of the only extant edition of the play, that a "Mr. S." seems to have been the author, and the place of its production, *Christ's College*. It may be granted, too, that general probability and internal evidence point to a date of composition considerably earlier than 1575, the date of the extant edition; but beyond this it is hard to follow Mr. Bradley in his reasoning, which leads to *William Stevenson* as the author. He points out that on July 22, 1563, *Colwell*, the publisher twelve years later of *Gammer Gurton's Nedle*, paid for a license for a play, *Diccon of Bedlam*, and declares it "a fair presumption," because *Diccon of Bedlam* is a character in *Gammer Gurton's Nedle*, that the second play is "in substance identical" with the first. Surely this must seem a huge assumption if one recalls the frequent similarity of title between Elizabethan plays. Who ventures to declare *King Leir* and *His Three Daughters*, *The Taming of a Shrew*, and the lost *Troilus and Cressida* of

Dekker and Chettle, "in substance identical" with Shakespeare's plays with similar titles? Critics are still wondering whether there was any connection between the Comedy of Umors entered in Henslowe's Diary and Jonson's later *Every Man in His Humour*, but no one seriously maintains that they were "in substance identical." In 1559 Mr. Bradley finds in the records of Christ's College, "Spent at Mr. Stevenson's plaie, 5s," and says: "As no evidence to the contrary has been found, it appears highly probable that the 'Mr. S.' of Gammer Gurton's Nedle was William Stevenson of Christ's College." Surely absence of proof either for or against a theory does not tip the scales of critical justice. This is the argument of lynch law. Mr. Bradley meets the possible objection that the title-page speaks of the play in 1575 as represented "not long ago" by the suggestion that Colwell reprinted the title-page of Diccon, only changing the name. Is it not curious that he should change the name and not so obvious an error as "played not long ago," referring to a date sixteen years before? Why not suppose that, at a revival of Diccon not long before 1575, the name of the play was changed, and that to some such revival the "not long ago" refers? But there is no proof that the plays are "in substance identical;" and, even if that were proved true, there is no proof that William Stevenson wrote either. Surely, then, to put his name on the title-page in this volume, without even a query, is hardly cautious.

Naturally, in preparing plays like these for publication, editors become interested in minutæ of their subjects, but discussion of them in a book for the general reader may unwisely distract his attention or bore him till he is unwilling to read farther. Interesting as Professor Gayley's discussion of the chronology of Greene's plays (some twenty-eight pages) may be to a special student of Greene, might it not

have been better to print it in some learned publication, giving here only the conclusions, with references to the article? Certainly it is enough to daunt any one except the special investigator. Perhaps the pages on the metrics of Greene may seem open to the same criticism, but Professor Gayley's insistence that only after such an examination of Greene's verse can it safely be emended is sound, and has needed stating.

The preparation of these texts has brought out some valuable bibliographical information. Mr. Pollard has discovered that the copy of the *Play of the Wether* in the Pepys Collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge, is a complete copy of the edition of 1533, heretofore known only in an incomplete form. Professor Gayley gives reasons for identifying the so-called 1599 edition of Friar Bacon mentioned by Dyce, Grosart, and Ward, as the 1630 edition.

It is a pity that much time elapsed between the casting of some of the contributions to this volume and its publication, for, as a consequence, an editor is at times unjustly made to seem ignorant of important studies of his subject. It is startling to any one accustomed to use Brandl's by no means new *Quellen und Forschungen* to read Mr. Pollard's words: "At the time I write, the *Play of the Wether* has not been reprinted since the sixteenth century," but Mr. Pollard's introduction to the Heywood plays evidently antedates Brandl's book. Yet, for its critical attitude toward conventions of our dramatic history, for its texts, the suggestiveness of its critical essays, this first volume of *Representative English Comedies* is sure to be a useful book. It is one more step in a much needed re-writing of the details of the history of the English drama.

Mr. Bond has certainly made every effort to give definitiveness to his *Complete Works of John Lyly*. He faces

all the puzzling questions raised by the biography of John Lyly; he gives reprints of the early editions of Lyly's work which seem to him best, collating them with all other editions known to him; he goes minutely into the bibliography of each publication; he prints full notes for each; he writes essays on Euphuës and Euphuism, on Lyly as a Playwright, notes on Sentence Structure in Euphuës, Italian Influence on Lyly, and The Allegory in Endimion, and numerous introductions; in a "doubtful" list he includes The Maid's Metamorphosis, the anti-Martinist poem, A Whip for an Ape, and parts of Mar-Martin; and at the end of volume i. he adds some seven entertainments, at the end of volume iii. some seventy poems not heretofore assigned to Lyly. It is interesting to note the change in the editor as he has worked at his long labor. The introductory Life, of volume i., has a certain jauntiness, a lack of tolerance for views other than his own, a readiness to settle all mooted questions, which passes as he settles to his long and difficult task and realizes that no man amid evidence so tangled, facing the impossibility of finding much desired evidence, can hope to convince even a majority of his readers of the truth of all his theories or guesses. In the second mood, shown in the treatment of the texts and their notes, Mr. Bond is almost unexceptionable. Unfortunately, a third stage develops, known well by every student who has made the work of some Elizabethan stylist — Donne, Marlowe, Marston — the subject of special investigation. Soon such a worker comes to see Donne, Marlowe, or Marston in almost everything of the period unassigned, and, last stage of all, even in work already assigned. Mr. Fleay's useful Chronicle of the English Drama affords numerous instances of this temporary critical astigmatism. Mr. Bond grows to feel that he can detect Lyly where his presence has never been suspected. Now that

he has found a MS. of The Bee, in which it is assigned to Lyly (III. p. 437), that may prove to be the dramatist's, but the writer doubts the acceptance of most of the other new ascriptions. Certainly some errors must be weeded out, such as giving to Lyly (in No. 57,) not unfamiliar lines of Spenser. The identifications, in the entertainments as well as in the poems, rest, in too many cases, on mere metrical similarities, or on a use of similes and metaphors common to these poems and Lyly elsewhere. But nowhere is the frank imitation of the Elizabethans in form and substance more evident than in the song-books, from which Mr. Bond culls most of the poems. It is a great pity that the Life was not written last, for then its tone would surely be more judicial and its conclusions would have been corrected by the discoveries Mr. Bond made near the end of his labors (printed as a Biographical Appendix). They are, a copy, in the Bodleian Library, of the second of the so-called "begging-letters" dated 1601, which Mr. Bond believes finally settles the long-mooted question of the dates of the two letters, and also, four other interesting letters of Lyly. (See I. pp. 389-396.) The Life needs re-writing because the date 1601 for the second begging-letter disturbs an assumption of Mr. Bond's, important in his argument, that Lyly was vice-master of Paul's in 1585, and because, as Professor Littledale has shown (Athenæum, February 14, 1903), he quite overlooked the evidence that during the period in which he urges that Lyly was clerk in the Revels Office, one Pakenham held that position.

Much of Mr. Bond's writing is controversial, — in the introductions to Euphuës and Endimion especially, — for he dissents sharply from the reasons assigned by Professor Baker for the delay in publishing Euphuës and His England, and, though he accepts the allegorical significance of Endimion,

denies that it was written in Leicester's behalf, places it in 1586, and decidedly changes former identifications of the minor characters. This is not the place for detailed examination of Mr. Bond's argument on these matters, but, though the questions may, in the light of Mr. Bond's ideas, need reëxamination, they are certainly still open for discussion.

When one turns to the texts, their notes, and the bibliographical material, Mr. Bond's work compels almost unqualified admiration. He clearly establishes the superiority of the quartos over Blount's collective edition of the plays. He distinguishes deftly among early editions of Euphues and His Anatomie of Wit, heretofore confused or

incorrectly dated. His texts give one a pleasant sense of accuracy. In the textual notes he shows resource, wide reading, and large results. Never before have so many of Lyly's curious comparisons and illustrations been hunted home. Nor has his debt to Pettie's Palace of Pleasure heretofore been made as clear as it is in the notes to Euphues. Indeed, it is in these bibliographies, texts, and notes, that this edition reveals its permanent value. Whatever its faults, its merits would have justified Mr. Bond in placing at the end of the third volume the motto the Elizabethans were so fond of using, — "Opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis."

George P. Baker.

TWO BOOKS BY MR. ALDRICH.

IN an unsigned review of *The Queen of Sheba*, contributed to the *Atlantic* in 1878 by Mr. Howells, then editor of the magazine, occurs the following passage:

"There is nothing pleasanter, to the generous lover of literature, than to follow the constant advance of some favorite author, — to watch his star tranquilly increase, while the sky is streaked everywhere with meteoric lights that flash and expire, with rockets that climb the heavens to apotheosize into sticks. Mr. Aldrich's growth as a poet has been one of the most notable facts of our recent literary history; and his latest essay in fiction is stamped with the same tokens of maturing power. By power we do not mean the convulsive force that so often goes by that name in literature, but the quiet ability to imagine clearly, and the art to execute with delicacy and distinction; the conscience that forbids the artist to let anything go from his hand without the last refining touch. It matters very little what the material is;

with this power the work becomes excellent."

It is twenty-five years since these words were written. Yet happening to turn to them just now, after reading Mr. Aldrich's latest book,¹ one has a renewed consciousness of the integrity of a literary career which commands admiration to-day for the same qualities that gave it distinction a quarter of a century ago. In the interval, how many literary reputations have been manufactured, placed upon the market, and gone into assignment! We have witnessed the glorification and the swift oblivion of many an impassioned seeker of the *mot juste*, many an apostle of the crude, the rank, and the barbaric. Prose poets and "effectivists" and the "new journalists" have had their day and gone their ways, and meantime Mr. Aldrich, in his old easy mastery over the fit word and the well-

¹ *Ponkapog Papers*. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

poised phrase and the haunting cadence, has been quietly producing books that live.

Ponkapog Papers is a volume made up of a delectable medley of notes and essays. In the Leaves from a Note Book, with which it opens, are mingled reminiscences of travel, anecdotes of a life rich in literary associations, memoranda for unwritten stories, bits of character-study, paragraphs of criticism, with here and there a swift, mordant thrust at the Philistines, or a touch of pure light comedy. The very variety and air of whimsical inconsecutiveness are of the essence of its charm. At one moment the reader is in Tokio or Paris, the next in Lowell's room at Elmwood or at Fields's desk in the Old Corner Bookstore; then he is smiling at the exquisite irony of that paragraph about Robert Browning's ancestor the butler, or gazing with dimmed eyes at that cavalry sabre which hangs over the mantel — over so many mantels, North and South! — with its precious, undying memories. Is it lovely fancies that the reader would seek? Then let him turn to such sentences as these: "The young girl in my story is to be as sensitive to praise as a prism is to light. Whenever anybody praises her she breaks into colors." Is it a glimpse into the secrets of the artist's workshop? Then hear what Mr. Aldrich has to say about the expressive value of suggestion: "I like to have a thing suggested rather than told in full. When every detail is given, the mind rests satisfied, and the imagination loses the desire to use its own wings. The partly draped statue has a charm which the nude lacks. Who would have those marble folds slip from the raised knee of the Venus of Melos? Hawthorne knew how to make his lovely thought lovelier by sometimes half veiling it."

It is passages such as these that make one regret the author's decision not to write that projected essay on *The Art of Short Story-Writing*. If he would only

fence a little longer with Mr. Henry James over that disputable matter of Plot and Character! What a pity to see two such accomplished swordsmen merely salute each other with the foils in passing, instead of giving the delighted audience the pleasure of witnessing a pas-sado or two! Among the longer essays in Ponkapog Papers, likewise, one wishes that the discussion of *Historical Novels*, that "sphere of misbegotten effort," were longer still. But perhaps it is sufficient to laugh one's opponent out of court, as Mr. Aldrich has done, in a serene and wholesome fashion.

Since Lamb's day there have been few more perfect examples of the literature of sentiment than Poor Yorick and Tom Folio. The first sketch is the more anecdotal, and deals with the twofold associations that endear the memory of a great actor and an intimate friend. Its charm is in its restraint; in what is left half-told; there is no sacrifice of the modesty of friendship, no surrender to the half-morbid curiosity that follows the private life of the noted actor. Tom Folio, on the other hand, deals, with no less perfect taste, and with a more purely literary sentiment, with an old-time habitu  of Boston book-shops, whose talk, "sweet and racy with old-fashioned phrases," is still remembered by a few ancient strollers along the narrow pavements of the North End. There is room here to quote the last sentence only; and it is given for the benefit of those backward-looking readers who think that the essay of sentiment went out of existence, or out of the grasp of the literary workman, with Lamb, or, at latest, with Irving and Curtis: "Strolling to-day through the streets of the older section of the town, I miss many a venerable landmark submerged in the rising tide of change, but I miss nothing quite so much as I do the sight of Tom Folio entering the doorway of the Old Corner Bookstore, or carefully taking down a musty volume from its shelf at some melancholy old bookstall

on Cornhill." Nothing of its *genre* could be more delicately perfect.

The most considerable essay in Ponkapog Papers is devoted to Robert Herrick, an exquisite artist in verse, with whom Mr. Aldrich finds himself in natural sympathy. As in the briefer essays on Leigh Hunt and Barry Cornwall, Miss Emily Dickinson, and Mr. Young's Wishmaker's Town, the manner chosen is that of the fully informed, but witty and urbane talker, rather than that of the professional critic with his parade of apparatus and his canons known and named only by himself. Mr. Aldrich talks discriminately, it need hardly be said, with praise for what is praiseworthy, and with a good hatred of what he characterizes as the "eccentric, obscure, and chaotic." The lover of Herrick must be hard to please who will not enjoy such a genial picture of the life and work of the Devon parson; and when Mr. Aldrich passes, in the second portion of the essay, to an estimate of the value of Herrick's poetry, his finely chiseled sentences have the weight and the quality which are only found when a master is speaking of a master.

The magic of unforced talk; the instinctive avoidance of the crude and the commonplace; the flexibility of sympathy that turns swiftly from one aspect of the human spectacle to another, touching wisely and wittily upon all; — this is the charm of Mr. Aldrich's essay writing. His latest volume of fiction¹ bears everywhere the stamp of the same characteristics. The story-writer who takes in his hand *A Sea Turn* and *Other Matters* will think first, perhaps, of the training that lies back of such skillful tale-telling, the "vine-like fluency" which, in Mr. Aldrich's own words, "seems impromptu, and is never the result of anything but austere labor." There are six dainty volumes of fiction already standing to Mr.

Aldrich's credit, and in all the six there is never a dull or a feeble page. It is fiction for the "town" perhaps, as eighteenth-century writers loved to say when they meant the refined, the thoughtful, the cultivated; the readers, in short, who are found in our twentieth-century America more often in the country village than among the masses of the great cities. "No shop-girl" — *qua* shop-girl, for in her private capacity she may possess a pretty taste in letters — "need apply:" such might be the inscription over the portal of the House of Stories which Mr. Aldrich has wrought. Here is no crass sensationalism, or sham history, or vulgar intrigue, but swift, wide-ranging, dexterous story-telling, told for the persons whom he thinks it worth while to please. These persons belong to the "town;" they are readers with trained imagination and literary prescience. They will recognize in the dozen brief pages of *An Untold Story* a consummate art which makes most "told" stories seem mere bungling. In *A Sea Turn*, the title story, they will see the comedy of situation handled for once with flawless skill, without sacrifice of truth to character, or of fidelity to local coloring. In *Shaw's Folly* and *Thomas Phipps* are character-studies of penetrating insight and engaging humor; while in *The White Feather*, Mr. Aldrich touches, as many times in his earlier prose and poetry, but always poignantly and adequately, upon the tragic side of the civil war.

It is a rare achievement to utilize such varied themes as these in a style suited to each mood, — brocaded deftly when ornament is needed, but mainly in a smooth supple texture of words that ripple into light or shadow like the play of sunshine on the bare arm of an athlete. In the deluge of contemporary books, — hastily invented, slovenly written, and wholly forgotten before they are half read, — there is food for contemplation as well as an exquisite pleasure in finding volumes like *Ponkapog Papers* and *A*

¹ *A Sea Turn and Other Matters*. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

Sea Turn, which are written in the way that will never go out of fashion. In that essay on Herrick, already referred to, Mr. Aldrich remarks: "A fine thing incomparably said instantly becomes familiar, and has henceforth a sort of dateless excellence. Though it may have

been said three hundred years ago, it is as modern as yesterday; though it may have been said yesterday, it has the trick of seeming to have been always in our keeping." The secret of that "dateless excellence" is possessed by Mr. Aldrich himself.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IN one of his admirable essays, Mr. George Santayana writes of Whitman: "He is regarded as representative chiefly by foreigners, who look for some grotesque expression of the genius of so young and prodigious a people." The English admirer of Whitman is soon disillusioned when he comes to the poet's country and finds that outside a highly cultivated class *Leaves of Grass* is merely known to post-office officials on the ground of its being a contraband book. Whitman would indeed have been well advised to have had the *Children of Adam* poems published separately, but even then he would not have been very much more popular. The real interest of the problem lies in the fact of Whitman having appealed both at home and abroad to academic and cultured minds rather than to the common man, and also in his being so much more honored in a stiffly conservative country like England than in his own.

It must of course be borne in mind that foreigners often tolerate literary innovations which are detested in the country of the innovator. An interesting example of this is the French love for Heine whose poems were hated in Germany, and to whom even the cosmopolitan Goethe did bare justice. A more relevant instance for my purpose is the appreciation of Carlyle, Browning, and Mr. Herbert Spencer in the United States, — an ap-

preciation which must always leave Englishmen deeply grateful to their transatlantic kindred.

But there are, perhaps, more complex causes here. Whitman has appealed everywhere to two classes of readers, — first to men of an extremely sensitive temperament like Dante Rossetti and John Addington Symonds in England, or Professor William James in America, and secondly to the foreigner *per se*. It is interesting to conjecture the reasons of this twofold appeal.

The attraction for the first class of men Mr. Santayana has dealt with in characteristic fashion: "He speaks to those minds and to those moods in which sensuality is touched with mysticism. When the intellect is in abeyance, when 'we would turn and live with the animals, they are so placid and self-contained,' when we are weary of conscience and ambition, and would yield ourselves for a while to the dream of sense, Walt Whitman is a welcome companion."

This has, perhaps, a certain amount of truth, but it is not a full presentation of the facts. Professor William James has explained the real attraction of Whitman in his masterly essay on a certain blindness in human beings. Artists, philosophers, and all who do highly intellectual work suffer incessantly from overwrought sensibilities and inevitable ebbs of energy. The regular toil of the professions and of all business is at once an

opiate and a stimulus, since it both hardens men against the shocks of the world, which grow ten times worse with introspection, and hourly satisfies the sense of achievement, which is very rarely attained by the other class of workers. In such inevitable seasons of depression Whitman's view of life comes as a strong tonic. There is the open-air feeling about him which often makes many things seem less common and unclean than before, just as a sanitary inspector may sometimes like to contemplate the cleanliness of Nature. There is the sensation of being carried out into the world and feeling akin for a moment with the elemental passions and aspirations of humanity. There is, too, a certain sublime pantheism which gives some of his utterances a strange likeness to those of the sweet St. Francis. Have not the lines

"Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?"

a certain affinity with the saint's greeting of

"Nostra Sorella Morte"?

In another way Whitman has brought relief to such men on both sides of the Atlantic. One of the most eloquent and impressive passages in Ruskin's *Modern Painters* is the one where he points out the disappointing character of natural beauty when divorced from historical associations. Whitman has shown all the majesty of natural beauty in a new country, and thus to foreigners he brings a fresh source of delight, and to his own countrymen a substitute for the pleasures of lingering over landmarks of the past. Such lines as

"The flashing and golden pageant of California"

indicate what I mean.

All this rather trenches on what seems to me the attraction Whitman has for the average Englishman, and the way in which he slightly offends his own countrymen. The Englishman — and espe-

cially the English tourist in the United States — is exhilarated and intoxicated by the newness of everything, much in the way Whitman was when he wrote his great poem *Pioneers*. He finds an atmosphere of hope and enterprise round him which is almost as stimulating as the tingling air and limpid skies of the new country; he feels rejuvenated by the companionship of youth.

The inhabitants of a new country are, on the other hand, inclined to be half ashamed of its newness, just as a young man cares to be thought older than he is. Nothing is so galling to the young as to be reminded in so many words of the fact. Whitman, however, is never tired of insisting on the obvious fact that his country is a new country, and I am strongly of opinion that he would have been more popular at home if he had emphasized this less.

As another example of his showing the poetry of modern things I cite this description of a locomotive: —

"Fierce-throated beauty!
Roll through my chant with all thy lawless music, thy swinging lamps at night,
Thy madly-whistled laughter, echoing, rumbling like an earthquake, rousing all,
Law of thyself complete, thine own track firmly holding.

Thy trills of shrieks by rocks and hills return'd,
Launch'd o'er the prairies wide, across the lakes,
To the free skies unpent and glad and strong."

I venture to think, however, that most of Whitman's English readers feel that he has made a permanent contribution to the literature of the English-speaking world, and that at some time or other his name will stand in the great pantheon of that literature.

Here perhaps I may cite three passages, each of which seems to me perfect in its way. There is a certain cosmic grandeur in the following lines: —

"Whispers of heavenly death murmured I hear,
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,

Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes
 wafted soft and low,
 Ripples of unseen rivers, tides of a current
 flowing, for ever flowing,
 (Or is it the flashing of tears? the measure-
 less waters of human tears?) "

What again could be more vivid than
 this?

"I see a sad procession,
 And I hear the sound of coming full-key'd
 bugles,
 All the channels of the city streets they're
 flooding
 As with voices and with tears.

"I hear the great drums pounding,
 And the small drum steady whirring,
 And every blow of the great convulsive drums
 Strikes me through and through."

And here are some lines as stirring as
 Browning's Cavalier Tunes: —

"On and on the compact ranks,
 With accessions ever wanting, with the places
 of the dead quickly fill'd,
 Through the battle, through defeat, moving
 yet and never stopping,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!

"O to die advancing on!
 Are there some of us to droop and die? has
 the hour come?
 Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and
 sure the gap is fill'd,
 Pioneers! O pioneers!"

I HAVE been sick, but not utterly, — a
 tooth. I am in the conva-
 lescent's mood of confidence
 and confession; therefore, I
 write in haste, for in health I am buoy-
 ant and amiable, and not fluently peni-
 tent; indeed, there is little then to be
 penitent about. For a week I have
 been very unpleasant, and the circum-
 stance leads to remarks on the moral
 disintegration attendant upon indisposi-
 tion. I speak of petty disorders, for ill-
 nesses of dramatic magnitude, a run of
 typhoid for instance, sometimes tend to
 spiritual upbuilding, — at least, it is so
 demonstrated in fiction. Doubtless the
 pawing of the white horse in the door-
 yard has a soothing effect upon the pa-
 tient's nerves, but illnesses in which one
 has not the comfort of composing one's

**In Sickness
 and in
 Health.**

epitaph are not composing to the soul.
 The lesser ailments make appalling
 holes in our integrity: myself last week
 threw a teaspoon at my most immediate
 forbear. Ferocious, but it was the ele-
 mental ferocity of suffering. It is a
 fact, belonging rather to the science of
 psychology than of medicine, that small
 sicknesses hurt more than big ones. I
 appeal to all connoisseurs in invalidism
 whether a tooth, an ear, an ankle, are
 not more direct in their methods of tor-
 ture than pneumonia, smallpox, or ap-
 pendicitis. Believing this, I have al-
 ways had much sympathy for the vilified
 hero of a certain novelette of my ac-
 quaintance; in this romance, the hus-
 band has a tooth; the wife, a heart, —
 a literal heart, mechanical, physiological.
 Everybody knows which suffered more,
 and yet because the gentleman got a lit-
 tle crusty over a most outrageous molar,
 how joyously the author trounced him
 through page after page! I am hot
 with indignation. There ought to be a
 Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to
 Creations. Manufacturers of heroes and
 heroines should not be allowed to flay and
 burn and quarter so wantonly as they do;
 a humane reading public should take
 from them the prerogative of so unnat-
 ural a parenthood.

This one man should have been for-
 given; he had a toothache, and non-
 fatal illnesses may make monsters of the
 meekest of us; but fortunately, the ill-
 ness being temporary, so is the monster.
 Only the recollection is humiliating; I
 am recovered, but I shudder at the le-
 gion so recently cast out of me. Sickness
 sets free all the processes of atavism,
 and whirls us back into savagery at a
 breathless rate. The first bit of bag-
 gage we leave behind us on this rapid
 return journey is family affection. Last
 week my kin stood about my couch day
 and night with poultices and sympathy
 in their hands. I took the poultices and
 tossed back evil words out of my mouth.
 I looked upon my relatives with frank-

est loathing. Why? Their insulting forbearance, their aggressive meekness, their poor-sufferer-here-is-my-other-cheek attitude stirred the foundations of my bile. Their serene patience provoked my utmost effort to destroy it, and I was impotent; their invulnerability was an affront to my powers of invention. My own possibilities of vituperation were only less surprising to me than the endurance of the abused. And all the time that I listened to my own reviling tongue, my self-respect was ebbing from me most uncomfortably, — and it was all their fault.

A concomitant loss in this dissolving of our civilization is that of the sense of humor. Being so recently returned from barbarism and its beyond, I can confidently assert that the ape and the savage, while they may be laughable, do not laugh. In the sickroom of the not very sick, the brightest witticisms seem only studied banalities. There is no comedy in the incidents of ministration; it is all unrelieved tragedy. Yet it is not the humorous, but the humor that is lacking, for frequently the situations are appreciated at recovery, and furnish us amusement at intervals for a lifetime. I doubt whether this suspension of the processes of humor could be established in the case of serious illness, admitting of disastrous outcome. There are soldiers a-plenty who have jested at their wounds, and instances enough on record where a timely jest or a merry incident has saved the day. I cite one such situation. A husband lay at death's door, and the door was ajar. It was midnight, and the wife watched. Suddenly the patient seemed to be sinking, slipping from her. She put the hartshorn bottle to his nostrils, but he could smell nothing. Both were terrified as they realized the import of this. Then the wife glancing down discovered that the bottle contained witch-hazel. The man laughed — and lived.

In serious illness there is perhaps

sometimes a positive stimulus to the comic sensibilities; there is such a thing as dying game, or the fight for life may be worth some bravado. But imagine feeling gamy with tonsillitis or a felon on your finger; there is absolutely no histrionic appeal. If your sickness has no spice of fatality, you might just as well give up; you won't see the light of humor again until you recover.

No love in our heart, no humor in our head. There is another evil of savagery thrust upon us by illness. It is the sudden acquisition of personality by inanimate objects. What possibilities of abusive conduct lurk within the four walls of a room yesterday, in health, perfectly inoffensive! What malevolence in the wall-paper! Such a sneaking, underhand, leering pattern for curtains with any pretensions to respectability! How tipsy the books look, crowding and pushing themselves askew for very perversity! No amount of chastisement will make the pillows conduct themselves comfortably. There is something about the billows of that malicious counterpane that makes me think of the oozy, oily, shiny unpleasantness of the ocean when the sailboat is becalmed. I am as much at the mercy of my furniture as any Fiji before his fetich.

Thus sickness reduces us to cave-dwellers or gorillas rampant, by perhaps just a day of a pain no greater in compass than one's little finger-nail, — soulful, strenuous, high-stepping beings though we are! Sad enough to think about; yet on the other hand, of all insupportables, the people whom sickness makes saints are the most contemptible. I know men and ladies, in health normal, human, unworthy, likable, — but give them so much as a cold in the head, and at once their smile smacks of Heaven, and their eyes are uplift with the watery mysticism of those about to be canonized. When a small boy I know voluntarily allows his younger sister a canter on his rocking-horse, his

nurse immediately applies red flannel and turpentine; generosity with him is a sure presage of sore throat. I have seen great strapping lads, full of sin, reduced to sudden and spurious sainthood by a black eye. There is no more unfeeling conduct than patient suffering, — there is nothing more alarming to an anxious family than a course of virtuous endurance obstinately persisted in. So long as you rage and are unseemly your kinsfolk will never pipe their eye, but docility under the minor physical afflictions makes a stubbed toe as much a matter of apprehension as angina pectoris. This being good when sick is a bid for unmerited martyrdom. These gentle sufferers are likely to employ the emaciated voice of those who ail, knowing well that the bellow of rebellion is much too reassuring. I am glad I am not as one of these; sick, I throw things.

Thus all mankind and all woman and child kind, too, are divided, though unevenly, into those who are better in sickness and those who are worse. The marriage service on examination will be found to be a very canny document, and its compilers nowhere showed greater shrewdness than in just that little phrase which insures conjugal devotion in sickness and in health. For of some, sickness makes Mr. Hydes, and of others, Dr. Jekylls, and in the matter of spouses, how in the world can the contracting parties foresee, demon or angel, which will develop, or, having developed, which will be better company?

BORN and bred in a New England village where most families had to "do their own work," and being besides a tender-hearted boy of perhaps morbidly acute sympathies, a gloomy pall had hung over all my early years through — what shall I say? Some may affect to smile at so trivial a cause, but I never.

Neither more nor less was it than the inexorable weekly boomerang return of that more than Draconian domestic in-

stitution, the stated Monday household wash. From my tenderest years, I was forced to see that in all families of limited means, and, consequently, of limited elbow, patience, and sweetness power, this dire visitation fell nowadays short of the sternest kind of high-wrought tragedy, beneath whose lurid cloud-rack husbands all day long held their bated breath in fear, while wives were wrought to a pitch of the most formidable electric tension.

"Ah, the pity of it, the pity of it!" I would cry as I looked on at some poor, despairing woman relieved, like a lone Egyptian fellah in the desert, against a Gizeh pyramid of soiled clothes. True, I knew that inventive minds had sought to come to her rescue through the proffer of elaborate machinery; but, for one, my position was radical. I did not believe in machinery for washing any more than in machinery for religion. What was imperatively demanded, I felt, was a fuller influx of soul.

Graduating later on from college and then going abroad for a couple of years, no siren song of Italian art or Alpine scenery ever exerted spell seductive enough to beguile me of my sense of the forlorn and even tragic conditions under which the stern ordeal of washing is carried on in my native land; till, like Milton in his youthful pilgrimage in Italy, I felt I could never be justified in traveling with an easy conscience unless keeping out all the while what the seamen call a "weather-eye" round the horizon for any sign bright with promise of bettering this unhappy state of things at home. For long, however, no rainbow arc of cheer visited my despondent mind until, on being suddenly ordered by my doctor out of the heat and malaria of lower Italy, I was dispatched by him for recuperation to a little mountain hamlet, lying some 3500 feet above sea-level on the Italian slope of the Alps.

It was after nightfall when, at the end of my wearisome journey and mor-

**Idealizing
and Spirit-
ualizing
Washing.**

tally tired with the last three hours' climb up the mountain side, I reached my destination, with no other thought but of a hearty supper and tumbling incontinently into bed. Of all that was in blessed store for me with returning day I no more dreamed than slumbering Adam when, in the silent watches of the night, his spare rib was deftly removed, and he awoke next morning to find in its stead by his side smiling, rosy Eve.

Shortly after daybreak, the first sound to awaken me was that of peals of hilarious laughter. The voices were unmistakably women's voices; and piqued with curiosity to get at the cause of so much merriment, I jumped like lightning into my clothes and sallied out of the inn. It must be, I was sure, something at least as good as *Punch and Judy*. No! Millennium of millenniums! — "*Credo quia impossibile!*" as Tertullian hath it — it was nothing more nor less than plain, average, once-a-week village washing-day; and there was I, alive, and in the actual flesh, to witness the exhilarating sight.

Into a great stone tank in the centre of the little public square — a tank 30 feet by 10 — a stream of crystal-clear mountain water was pouring in continuous flood, while all around the brink, their skirts tucked up and their powerful arms bared to the shoulders, stood the women old and young. "*Arma, virumque cano*" never shot thrill of inspiration into Virgil as now "*Arms and these women*" into me. For oh! what arms! "*Vae victis!*" woe, woe to seams and buttons! Never a trace there of moping melancholy! Never a look of frantic despair at the mountain pile of clothes one lone, unaided creature had got to cope with; but, in their stead, the glee and corporate courage born of numbers and of the martial touch of shoulder to shoulder.

Simply to stand by and look on was as good as a play. Already, elbows and knuckles were in lively action; sprays of water leaping high into the air, and

rainbow bubbles dancing merrily on the surface. But it was dance of mind and soul, iridescent bubbles of cheer and love and humor and kindling eloquence, I was after. Liberation of lone wash-tub human nature's yearning for social expression; gratification of its inborn artistic impulse for dramatic spectacle; show me this, I cried, — above all, show it me on washing-day, — and I will die blissfully content as if I had seen Naples and then succumbed to the inexorable conditions incident to that ravishing sight! And there it was before my very eyes!

Already had a lively topic got started for common talk. It was the recent festival down in Promontogno, or the latest engagement in the hamlet, or the village pastor's last Sunday sermon, and now in a trice was it clear what vigorous dramatic eloquence the fine inspiration of washing imparts to the too often dead-level prose of human speech.

Here, for example, towered an Amazon who — just at the height of the crisis when she was rubbing the soap into an especially dirty spot in the shirt she had in hand — had taken exception to something she by no means subscribed to in the pastor's last Sunday's discourse. How magnificent the vim with which she applied the caustic bar alike of soap and criticism, and then rubbed and rubbed as though it were not a shirt, but the very manuscript itself and, in it, the obnoxious doctrine in blackest ink, on which she was concentrating her fellest energies. Then lo! as in the very nick of simultaneous time she had annihilated alike the spot of dirt and the invidious doctrine, how superb her attitude as she heaved on high and flung wide to the breeze the now stainless garment, while all gazed on in breathless admiration. Rachel or Bernhardt would have been inspired with a life-enduring lesson for the grand climacterics of Phédre or L'Aiglon; yes, and have humbly confessed that, in their early dramatic education, a single year spent at the brink of

this native fountain of art and eloquence would have outweighed three in the traditional Conservatoire of Paris.

Next a rival sibyl focused the eyes of all, as she stood wringing with muscular arms, suggestive of Laocoön wrestling with the serpents' coils, a huge crash-linen sheet. Sheet? — the sheet was the merest symbol. It was the last refuge of lies she was wringing out of some bad character in the neighborhood, or out of some perilous tendency to levity or flirting or ribbons she was deprecating in the young. "Here! here!" I cried in transport, "is that larger influx of soul I have all my life been battling for as sole salvation of washing-day. How clear at sight alike the material and the spiritual gain! In no mere unimpassioned mood could this woman begin to wring so dry; while all the time she is searching home the consciences of her mates with a power the village pastor, debarred by the proprieties of the pulpit from such superb dramatic adjuncts, can never aspire to wield.

Seriously, was not the sight of so delightful a transformation of a dull, mechanical operation into a school of lively, neighborly gossip, play of humor and

critical comment, morals and sacred eloquence, with its star performers and rarely appreciative auditory, something worthy the name of idealizing and spiritualizing washing? Not that there is not in our own land plenty of transcendently high-flying talk about art as the solace, cheer, and inspiration of else prosaic human life. But it dilates with enthusiasm only over Venuses of Milo and Venuses de Medici, while it affects to curl its æsthetic lip in scorn over charming village Tanagra figurines, — totally unmindful of the patent fact that all and more than the Olympic games were to Phidias and Praxiteles, such might the transfigured wash-tub become to our own actors, painters, sculptors, and poets, along with their appreciative admirers. "Ah!" I sighed, "the dramatic talents that have gone to waste, the otherwise merry lives that have been sunk in moaning melancholy, the moral lepers that have got off with 'withers unwrung,' through drear inheritance of the worse than Calvinistic ban of reprobation that back-country women are not artistic; and, so, have no gamut in their natures of humor, pathos, wrath or tears, demanding but such an arena to call them out."